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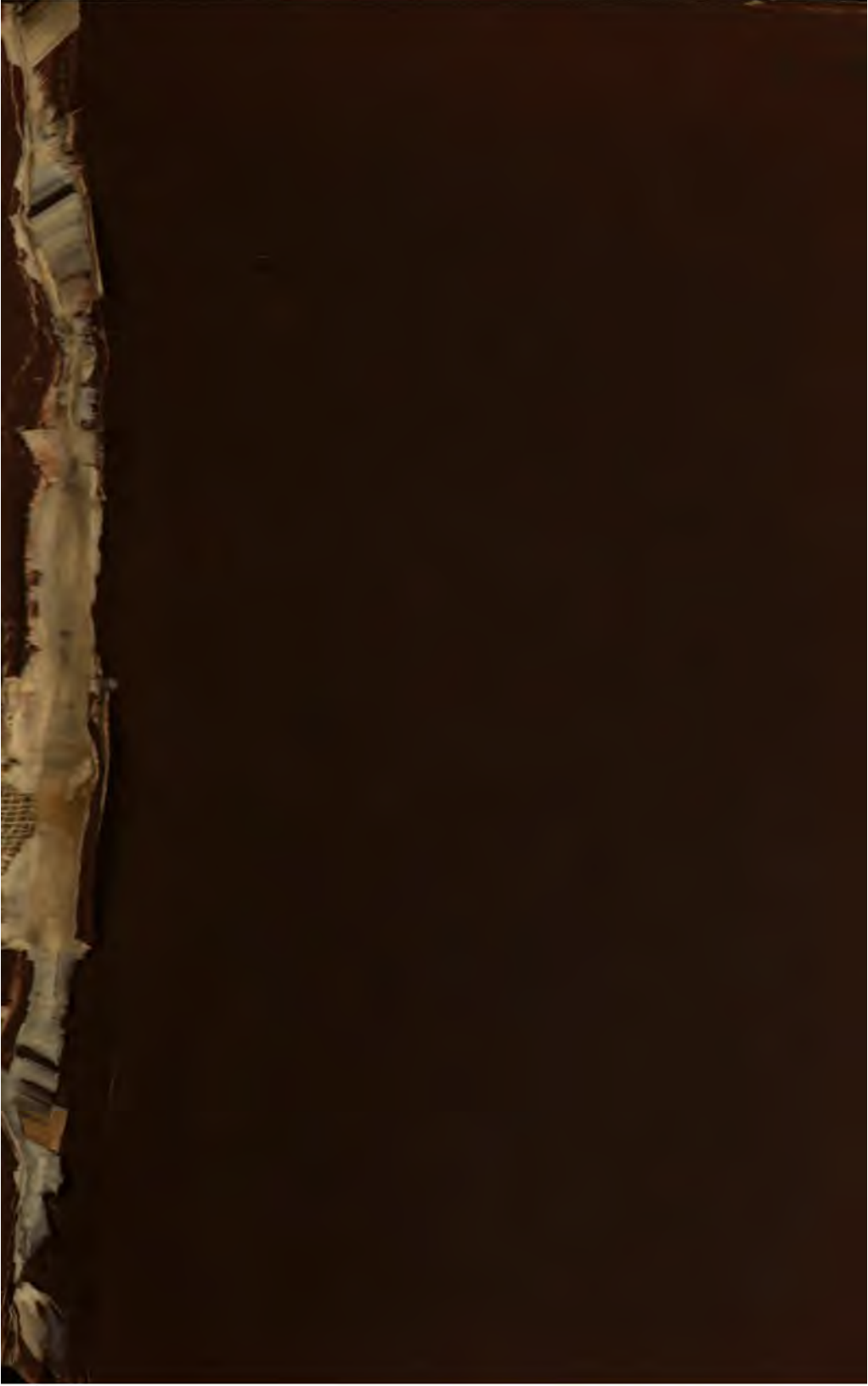
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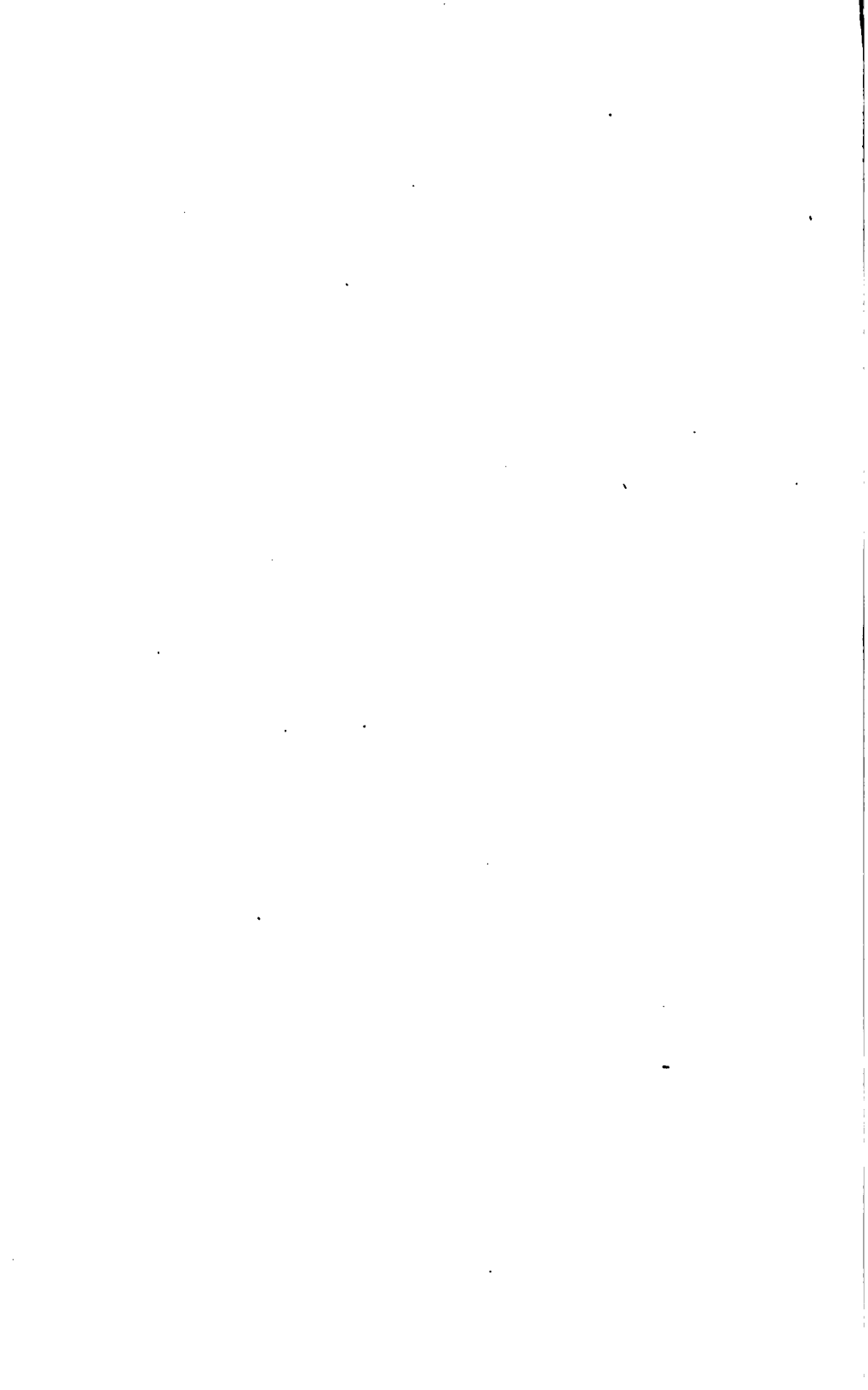
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William Shakespeare

BOOK OF BIOGRAPHY
OR
BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES
OF
EMINENT PERSONS
OF
ALL AGES AND COUNTRIES.

BY
J. S. MERRILL, LL. D., F. R. S. E., &c.
AUTHOR OF "THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES."

ILLUSTRATED

NEW YORK:
PUBLISHED BY
J. S. MERRILL, 10 N. 2ND ST.



Sig. 1. 1. 1.

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES
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BY
JAMES PARTON,
AUTHOR OF "LIFE OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN," ETC., ETC.

ILLUSTRATED.

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PREFACE.

BIOGRAPHY, which is the most ancient kind of composition with which we are acquainted, remains to this day the most interesting. Fiction itself, and the drama not less, as well as the highest forms of epic poetry, derive their value from their biographic truth, and their interest from the insatiable desire which men have to know how it has fared with their fellows.

"Man alone," says a great poet, "is interesting to man." It is true, that we can acquire a taste for branches of science which only remotely affect the condition of our species, or do not affect it at all; but this is, in a certain sense, an unnatural taste,—something acquired, like the preference which some persons have for repulsive flavors and outlandish forms. Speaking of the natural tastes of our kind, we can still say with Goethe, "Man alone is interesting to man."

Any volume, therefore, in which lives of men are recorded with any degree of fulness or vivacity, is sure to meet with a certain welcome from the reading public.

In the work now presented, the reader will find some account, more or less extensive, of a considerable number of the most remarkable men and women who have ever lived. The word "interesting," as applied in the title-page to the persons treated in this work, was used designedly, and gives the true reason why these persons were selected in preference to others. As a portion of these sketches were written for young people, it was obviously necessary for me to confine myself to such subjects as furnished a curious and interesting story; and the same principle guided me in the selection of the other subjects.

I think, therefore, that the reader will, at least, find this an interesting

volume, and, I hope, not less instructive on that account. Not one of the lives recorded here but what contains matter to cheer, or warn, or enlighten.

Following the bent of my own taste, I have dwelt little upon the destroyers, nor have often chosen even the armed defenders of their kind. I have preferred to relate the benignant actions of philanthropists, discoverers, inventors, and philosophers, to whom the progress of man, in every age, has been chiefly due, and to whom the homage of our veneration and gratitude most justly belongs.

Such as it is, I respectfully commend the volume to the reader's indulgence.

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G. Washington

PEOPLES BOOK OF BIOGRAPHY.

GENERAL WASHINGTON AT HOME.

GENERAL WASHINGTON stood six feet, three in his slippers, and in the prime of his life was rather slender than robust, but as straight as an arrow. His form was proportioned and evenly developed, so that he carried his tallness and fine and looked strikingly well on horseback. There has been a more active, sinewy figure than this when he was a young man; it was only in later life that his now joints became somewhat stiffened. His wife was a plump, pretty old woman, lively and gay in her younger days, and quite a lord of it over her own way as ladies usual were. She stood down to her ankles in domestic wife, who looked sleepily after her household, and was seldom seen without her knitting-needle in her hand. She was far from being what we should now call an educated woman. Scarcely any of the ladies of that day knew more than to read their prayer-book and almanacs, and to sing a single psalm. Mrs. Washington probably never could speak French in her life, and as to her spelling, — there is said of it the latter.

Washington himself, before he became a public man, was a well-to-do man. People were not so particular in their manners as they are now; and besides, there really was no settled system of selling a hundred years ago. When the general wrote for a "ream of paper," a beaver "hatter," and a pair of "clouds," and a pair of "satin" shoes, there was no Webster unabridged to



Wm. H. H. H.

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GENERAL WASHINGTON AT HOME.

GENERAL WASHINGTON stood six feet three in his slippers, and, in the prime of his life was rather slender than otherwise, but as straight as an arrow. His form was well-proportioned and evenly developed, so that he carried his tallness gracefully, and looked strikingly well on horseback. There has never been a more active, sinewy figure than his when he was a young man; it was only in later life that his movements became slow and dignified. His wife was a plump, pretty little woman, very sprightly and gay in her young days, and quite as fond of having her own way as ladies usually are. She settled down into a good, plain, domestic wife, who looked sharply after her servants, and was seldom seen without her knitting-needles in full play. She was far from being what we should now call an educated woman. Scarcely any of the ladies of that day knew much more than to read their prayer-book and almanacs, and keep simple accounts. Mrs. Washington probably never read a book through in her life, and as to her spelling, — the less said of it the better.

Washington himself, before he became a public man, was a bad speller. People were not so particular then in such matters as they are now; and besides, there really was no settled system of spelling a hundred years ago. When the general wrote for a "rheam of paper," a beaver "hatt," a suit of "cloathis," and a pair of "sattin" shoes, there was no Webster unabridged to

keep people's spelling within bounds. Nor was he much of a reader of books. He read a little of the History of England now and then, and a paper from the Spectator occasionally on rainy days; but he had little literary taste. He was essentially an out-of-doors man, and few things were more disagreeable to him than confinement at the desk. There was nothing in his house which could be called a library; he had a few old-fashioned books, which he seldom disturbed and never read long at a time.

The general and his wife lived happily together, but it is evident that, like most heiresses, she was a little exacting, and it is highly probable that the great Washington was sometimes favored with a curtain lecture. The celebrated authoress, Miss Bremer, is our authority for this surmise. She relates that a gentleman once slept at Mount Vernon in the room next to that occupied by the master and mistress of the mansion; and when all the inmates were in bed, and the house was still, he overheard, through the thin partition, the voice of Mrs. Washington. He could not but listen, and it was a curtain-lecture which she was giving her lord. He had done something during the day which she thought ought to have been done differently, and she was giving him her opinion in somewhat animated and quite decided tones. The great man listened in silence till she had done, and then, without a remark upon the subject in hand, said:—

"Now, good sleep to you, my dear."

What an example to husbands!

When Washington was appointed to command the revolutionary armies, it is plain from his letters home that one of his greatest objections to accepting the appointment was, the "uneasiness," as he termed it, that it would cause his wife to have him absent from home.

General Washington was a very rich man; his wife was very rich, and her three children were heirs to great wealth. He had a little principality to govern. Besides the farms about his own residence on the Potomac, with several hundred slaves upon them, he possessed wild lands in most of the best locations then known, as well as shares in several incorporated companies. He

derived an important part of his influence from the greatness of his wealth and the antiquity of his family, — things which were then held in much more respect than they are now. Washington's estate was not worth more than three-quarters of a million dollars; but it gave him far more personal consequence in the country than ten times such a fortune could at present. The rich planter of that day, living as he did on a wide domain of his own, the owner of those who served him, riding about in his coach and six, and with no near neighbors to restrain, censure, or outshine him, was a kind of farmer-prince.

It was fortunate for Washington that he came to this wealth when his character was mature. Being a younger son, he had no expectations of wealth in his youth, and he was brought up in a very hardy, sensible manner, on an enormous farm, not a fourth part of which was cultivated. His father dying when he was eleven years old, he came directly under the influence of his mother, who was one of the women of whom people say, "There is no nonsense about her." She was a plain, illiterate, energetic, strong-willed lady, perfectly capable of conducting the affairs of a farm, and scorning the help of others. When she was advanced in years, her son-in-law offered to manage her business for her.

"You may keep the accounts, Fielding," was her reply, "for your eyesight is better than mine; but I can manage my affairs myself."

On another occasion General Washington asked her to come and live with him at Mount Vernon.

"I thank you, George," said she; "but I prefer being independent."

And so to the last she lived in her own plain farm-house, and superintended the culture of her own acres, not disdaining to labor with her own hands. When LaFayette visited her he found her at work in her garden, with her old sun-bonnet on, and she came in to see him, saying: —

"I would not pay you so poor a compliment, marquis, as to stay to change my dress."

I have often thought that she must have resembled Betsey Trotwood, as drawn by Charles Dickens in *David Copperfield*,

and as *found* in many country homes both in Old England and in New, — honest, strict, energetic women, a little rough in their manners, but capable of eminent generosity when there is occasion for it. Being the son of such a woman, and trained by her in a simple, rational manner, George Washington was prepared to enjoy the lot that fell to him, without being spoiled by it.

With all his wealth he was not exempt from labor. Cultivating a large tract of country, he spent much of his time in riding about to visit the different farms, to consult his overseers and superintend his improvements. It is computed that he spent about one-half of the days of his life on horseback. Like all out-of-door men, he was exceedingly fond of a good horse, — a taste which he had in common with his mother, who was said to be as good a judge of horses as any man in Virginia. Nothing was more common than for him to mount his horse after breakfast and ride all day, only dismounting for a few minutes at a time.

On those great plantations far from any large town, and worked by negroes, the master was often obliged personally to superintend any operation which was out of the ordinary routine. No doubt when General Washington entered in his diary, "Bottled thirty-five dozen of cider," the hand with which he wrote the words still smelt of the liquid. We find in his diary many such entries as these : —

"Spent the greater part of the day in making a new plough of my own invention."

"Peter (my smith) and I, after several efforts to make a plough after a new model, partly of my own contriving, were fain to give it over, at least for the present."

"Fitted a two-eyed plough, instead of a duck-bill plough, and with much difficulty made my chariot wheel-horses plough. Put the pole-end horses into the plough in the morning, and put the postilion and hind horse in the afternoon; but the ground being well swarded over, and very heavy ploughing, I repented putting them in at all, for fear it should give them a habit of stopping in the chariot."

"Apprehending the herrings were come, hauled the seine; but

caught only a few of them, though a good many of other sorts of fish."

"Seven o'clock, a messenger came to inform me that my mill was in great danger of being destroyed. I immediately hurried off all hands, with shovels, etc., to its assistance, and got there myself just time enough to give it a reprieve for this time, by wheeling gravel into the place which the water had washed. While I was there a very heavy thunder shower came on, which lasted upwards of an hour. I tried what time the mill required to grind a bushel of corn, and, to my surprise, found it was within five minutes of an hour. Old Anthony attributed this to the low head of water; but whether it was so or not I cannot say. The works are all decayed and out of order, which I rather take to be the cause."

Such a mill we should think hardly worth saving. Even the vigorous Washington could not get a Virginia plantation into very good order. We read elsewhere in his diary that he owned one hundred and one cows, and yet had to buy butter sometimes for the use of his family. Would the reader like to know the reason? General Washington himself tells us. He mentions in his diary that one morning in February, 1760, he went out to where "my carpenters" were hewing, — the said carpenters being black slaves. "I found," he wrote, "that four of them, namely, George, Tom, Mike, and young Billy, had only hewed one hundred and twenty feet since yesterday at ten o'clock." Surprised at this meagre result of a day's labor of four men, he sat down to see how they managed. Under the spell of the master's eye they worked faster, but still in a wonderfully bungling and dawdling manner. He records that, after they had prepared a log for cutting into lengths, "they spent twenty-five minutes more in getting the cross-cut saw, standing to consider what to do, sawing the stock in two places," etc. He found that the four men had done exactly one man's work the day before, supposing they could work no faster than they had done while he watched them, and that one intelligent, active laborer could do about as much hewing in two days as they would in a week. Here we have the reason why a man possessing one hundred and one cows had to buy butter. If this was the case with the best

farmer in Virginia, and one of the richest, what must have been the condition of the ordinary plantations?

Much of his time, however, was spent in taking care of these dilatory and uncalculating laborers. If a malignant disease broke out among them, it was the master who alone had the nerve and energy to make the requisite arrangements. The small-pox once ravaged his negro quarters. He enters in his diary: —

"After taking the doctor's directions in regard to my people, I set out for my quarters, and got there about twelve o'clock, time enough to find everything in the utmost confusion, disorder and backwardness, my overseer on his back with a broken leg, and not half a crop, especially of corn ground, prepared."

In these desperate circumstances, with the dead to be buried, the dying to be comforted, the sick to be ministered to, and the well to be tranquillized, the master proceeded to arrange hospitals, separate the sick from the well, provide nurses, and give instruction as to the treatment of the disease.

Such were some of the employments of Washington when he was a Virginia planter. His pleasures were few, but they were such as he keenly enjoyed. We learn from his diary that he hunted, during the season, about twice a week, and it is plain that these were his happy days. There are scores of entries like the following: —

"Went hunting after breakfast, and found a fox at Muddy Hole, and killed her after a chase of better than two hours, and after treeing her twice, the last of which times she fell dead out of the tree, after being there several minutes apparently well."

There were balls occasionally at Alexandria, and we find Washington attending them, and entering into the humors and gayeties of the entertainment with much spirit.

The usual course of a day at Mount Vernon was something like this: The master rose early, shaved and dressed himself, except that his queue was arranged by a servant. His first visit was to the stable. It is recorded of him that he once applied, with his own strong right arm, a stirrup strap to the shoulders of a groom who had allowed a favorite horse to stand all night in the sweat and dust of a day's hunt. I think I know some

lovers of the horse who will be able to forgive this action without the least difficulty. After a light breakfast of corn cake, honey, and tea, the general would tell his guests, if he had any, and he usually had, to amuse themselves in their own way till dinner time, offering them his stables, his hunting and fishing apparatus, his boats and his books to their choice. Then he would mount his horse and ride about his farms, returning at half-past two, in time to dress for dinner at three. He was always dressed with care for this meal, as on all other occasions of ceremony. He liked plain dishes, drank home-brewed ale, and was particularly fond of baked apples, hickory nuts, and other simple products of the country. It was his custom to sit a good while at the table after dinner, eating nuts, sipping wine, and talking over his hunts and his adventures while in service during the French war. His usual toast was, "All our friends." The evening was spent in the family circle around the blazing wood fire, and by ten o'clock he was usually asleep. Such was the ordinary life of this illustrious farmer at home, before his country called him to the field to defend her liberties; and it was just the kind of life that was best fitted to prepare him for the command of an army of American farmers.

INAUGURATION OF WASHINGTON.

THE first Congress, under the present Constitution, met in the city of New York, on the 4th of March, 1789. That, at least, was the day appointed for its meeting; but when the hour had arrived, it was found that, out of twenty-six senators, only eight were present, and of a numerous House of Representatives but fourteen members were in their seats. Both houses adjourned from day to day, and it was not until the 6th of April that a quorum of both houses was present.

The first business in order, after the organization, was the counting of the votes for president and vice-president, and thus to ascertain who it was whom the people had elected to set the new government in motion. The constitution then required that the person who had received the highest number of electoral votes should be the president, and the person who received the next highest number should be the vice-president. For the first office there was nothing that resembled competition. Not only was every electoral vote cast for General Washington, but, so far as is known, he was the choice of every individual voter in every State of the Union.

When we look over the list of those who received votes for the vice-presidency, we cannot but be struck with the transitory nature of political fame. Who has ever heard of an American politician by the name of John Milton? Yet John Milton was a man of sufficient prominence in the United States, in 1789, to receive two electoral votes for the presidency. One Edward Telfair received a vote. Who was Telfair? These two persons are so completely forgotten that their names are not even mentioned in the biographical dictionaries. Among the other persons, nearly forgotten, who received votes for this

office, we find Benjamin Lincoln, James Armstrong, Robert H. Harrison, Samuel Huntingdon, and John Rutledge. The candidate elected was John Adams, who received thirty-four votes. John Jay received nine votes, and John Hancock four votes, and the rest were scattered among the unknown names just mentioned.

When the result of the election was proclaimed, a member of the Senate was appointed to go to Mount Vernon and notify General Washington of his election. The long delay which had occurred while a quorum of Congress was assembling was regarded by the general, as he himself remarked, in the light of a "*reprieve*." He wrote to his old companion in arms, General Knox: —

"My movements to the chair of government will be accompanied by feelings not unlike those of a culprit who is going to the place of his execution; so unwilling am I, in the evening of a life nearly consumed in public cares, to quit a peaceful abode for an ocean of difficulties, without that competency of political skill, abilities, and inclination, which are necessary to manage the helm. I am sensible that I am embarking the voice of the people and a good name of my own on this voyage; but what returns will be made for them, Heaven alone can foretell. Integrity and firmness are all I can promise. These, be the voyage long or short, shall never forsake me, although I may be deserted by all men; for, of the consolations which are to be derived from these, under any circumstances, the world cannot deprive me."

All the letters of Washington written at this period show the unwillingness with which he left his beloved retirement to resume the control of public affairs. It was more than unwillingness, — it was aversion and dread. He distrusted his own abilities, nor was he satisfied with every part of the new Constitution. Two days, however, after the messenger reached him with the official news of his election, he began his journey to the seat of government.

That journey was a triumphal progress. He had scarcely gone beyond the boundaries of his own estate, when he was met by a company of horsemen from Alexandria, who escorted him to that ancient town, where a public banquet had been pro-

vided for him. Most of the faces surrounding the table on this occasion were those of old friends and neighbors, and Washington was deeply moved by this affectionate tribute. As he proceeded northward, people came out into the highways to see him pass, and there was no town or village upon the route, but appointed its deputation to welcome and escort him. Baltimore, both on his arrival and departure, sent forth a numerous cavalcade, and gave him a salute of artillery. Chester detained him at a public breakfast, and he passed through Philadelphia under triumphal arches and hailed by the cheers of the people. Trenton — where, twelve years before, he had won the first victory of the Revolution — gave him a reception which made an ineffaceable impression upon his mind. The mothers of the city here gathered at the bridge over the Delaware, and, as he passed under a triumphal arch erected upon the bridge, thirteen young girls, clad in white dresses, and adorned with garlands, scattered flowers in his path, singing as they did so an ode in his honor.

At Elizabethtown, where a committee of both Houses of Congress, and the Mayor and Corporation of New York were in waiting to receive him, he was conducted on board of a magnificent barge constructed for the purpose. Thirteen New York pilots, in white uniform, manned and rowed this vessel. A fleet of other boats and barges, decorated with streamers and ribbons, followed the stately craft that bore the president-elect; and as the beautiful procession glided through the narrow strait between New Jersey and Staten Island, other boats, gay with flags and streamers, fell into line; until, emerging into the broad harbor, the whole fleet swept up to the city, while bands of music and patriotic songs were heard on every side. Every ship in the bay was dressed as on festive occasions, and saluted the general's barge as it passed.

As the president-elect drew near the landing-place, there was a ringing of bells, a roar of artillery, and a shouting from the assembled multitude, such as had never before been heard in America. The governor of the State received him upon the wharf, and there, too, was General Knox and other soldiers of the Revolution. A carriage stood ready to convey him to the

residence prepared for him, and a carpet had been spread from the carriage door to the boat. As he intimated a preference to walk, a procession was formed, which increased as the procession of boats had done upon the water. Every house by which he passed was decorated with flags and banners, and bore some kind of emblem or sentence containing a compliment to himself. To the ladies who filled the windows, who waved their handkerchiefs, and who shed flowers and tears before him, he took off his hat and bowed politely.

This ovation, as we can perceive in Washington's diary, was rather saddening than cheering to him. He wrote in his diary that evening :—

"The display of boats which attended and joined us on this occasion, some with vocal and some with instrumental music on board ; the decorations of the ships, the roar of cannon, and the loud acclamations of the people which rent the skies as I passed along the wharves, filled my mind with sensations as painful (considering the reverse of this scene which may be the case after all my labors to do good) as they are pleasing."

There was still some delay. The question arose in Congress by what title the president should be addressed. Some proposed "His Excellency;" others, "His Highness;" others, "His Serene Highness." One party wished him to be addressed as "His Highness, the President of the United States of America and Protector of their Liberties." It was wisely concluded, however, after many days' debate, that he should have no title except the simple name of his office, "President of the United States."

It was on the 30th of April that the ceremony of the inauguration at length took place. At nine o'clock in the morning religious services were performed in all the churches of the city. At twelve o'clock, the military companies of New York halted before the door of Washington's residence, and, a half an hour after, the procession moved in the following order: First, the troops; next, the committees of both houses of Congress in carriages; next, the president-elect in a grand state-coach; next, his aide-de-camp and his secretary in one of the general's own carriages; and the procession was closed by

the carriages of the foreign ministers and a train of citizens. When the head of the procession had reached the hall, it halted, the troops were drawn up on each side of the pavement, and between them General Washington and his attendants walked to the building and ascended to the senate-chamber, where the vice-president advanced to meet him, and conducted him to a chair of state.

The whole assembly sat in silence for a minute or two, when the vice-president rose and informed General Washington that all things were now ready for him to take the oath which the constitution required; and, so saying, he conducted the president-elect to a balcony, in full view of the people assembled in the street and covering the roofs of the houses. In the centre of this balcony there was a table covered with crimson velvet, in the middle of which, upon a cushion of the same material, lay a richly bound Bible. The eyes of a great multitude were fixed upon the balcony at the moment when Washington came into view, accompanied by the vice-president, the chancellor of the State of New York, and other distinguished official persons. He was dressed in a manner which displayed the majesty of his form to excellent advantage. His full suit of dark-brown cloth was relieved by a steel-hilted sword, by white silk stockings and silver shoe-buckles; and his hair was powdered and gathered into a bag behind, in the fashion of that day. The crowd greeted him with enthusiastic cheers. Coming forward to the front of the balcony, he bowed several times to the people, with his hand upon his heart, and then retreated, somewhat hastily, to an arm-chair near the table, and sat down.

When all was hushed into silence, Washington again rose, and came forward, and stood in view of all the people, with the vice-president on his right, and Chancellor Livingston, who was to administer the oath, on the left. When the chancellor was about to begin, the secretary of the Senate held up the Bible on its crimson cushion; and while the oath was read, Washington laid his hand upon the open book. When the reading was finished, he said, with great solemnity of manner: —

"I swear; so help me God!"

After which, he bowed and kissed the book. The chancellor, then, waving his hand toward the people, cried out : —

“Long live George Washington, President of the United States !”

The preconcerted signal was then given, and, at once, all the bells in the town rang a triumphant peal ; the cannons were fired ; and the people gave cheer upon cheer. The president now bowed once more to the multitude, and returned to the senate-chamber, where he resumed his seat in the chair of state. When silence was restored, he rose and began, in a low, deep, and somewhat tremulous voice, to read that noble inaugural address, so full of dignity, wisdom, and pathos. The opening sentences were singularly affecting : —

“*Fellow-Citizens of the Senate, and of the House of Representatives : —*

“Among the vicissitudes incident to life, no event could have filled me with greater anxieties than that of which the notification was transmitted by your order, and received on the fourteenth day of the present month. On the one hand, I was summoned by my country, whose voice I can never hear but with veneration and love, from a retreat which I had chosen with the fondest predilection, and, in my flattering hopes, with an immutable decision, as the asylum of my declining years ; a retreat which was rendered every day more necessary, as well as more dear to me, by the addition of habit to inclination, and of frequent interruptions in my health, to the gradual waste committed on it by time. On the other hand, the magnitude and difficulty of the trust to which the voice of my country called me, being sufficient to awaken in the wisest and most experienced of her citizens a distrustful scrutiny into his qualifications, could not but overwhelm with despondence one, who, inheriting inferior endowments from nature, and unpractised in the duties of civil administration, ought to be peculiarly conscious of his own deficiencies. In this conflict of emotions, all I dare aver is, that it has been my faithful study to collect my duty from a just appreciation of every circumstance by which it might be effected. All I dare hope is that if, in executing

this task, I have been too much swayed by a grateful remembrance of former instances, or by an affectionate sensibility to this transcendent proof of the confidence of my fellow-citizens, and have thence too little consulted my incapacity as well as disinclination for the weighty and untried cares before me, my error will be palliated by the motives which misled me, and its consequences be judged by my country with some share of the partiality in which they originated."

He then proceeded to give an outline of his opinion respecting the policy to be adopted by the new government, and concluded by a psalm-like invocation : —

"Having thus imparted to you my sentiments, as they have been awakened by the occasion which brings us together, I shall take my present leave ; but not without resorting once more to the benign Parent of the human race, in humble supplication, that since He has been pleased to favor the American people with opportunities for deliberating in perfect tranquillity, and dispositions for deciding with unparalleled unanimity on a form of government for the security of their union, and the advancement of their happiness, so his divine blessing may be equally conspicuous in the enlarged views, the temperate consultations, and the wise measures, on which the success of this government must depend."

After the address the president and vice-president, followed by both houses of Congress and a large number of officers, civil and military, walked to St. Paul's Church in Broadway, where a religious service was conducted by the Bishop of the Episcopal Church of New York. It was a universal holiday in the city, and in the evening many houses were illuminated, and there was a display of fireworks.

OLD DR. NOTT.



KNOWLEDGE has always been in New England the royal road to eminence.

Yankee boys, bound to the high places of the world, usually have a life like this : First we see them on a father's farm, hoeing corn, doing chores, and, in the winter months, floundering through the snow to the district school, where they learn to read, write, and cipher. This stage brings them, perhaps, to their fourteenth year, when something occurs — the reading of a book, a conversation with an educated relative or visitor, the coming of a superior teacher — which causes them to fall in love with knowledge. Then, with all the ardor and resolution which distinguish the Yankee race, they proceed to gratify the new-born passion, by devouring all the books procurable in their native county. From desultory reading they advance to systematic study, and so work their way to college, or else enter a house of business, and march on to distinction in a profession or in practical affairs. Sometimes these stalwart, large-brained men unite in themselves the aptitude for acquiring knowledge with a great talent for business, and thus become both learned and rich, both wise and powerful. Isaac Hill, who for many years almost controlled the politics of New Hampshire, and represented that state in the Senate of the United States in General Jackson's time, used to say, that, by the time he was fourteen years old, he had read every book within seven miles of his father's house. Horace Greeley, too, was in the habit of scouring the country far and near, in search of books.

So was it with Dr. Eliphalet Nott, President, for sixty-one years, of Union College, in the State of New York, who died, in the ninety-third year of his age.

Born at Ashford, Connecticut, June 28, 1773, — three years

before the declaration of independence, — of parents who cultivated a small and inferior farm, he was left an orphan at an early age, and was brought up to hard farm labor in the family of a relative. This relative, also, was very poor, and the orphan had no kind of external advantage over his companions. On the contrary, in a State where no honest people suffered want, but where few were much above want, Eliphalet Nott was much below the average in point of worldly possessions and prospects. By unremitting toil upon a farm he earned a livelihood, — no more.

New England has never been so poor, either in purse or in spirit, as not to be both able and willing to impart to the poorest of her children the rudiments of knowledge. This poor lad, therefore, found a common school within his reach a part of every year, and the little that he learned at it gave rise at length to a fiery and unquenchable thirst for knowledge, — such knowledge as could not be attained in a remote Connecticut town by a youth without a dollar at his command. Difficulty, which discourages the weak, is inspiration to the strong, and this youth was one of those who generally obtain what they ardently desire. His eldest brother, too, heir to the same poverty as himself, had worked his own way to a learned education, and was then a clergyman, settled in a parish not far off. The early tastes of Eliphalet Nott were not such as to incline him to theology. The natural sciences were his first love, and they were always the natural bent of his mind. If he had been born in a country where theology was less in vogue than it was in the New England of that time, he had probably been only known, if known at all, as a natural philosopher.

As he was working in a field one day in his fourteenth year, brooding over the obstacles in his way to the acquisition of knowledge, and fully resolved upon soon making an effort to surmount them, the doctor of the village chanced to pass along the road. An idea seized the lad. Leaving his farming tools in the field, he followed the doctor to his house, and asked to be taken into his office as a student of medicine. The doctor was unable to comply with this request, but it led to a long conversation, in which the young man made known his secret

longings, and the physician gave him advice as to the manner in which he might proceed to satisfy them. Among other things, he advised him to visit his brother, the pastor of the church in the village of Franklin.

The youth acted upon this advice. His brother received him with a brotherly welcome, and offered him all the assistance in his power. A Connecticut clergyman of that day, with his salary of three hundred dollars a year, or less, and the average clerical family of six children, or more, could not be expected to maintain a hungry, growing brother of fifteen. But he did for him what he could, and gave him what he had to give, namely, a home in his own house, and instruction in Latin and Greek, while the lad earned a little money by teaching a district school.

Four years passed. Early and late he toiled. His perfect temperance, a constitution developed and hardened by labor, a good system of laying out his time, and his burning love of knowledge, enabled him, in that short period, not merely to prepare for college, but to exhaust the whole college course, as then established. At nineteen, he was competent to stand the examination for a degree of Master of Arts, and this degree was actually conferred upon him by Brown University without his having attended college a day. I believe, however, that this rare honor was conferred upon him with the understanding that he would enter the ministry. This vocation he had already chosen, and, after the usual three years' course of study, he was ordained. He was then twenty-two. It was the year 1794, in the second term of Washington's presidency.

The next step of this young man was another proof of his strong, self-confiding character. As no suitable field of labor opened to him in Connecticut, he resolved to pack his saddlebags, mount his horse, and try his fortune in the State of New York, west of Albany, then mostly a wilderness, but rapidly filling up with emigrants. That part of New York which lies between Albany and Utica was then what Minnesota, Wisconsin, Iowa, and Kansas are now,—that is, the forming, the filling-up region. He did not go alone to this new country. He asked the daughter of a clergyman to go with him and share his

destiny ; and, as both father and daughter consented, he bought another horse, and husband and wife set out together. In those simple old days, people did not always find it necessary to wait to be married till they had fought and won the battle of life, but sometimes husband and wife fought the battle together. In every age, however, a strong, valiant, temperate virtuous man, inured to toil, and knowing a profession or trade, may safely marry the instant he finds a girl who is also strong, virtuous, inured to labor, and willing to share whatever fortune has in store for him. These two young people starting out together in quest of a sphere of honorable labor, — what a sublime wedding-trip compared with those now in fashion !

Albany was the first large town at which he halted. He looked about him there, but, observing that a large number of the people still spoke Dutch, he concluded to push on further west. A ride of fifty-five miles brought him to the vigorous new settlement of Cherry Valley, a village just rising among the blackened stumps of the primeval forest. As he had then reached the outpost of civilization in that direction, and as he liked the place and the people, there he determined to remain. Gifted as he was with a lofty and flowing eloquence, his preaching drew around him a large circle of hearers, and I believe he still added to his clerical labors the charge of a school.

He was suffered to remain only two years in the obscurity of a frontier village. The fame of his talents reaching Albany, he was invited to become the pastor of one of its principal churches, and he accepted the invitation.

It was while he held this position that the lamentable duel occurred between Hamilton and Burr. He was personally acquainted with both those distinguished lawyers, who frequently visited Albany in the practice of their profession. Hamilton being the chief and favorite of the Federal party, to which Mr. Nott belonged, the young preacher mourned his fall, both as a national and a private calamity. If any man was Eliphalet Nott's master in eloquence, it was Alexander Hamilton. The same blending of fluency and vigor which marked the pleadings of the great advocate characterized the sermons of the great preacher ; and I have no doubt that Mr. Nott heard with rapture

that last great effort of Hamilton, when he pleaded at Albany for the freedom of the press, a few months before his death. The clergy of the country being invited to preach on the practice of duelling, Mr. Nott delivered a sermon which, perhaps, may be pronounced the most eloquent and striking ever delivered in the United States. The special charm of this sermon was, that, while heaping high eulogium upon Hamilton, the author was charitable and even compassionate toward the real victim of the tragedy, Aaron Burr.

"Hamilton," said the gifted preacher, "yielded to the force of an imperious custom, and, yielding, he sacrificed a life in which all had an interest; and he is lost—lost to his family—lost to us. For this act, because he disclaimed it and was penitent, I forgive him. But there are those whom I cannot forgive. I mean not his antagonist, over whose erring steps, if there be tears in heaven, a pious mother looks down and weeps. If he is capable of feeling, he suffers already all that humanity can suffer: suffers, and, wherever he may fly, will suffer with the poignant recollection of having taken the life of one who was too magnanimous in return to attempt his own. Had he but known this, it must have paralyzed his arm while it pointed at so incorruptible a bosom the instrument of death. Does he know this now? his heart, if it be not adamant, must soften; if it be not ice, it must melt. But on this article I forbear. Stained with blood as he is, if he be penitent, I forgive him; and if he be not, before these altars, where all of us appear as suppliants, I wish not to excite your vengeance, but rather, in behalf of an object rendered wretched and pitiable by crime, to wake your prayers."

This sermon had a prodigious effect at the time. Edition after edition was sold. It had much to do with bringing duelling into disrepute in the Northern States. It had also an important influence upon the career of the author, for it led directly to his being invited to another sphere of labor, in which he spent the remainder of his life.

After a residence of nearly seven years at Albany, Dr. Nott was called to the presidency of Union College, an infant insti-

tution struggling to exist. In raising this college from poverty and insignificance to the position in which he left it, he displayed talents for the despatch of business that would have sufficed for the government of a nation. He obtained some help from the legislature; a large capital was raised by a system of lotteries; his own name was a powerful attraction; and he was, besides, one of the most skilful and laborious of teachers.

Besides governing the college, he found time also to accumulate for himself a colossal fortune. Every one remembers the "Nott Stove," that was in use until within these few years, and which, indeed, is still occasionally seen. Indulging his early taste for the natural sciences, his attention was drawn to anthracite coal, which for many years baffled every attempt to turn it to account as house-warming fuel. Dr. Nott had the good fortune to be the first to overcome this difficulty, and his stove had, in consequence, an immense currency. There was a time when almost every house of any pretensions had a Nott stove in its entry. The stove patents of Dr. Nott produced a vast revenue, so that in his old age he was one of the richest men in the State of New York west of Albany.

In 1854, which was the fiftieth year of his presidency, and the eighty-first of his life, he performed an act which might be styled generous, but which I prefer to call simply *sensible*. He laid down part of his load. In other words, he gave to Union College, as a permanent endowment, a considerable part of his fortune, namely, a sum of six hundred and ten thousand dollars. By this sum he provided for the support of nine professors and six assistant professors, as well as for the purchase of books and apparatus, the assistance of a large number of meritorious students, and the delivery of annual courses of lectures. Bestowing this endowment upon the college during his own lifetime, he was enabled personally to superintend its investment and expenditure, and he had the pleasure of seeing some of the results of his gift.

The best achievement of a human being is to live a great and good life. Eliphalet Nott was one of the few to whom it was given to do this. Inheriting an almost perfect bodily constitu-

tion, a form symmetrical, and a countenance of manly beauty, with talents both to utter and to do, he made the most of these advantages, and used them all in the service of the less gifted of his species; for which purpose, and for that alone, they were conferred upon him. So living, he was one of the happiest and most cheerful of men.

JOHN HOWARD.

NOVEMBER the 1st, 1755, the people of Lisbon were alarmed by that awful rumbling beneath the earth which, as they well knew, usually preceded an earthquake. Before they could escape from their houses, the shock came, which overthrew the greater part of the city, and buried thousands of persons in its ruins. The sea retired, leaving the bottom of the harbor bare, but immediately returned in a fearful wave fifty feet high, overwhelming everything in its course. The inhabitants who could get clear of the ruins rushed in thousands to a magnificent marble wharf, just completed, which seemed to offer a place of safety. This massive structure, densely covered with men, women, and children, suddenly sunk, bearing with it to unknown depths the entire multitude. Not a creature escaped; not a human body rose again to the surface; not a fragment of anything that was on the wharf was ever again seen by human eye; and when, by and by, the water was sounded over the place where it had stood, the depth was found to be six hundred feet. Within the space of six minutes, sixty thousand persons are supposed to have perished; and those who survived were so encompassed about with horror, that they might well have envied those whom the sea had submerged or the falling houses crushed.

Not Lisbon alone, but all Portugal, was shaken by this tremendous convulsion, which was felt, indeed, over a third part of the earth. The same shock which almost destroyed Lisbon shook down chimneys in Massachusetts and jarred the habitations in Iceland. But it was in Portugal that its force was chiefly spent. There, mountains were rent, towns engulfed, farms moved away in a mass, rivers turned from their course,

the whole land desolated, and all the inhabitants paralyzed with terror. When the earthquake had subsided, fires broke out in the prostrated towns, and bands of robbers, in the total suspension of government, ravaged and plundered the helpless people, and committed every kind of abominable excess. During all that winter the sufferings of the people were grievous, and to this day Portugal has not recovered from the stroke.

Such an event, at any time, would have excited universal consternation, and called forth a great deal of remark; but there were some circumstances peculiar to that period which caused it to come with special power upon reflecting minds. The fashionable philosophy then was that of Pope's Essay on Man, which had been translated into French and German, and was continually quoted in society. It was very common to hear such expressions as, "Whatever is is right;" "Partial evil is the general good;" "This is the best of possible worlds;" "Each creature is as happy as is consistent with the happiness of the whole." Sentiments of this kind we now call "Optimism." In the midst of all this shallow talk, came the tidings of an appalling catastrophe, which struck every soul with amazement and terror, as if to show the futility of all human attempts to form a consistent theory respecting the government of the universe. The youthful Goethe and the aged Voltaire have both left records in their works of the effect of the Lisbon earthquake upon the glib praters of Optimism, as well as of the universal and long-continued horror which it excited in the public mind.

It was this catastrophe which was the means of calling into exercise the latent benevolence of John Howard, who is now styled in all lands and tongues, "*the philanthropist*."

The father of this benevolent being was noted for his penuriousness. He was a member of the firm of Howard and Hamilton, upholsterers and carpet-dealers, who, for fifty years or more, supplied the fashionable people of London with their wares. In this business, Mr. Howard (who was also named John) acquired a very handsome fortune; so that, beside leaving a liberal independence to his only daughter, he bequeathed to his only son a fine landed estate, two country houses, a house

in London, and seven thousand pounds sterling in money. So penurious was he in his old age, that he permitted his houses to get out of repair to such a degree that it cost his son, on coming into possession, a large sum to render them comfortable. His avarice, however, did not prevent him sending his son to the best schools the dissenters then had in England; but as the teachers in those schools were selected, not for their fitness, but for their creed, they were not always very capable of calling forth the energies of the youthful mind. John Howard, therefore, was a decidedly illiterate man. He spelled very incorrectly, and expressed himself, on paper, in the most awkward and ungrammatical manner. He was, probably, a dull boy, as he was rather a dull man. There is no question that, in point of mere intellect, he was not much above the average of English tradesmen.

It was the custom at that day for the sons of tradesmen, no matter how rich their fathers might be, to be regularly apprenticed for seven years to some business. Young Howard was apprenticed to a great firm of wholesale grocers, to whom his father paid seven hundred pounds premium. In consideration of this large sum, the apprentice was treated like a younger son of the head partner. He was allowed to keep a man-servant and two saddle-horses; he rode in the park like a lord; he took his rides into the country; his pockets had plenty of money in them; and, in short, he was such a grocer's apprentice as the modern world knows nothing about, but whose pranks may be read of in some old books. This particular apprentice, however, was a very serious youth. His father had reared him in the strictest principles of the Calvinistic dissenters, and the boy appears to have imbibed those principles heartily, and lived in accordance with them from his childhood up. He was guilty of none of the excesses common to young men of that day, and to which his circumstances appeared to invite him. At an early period he joined a dissenting church, with which he remained connected through life. In matters of mere doctrine he was moderate and very tolerant, while his conduct was regulated in the most rigid conformity with his profession. Under a quiet

exterior he concealed a burning religious enthusiasm, which filled his diary with expressions of rapture and longing.

In 1749, when he was twenty-three years of age, his father died. His apprenticeship, not having yet expired, he bought the remainder of his time, and made the tour of Europe. On this tour, so far as is known, he felt no particular interest in the objects which afterwards absorbed his mind whenever he travelled. He bought a large number of pictures, sculptures, and curiosities, with which he decorated his favorite country-seat, and comported himself, in all respects, like an ordinary traveller. He took pains, however, to acquire the languages of the countries which he visited, particularly the French, in which he conversed with much fluency.

After a residence abroad of a year or two, he returned home, and occupied himself with the study of natural philosophy, and read some medical works, little thinking at the time of what use his slight knowledge of medicine would be to him in after years. He was one of those gentlemen who are fond of observing the thermometer, and making very exact records of its variations. In everything he was an exact man, extremely punctual, scrupulously just; and he demanded from his servants the same qualities. The only evidence which he gave, at this period, of unusual benevolence, was his great liberality in rewarding those who served him, his frequent gifts to the church which he attended, and his charitable donations to the poor of his neighborhood. On one occasion he subscribed fifty pounds toward building a parsonage for his minister, and on another he furnished his church with a new pulpit.

His marriage was the first event in his life that was extraordinary; and that was *very* extraordinary. In his twenty-fifth year he had a long and dangerous illness. When he was first seized he was living in lodgings near London, where he fancied he was not treated with the attention his case demanded. He consequently removed to the house of a widow, who was herself a confirmed invalid, and fifty-two years of age. This lady, who possessed a small independence, nursed him during many months with such tender care that he felt toward her an unbounded gratitude, and, upon his recovery, he offered her his hand. To

the remonstrances of the lady upon the great disparity of their ages and fortune, he replied with such persuasive warmth that her scruples were overcome, and the marriage took place. With his usual fine sense of justice, he caused her property to be settled upon her sister.

This singular marriage between a man of twenty-five and a woman of fifty-two was productive, as Howard always averred, of nothing but happiness. After two years and a half of tranquil felicity, the lady died. During the last six months of her life he was able to repay her care of him in his own sickness by attending her in hers. He watched over her, day and night, with all the devotion and tenderness of a husband whose youthful bride is stricken with disease in the honeymoon. "I would give a hundred pounds," he would say, "to procure her one night's sleep." And he often used to declare, after her death, that if he ever married again, it would be just such a woman that he would prefer.

He was now a melancholy widower. A day or two after the funeral of his wife, the news reached England of the destruction of Lisbon by an earthquake, and every subsequent arrival brought new details of the catastrophe, and additional particulars of the sufferings of the people. The benevolence of all lands was keenly touched by a disaster so unprecedented and appalling, and efforts were everywhere made for the relief of the stricken people of Portugal. Howard resolved to go himself and witness the scene, and lend a hand to the relief of the sufferers. It is probable, however, that his motive in going to Portugal was not wholly one of benevolence. He wished to distract his mind, to observe the phenomena of the convulsion, as well as to assuage the miseries of the inhabitants.

It was in the midst of the bloody seven years' war that he took passage in the Lisbon packet, the *Hanover*. He was not destined to reach his port. A few days after leaving England the packet was captured by a French privateer, and he, with all his companions, was a prisoner of war.

He now, like royal Lear in the forest, was called to endure the anguish "which wretches feel," and which he spent laborious years in assuaging. The privateer was forty hours in reaching

the nearest French port; and during that time the prisoners had not a drop of water nor an atom of food. Arriving at Brest, they were thrust into a filthy dungeon under ground, and there again they were kept miserable hours without nourishment. At length a joint of mutton was thrown down into their dungeon, like meat into a dog-kennel; and this, for want of a knife, they were obliged to tear to pieces with their hands. For six days and nights they were detained in this damp and stinking hole, gnawing bones, and sleeping upon wet straw. Removed then to another town and a better prison, his jailer, on his own responsibility, permitted him to live in the town on parole, and one of the inhabitants was so impressed with a sense of his integrity as to lend him money upon his word alone. Being thus at liberty, he devoted himself to an investigation of the manner in which prisoners of war were treated in France. He ascertained, by corresponding with those confined in other towns, and by personal inspection of the prisons near at hand, that they were treated with horrible barbarity. "Hundreds had perished, and thirty-six were buried in a hole in one day."

After two months' detention, he was allowed to go to England, on this condition: If he could induce the British government to send back a French naval officer in exchange, he was at liberty to remain; if not, he was to return to France. This exchange was easily effected, and he was a free man. He immediately laid before the government the full and exact information he had collected respecting the treatment of the prisoners, which led to the mitigation of their sufferings, and greatly hastened their exchange. Three ship-loads of prisoners owed their speedier release directly to his exertions.

He always said that it was personal experience and observation of the cruelties inflicted by the French jailers and contractors upon the prisoners of war, that first kindled his compassion for those of his fellow-men who have no one to stand between them and the arbitrary will of unwatched officials.

Howard was forty-six years of age before he entered upon those labors which have made his name another word for philanthropy. To his neighbors, however, and especially to his tenants, he was known, long before, as one of the most

benevolent of men. It could not be said of *him* that he was generous when the eye of the public was upon him, and mean in the seclusion of his own estate. He was, in truth, not only a most liberal and considerate landlord, but it was he who set the fashion, so to speak, to English landlords of taking an interest in the welfare of their poorer neighbors and dependents. Some of his plans have since been extensively adopted, to the great benefit of many thousands of families.

Soon after his escape from France he married a lady much better suited to him, in age, than the venerable widow who had first accepted his hand. This union was in every respect fortunate and happy; for his wife fully concurred with him in his benevolent schemes, and adapted herself to his peculiar humors. Having settled upon his patrimonial estate at Cardington, in Bedfordshire, he divided his time between the improvement of his gardens and grounds, and the elevation of his tenants. The village, when he first went to live near it, was little more than a collection of huts and hovels, usually composed of one or two rooms, in which large families lived more like pigs than human beings. Few of the adults, and none of the children, could read. There were no schools for the poor, and never had been, in all that region of country. The men wasted their earnings in the ale-house, which was the only flourishing establishment in the place; and the whole of the laboring population was so sunk in ignorance, thriftlessness, and vice, that nothing short of the determined benevolence of a Howard could have raised them from it. Nor was this state of things peculiar to Bedfordshire; the description of Cardington applied to half the agricultural parishes of England a hundred years ago.

Howard began by improving the dwellings of his tenants. One after another, he pulled down the ancient hovels, and built, in their stead, neat and convenient cottages, containing never less than three rooms. To each cottage he attached a small garden in the rear for vegetables, and in front a little patch for flowers, surrounding the whole with a pretty picket fence. As the ground was low and marshy, he had it drained by a system of ditches, which almost banished from the place the agues and the fevers to which the inhabitants had before

been subject. When he had completed one cottage, he let it to the man in the village who bore the best character for sobriety and industry; and he let it at the same rent which was paid for the wretched huts. Howard, I may here remark, was an excellent man of business. He fixed his new cottages at the old rate of rent, because he found, by careful calculation, that that rate yielded him a proper return for the capital invested. It is greatly to the credit of his good sense and good management, that, after a long life of the most liberal expenditure for the public good, he left his estate in a better condition than he received it from his father. This cottage-building, for example, was an excellent investment, though that was not the motive which impelled him to undertake it.

As often as he had a cottage completed, he looked about for a sober and diligent tenant for it; so that his cottage-building furnished a most powerful inducement to reform. Besides this, he let his cottages on certain conditions favorable to virtue and good order. One was, that the tenant should go to church once every Sunday; another, that he should never go to the ale-house; another, that he should never gamble; another, that he should let his children go to the school which he had established for them. It was so exceedingly desirable to a poor man to have one of his cottages, with a garden attached, at a rent of about ten dollars a year, that he had no difficulty in inducing the villagers to comply with his conditions. He continued his rebuilding until all the old cottages that belonged to him had given place to new ones; and then he bought others for the same purpose. One of his neighbors, too, observing what an excellent effect a clean and proper dwelling had upon the morals of a family, followed his example, and built a considerable number of cottages; so that, in about ten years, the whole village was rebuilt, and, from being one of the meanest, dirtiest, and most unhealthy places in the county, it became the prettiest, pleasantest, and most salubrious village in that part of England.

An anecdote will serve to show how heartily his wife entered into his plans. At the close of a year, when he had made up his accounts, he found that he had a balance on hand; and, as

he made it a rule to spend all his income, he proposed to his wife that they should employ this sum in visiting London. "What a pretty cottage it would build!" said she; and a cottage was built with it, accordingly.

Besides providing his tenants with decent habitations, he endeavored to teach them how to live in them. Schools were established by him for the children, and he was in the habit of visiting his tenants in their cottages, conversing with them upon their work, their gardens, their children, and pointing out the best modes of culture and the proper mode of rearing children. As he had taken some pains to inform himself respecting diseases and their causes, he was frequently able to give them good advice respecting their complaints, and thus saved them the expense of a doctor. In times of scarcity, he exerted himself to procure employment for those who needed it, getting situations among his friends for deserving girls and young men, keeping many hands busy upon his own grounds, and in weaving linen for his family. It is said that he had linen enough in his house when he died to last fifty years longer. He was reluctant to give money in charity, except to persons who could not work. His way was to provide work, even if the work was not needed. This principle, however, did not prevent his giving presents on proper occasions to deserving objects. All his servants were generously remembered by him at Christmas and on their birthdays; and, when one of their daughters was married, he was fond of presenting the bride with a good cow. The old women of his parish had many a chaldron of coal from him in the winter, and he was a great tosser of pennies to boys whom he met on the road, of whom he had heard good accounts from the school-mistress. As one of his neighbors truly remarked of him, "It was his meat and drink to do good."

Benevolence of this kind was well adapted to England, though it would be out of place in America. Here, we expect and desire every man to take care of himself and his family, because every virtuous man, who has good health, can earn the means of doing so. We should not like to see a rich landlord setting up to be the father of his village, poking his nose into people's houses and affairs, dictating on what terms their chil-

dren should be educated, and letting them their houses on condition of their going to church every Sunday. But in England, where one man in a parish may have ten thousand pounds a year, and nine-tenths of his neighbors only ten shillings a week; where one man has had every possible chance to improve himself, and nearly all the rest have had no chance at all; where one man lives in a spacious and elegant abode, filled with everything which can minister to his comfort and pleasure, and most of his neighbors pass their lives in little, crowded huts, composed of a single room; in those circumstances, no power can raise the people in the scale of civilization but the benevolence of that one man. Howard's conduct to his poor neighbors and fellow-citizens was entirely admirable — ill-suited as it would be in a land where the conditions of men are more equal.

While thus contributing to the enjoyment of others, he did not neglect to enjoy life himself. He was a thorough country gentleman. His grounds and gardens were unfailing sources of pleasure to him. Some of the walks which he laid out, and some of the trees which he planted, are still to be seen at Cardington, as well as a curious garden-house made entirely of roots, in which his much-loved thermometer hung, and where he recorded his observations of the weather. He sent a paper, occasionally, upon the weather and the temperature, to the Royal Society of London, which led to his being elected a member of that institution. Dr. Franklin was a member at the same time; and, as Howard was intimately acquainted with several of Franklin's friends, it is highly probable that the English and the American philanthropists knew one another. It may be, however, that the difference of their religious opinions kept them apart, — Franklin being a deist, and Howard a very decided and most ardent trinitarian. On one point Howard agreed with Dr. Franklin: he was the friend of America during the whole of our revolutionary period. So opposed was he to the tyrannical measures of Lord North, that, later in life, when he could have been a member of parliament by holding his tongue on that subject, he boldly avowed his opposition, and lost his seat.

For seven years he lived in the country with his wife. Nothing was wanting to his happiness but children, which, for seven years, were denied him. Then a son was born, who filled up the measure of his joy. A few days after the birth of this child, he left his wife in the morning to go to church, she being apparently as well as could be expected. On his return, he found her indisposed, and a few minutes after, as he was handing her a cup of chocolate, she fell back upon her pillow and immediately breathed her last. It was a fearful blow to a man so affectionate and so domestic in his habits as John Howard, and it cast over his mind a shadow which was never quite dissipated while he lived. The boy, whom he had obtained at the price of his happiness, was a large and healthy child; it lived to be the consoler of his solitude, but finally the shame and misery of his old age.

For the relief of his mind, he made another extensive tour upon the Continent, and visited various parts of his own country; residing only occasionally at his home, but always attentive to the welfare of his tenants, whether present or absent. On one of his tours he had a severe fit of the gout, which led him to resolve that, if ever he recovered, he would never again drink wine or spirits. He kept his resolution, though he continued to provide wine for his guests. Soon after, his health being still impaired, he tried the experiment of living without meat; and, as a vegetable diet seemed to benefit him, he never again partook of animal food. All this was highly serviceable to him in his philanthropic travels, when he was often beyond the reach of any supplies except the most simple. He could live, and often did live, for weeks at a time, upon biscuit, raisins, and tea. Tea, in fact, was his only luxury. He always travelled with a supply of the best tea, and a portable apparatus for preparing it. On arriving at a town, he would sit in his carriage and dine upon tea and biscuit, but send his servant to the inn to get a good dinner. He could bid defiance to all inn-keepers, as he was totally independent of them for his comfort, and he could sleep as well in his carriage as in a bed.

Such a man was John Howard, and so passed his life till he

was forty-six years of age; when an event occurred which called his attention again to the condition and treatment of a class of his fellow-beings, whose sufferings were unpitied because they were unknown,—the unprotected prey of savage men, savage laws, and that fell tyrant of England, ancient custom.

In the year 1773 John Howard was appointed high sheriff of the county of Bedfordshire, in which he resided. In England the sheriffs are appointed by the king, and he usually selects one of the leading gentlemen or noblemen of the county, who holds the office one year. The disagreeable duties of the place are performed by under sheriffs. Twice a year the high sheriff, clad in the showy robes of his office, rode out of town in his carriage, and escorted to the town hall, amid the pealing of bells, the judges who came to hold the semi-annual court; and in the evening he gave a ball, which was attended by the judges, the lawyers, and the principal families of the county. He also occasionally entertained at dinner the gentlemen of the neighborhood; and these were all the duties which custom and public opinion demanded of the high sheriff. As he received no salary, and the office involved considerable expense, it was never bestowed except upon a man of wealth.

John Howard was not a man to tread without questioning in the footsteps of a predecessor; nor was he a person likely to think that a duty which the law imposes on one man can be properly performed by another man. As soon, therefore, as he had received his appointment, he took the extraordinary course of looking into the law to ascertain what the duties were which appertain to it. He found that the county jail was under his jurisdiction, and that he was bound to see that the jailers did their duty, and that the prisoners were properly dealt with. Accordingly, instead of sending a deputy to attend to this duty, he went himself to the prison, gave every part and department of it a thorough inspection, and inquired into the condition of each prisoner. He found many things there that distressed him; but there was one abuse which so deeply offended his sense of justice, that he at once set about reforming it.

At that day, a jailer had no salary, but was supported chiefly

by fees extorted from the prisoners on their leaving jail. Custom had established, with the force of law, that every prisoner, whether felon or debtor, whether discharged because the jury had acquitted him, or because no bill of indictment was found against him, or because his term of imprisonment had expired, should pay, before leaving the jail, a fee of fifteen shillings and four pence to the jailer, and another fee of two shillings to the turnkey,—about five dollars in all. If a prisoner could not raise this sum, the jailer was allowed to keep him in prison till he could. The reader may judge of the feelings of a Howard when he discovered that some men had been confined many weeks, some many months, and one man *four years*, solely because they were unable to pay the fees for their delivery. He found that some prisoners who had been proved innocent, and others against whom no bill had been found, still languished in a loathsome dungeon, because there was no one on earth able and willing to lend them the trifling sum of nineteen shillings and four pence, while the county was at the expense of supporting them. Such frightful abuses as this come of great men putting off their duties upon deputies. These fees had been exacted so long, that no one could give any account of the origin of the system, or knew why such an odd sum as fifteen shillings and four pence had been fixed upon; yet John Howard was the first high sheriff to direct attention to its inhumanity and absurdity.

Howard promptly called the attention of the judges to the subject, and they appeared as much shocked at his recital as he had been at the discovery. He proposed, as a remedy, that the fees then due should be paid by the county; that the old system should at once be abolished; and that the jailer should be supported in future by a salary. They were disposed to adopt his plans; "but," said they, with the true British reverence for old customs, "is there any *precedent* for paying a jailer a salary and charging it to a county?" Howard could not answer this question, but said that he would immediately visit some of the adjacent counties, and see what customs prevailed with regard to the discharge of prisoners and the payment of jailers. He did so, and found everywhere the same system, and at every jail

poor prisoners detained for the lack of the nineteen shillings and four pence.

That short excursion in search of a precedent revealed to his benevolent mind such enormous and dreadful defects in the prison system of England, that he, soon after, set out upon a more extensive journey, determined to inform himself thoroughly upon the subject, and let the light of publicity into the hideous dungeons where innocent and guilty, the unfortunate debtor and the atrocious criminal, youthful offenders and men grown old in iniquity, festered and rotted together.

A county prison, he found, usually consisted of three principal rooms. One of them, called the day-room, resembled, in general appearance and furniture, the tap-room of a low, village ale-house, except that it was ill-lighted and worse ventilated, and exceedingly unclean. In this apartment all the inmates of the prison, men and women, debtors and felons, passed the day. As the jailer had the privilege of selling beer and liquors to the prisoners, they were supplied with just as much drink as they could pay for; and, consequently, this day-room often presented a scene of riotous debauchery. Every new comer had to treat the whole company; and all fines, bets, and penalties were discharged by pots of ale and bowls of punch. As no employment was provided for the prisoners, nor any books, most of them spent the day, and every day, in playing cards and in drinking the beer and brandy which were the invariable stakes. The presence of women was frequently the occasion of excesses still more abominable. In this school of depravity, maintained at the expense of the virtuous portion of the community, youthful offenders, whom judicious treatment could easily have rescued, were rendered in a few weeks adepts in all the arts by which crime preys upon virtue. There, murderers recounted tales of butchery, highway robbers vaunted their exploits on the road, house-breakers unfolded their secrets and magnified their gains. There, young women, imprisoned on suspicion of a trifling theft, were thrown among the most abandoned of their own sex, and the most brutal of ours. There, the honest debtor, the respectable father of a virtuous family, bankrupt through

the delinquency of others or by sudden calamity, was compelled to live in the closest contact with the vilest of his species.

At night, the men and women were generally (but not in all prisons) separated. The two night-rooms, one for men and the other for women, were, in almost every prison in England, under ground. Howard went into one of these dungeons that was twenty-four steps below the surface, and another that was thirty-seven; but they were usually ten or twelve feet under ground, with two small windows about two feet square. The floor was littered with what had once been straw, but which was soon ground into powder when the dungeon was dry, and into paste when it was damp. Damp it usually was, and chilly, and foul, and stinking, to a degree that only the heroic benevolence of a Howard could have borne to remain in it voluntarily. On this pulverized and rotten straw, teeming with vermin and surcharged with poisonous odors, the walls and ceiling exuding filth, the prisoners slept, covered, in winter, with a damp and filthy rug. The jail-fever, of course, raged in all such prisons, and often spread into the towns. It was not uncommon for judges, lawyers, and jurymen to catch that malignant disease from the prisoners whom they tried; the bar and the bench of England, in the last century, lost some of their brightest ornaments from this most deadly of fevers. Such was its peculiar virulence that the surgeons of some of the jails were exempted, by the terms of their contract, from attending any prisoner who had it.

There was another shocking abuse which Howard found to be very general. Many of the prisons being ancient, — parts of old castles or the wing of a convent, — they were very insecure; and as the jailer was responsible for the safe keeping of the prisoners, he resorted to the easiest means of securing them that he was acquainted with. Accordingly, Howard found in some prisons all the inmates chained. Sometimes they were only handcuffed, or had their ankles chained together; but in a few of the oldest prisons the poor wretches were chained to a wall in the daytime, and to the floor at night. Few things, in the course of his first tour, so sorely afflicted the benevolent heart of John Howard, still bleeding from the loss of his wife, as to see women dragging about heavy and clanking fetters, or

chained to a thick iron ring in the floor. Another thing painfully offended his sense of delicacy: in many prisons there was but one yard, which was common to the male and female inmates.

The food of the prisoners he found to be generally insufficient. The jailers usually fed them by contract; so that the less the prisoners ate, the more the jailer gained.

In almost every jail that he visited, he found men detained beyond their term because they could not pay the fees of the jailer and turnkey. In one prison there were two sailors, whose offence had been so slight that the magistrate had sentenced them to pay a fine of one shilling each. They had paid the fine, but could not raise the money for the fees, and they remained in one of these pestilential dungeons until Howard visited it, when he paid their fees, and restored them to liberty.

Here and there he found a prison where some attention was paid to cleanliness and decency, where the rooms were not absolutely unfit for the residence of human beings, and where the inmates were not the prey of the jailer. On the other hand, he occasionally discovered one where all the usual abuses were aggravated. One prison consisted of a single room, or passage, twenty-seven feet long and seven feet wide, lighted by one window. In another, where the men and women were not separated, night or day, as many as seven births had taken place in a year.

From 1773 to 1776 Howard's chief employment was to pursue his investigations into the condition of the prisons of Great Britain. In the course of those three years he personally, and most thoroughly, inspected every prison in the three kingdoms that offered any peculiarity. He travelled ten thousand miles at his own expense, and delivered from prison a large number of poor debtors by paying their debts, and many petty criminals by paying their fees. Wherever he went he brought some alleviation to the lot of the prisoners by gifts of money, bread, meat, or tea, and by remonstrating with jailers, surgeons, chaplains, and magistrates. Several prisons underwent a complete renovation and reformation solely in consequence of his conversations with county magistrates and circuit judges.

In the second year of his inquiries, his efforts had become so far known that he was summoned before a committee of the House of Commons to give information as to the results of his investigations. The members of the committee, amazed at such sublime devotion to a calling so painful and repulsive, and charmed with the fitness, exactness, and modesty of his replies, caused him to be summoned to the bar to receive the thanks of the house for his "humanity and zeal." He obeyed the summons. Amid the cheers of members he modestly advanced to the bar, where he stood with bowed head, while the Speaker communicated to him the thanks of his countrymen. There was never a man more truly modest than John Howard, but at this unusual and noble recognition of his labors, his heart was touched, and his purpose strengthened. When, after other years of heroic labors in the same cause, he published the results of his inquiries, he dedicated the volume to the House of Commons, and thanked them in his turn for the encouragement they had afforded him.

It has been the lot of many philanthropists to encounter obloquy and opposition in their efforts to benefit mankind. It was Howard's happier fortune to enjoy, at all times, the approval of his countrymen, and to receive needful aid from persons in authority. He was so devoid of all pretence, and went about his work in such a quiet, earnest manner, and gave such unquestionable proofs of the benevolence of his motives, that the enmity of men whose evil practices he exposed was disarmed, and all others observed his proceedings with admiration. His rank, too, as a gentleman of independent property, greatly facilitated his labors, and when he had publicly received the thanks of the House of Commons, he had a kind of official character, which opened to him the doors of every jail the moment he presented himself. He pursued his investigations in a very business-like manner, carrying with him a rule with which to measure the dungeons, a pair of scales for weighing the allowance of food, and a memorandum book in which to record his facts.

I have before remarked, that almost every man in England whose memory England now cherishes with pride, sided with

America during the revolutionary war; just as nearly every man whom England will honor a century hence, sympathized with the United States during the late contest. Howard had many friends in the circle of distinguished men who surrounded Dr. Franklin in London, and opposed, as they did, the hostile measures of the king. In 1774, the liberal party in Bedfordshire nominated him for parliament, and, after a most severe contest, he was elected by a small majority. The "issue" in this election was, whether the king and Lord North should be sustained in their American policy; and the election of Howard was, therefore, a defeat for the administration. The ministry, however, succeeded in finding a pretext for annulling the election. Some of Howard's votes were declared illegal, — enough to give the seat to a tory. The loss of a seat in parliament was not much regretted by him for his own sake, but he felt acutely the wrong done to the great and patriotic party which had elected him.

"I was a victim of the ministry," he wrote, after learning the result of the struggle. "Most surely I should not have fallen in with all their severe measures relative to the Americans, and my constant declaration that not one emolument of five shillings, were I in parliament, would I ever accept of, marked me out as an object of their aversion. I sensibly feel for an injured people; their affection and esteem I shall ever reflect on with pleasure and gratitude. As to myself, I calmly retire."

The allusion here to the "emolument" of members of parliament requires a word of explanation. At that day, it was so common for the ministry to carry leading measures by bribery, that a member who refused to accept anything from an administration, was set down, as a matter of course, in the ranks of the opposition. I have read letters from members of parliament to a prime minister, humbly *apologizing* for not accepting a proffered bribe, and I have elsewhere (see Parton's *Life of Franklin*) shown that the steady majority which enabled Lord North to provoke America to resistance, was bought and paid for. That minister had always about one hundred and thirty members of parliament in his pay, who received from five hundred to one thousand pounds per session; and the rest of his

majority was secured by the gift of office, commissions, contracts, and church livings, to the sons and friends of members.

Fortunate was it for the poor prisoners of Europe that John Howard was cheated of his seat in parliament. In the spring of 1775, when he was about to begin the preparation of his prison notes for the press, it occurred to him that an inspection of some of the prisons of France, Germany, and Holland might furnish some facts useful to his purpose. In April, therefore, while some of his countrymen were running away from the battle of Lexington, he crossed to Paris, and stood before the frowning towers of the Bastile, seeking admission to its gloomy dungeons. That ancient fortress was surrounded by a wide ditch, which was crossed by a drawbridge, and this ditch was girdled by a thick and lofty wall. Unprovided with an order or pass, Howard knocked vigorously at the outer gate, which was open, and then walked in, past the guard, and, advancing to the drawbridge, stood there contemplating the gloomy edifice. Very soon, an officer presented himself, who appeared to be astonished beyond measure at his audacity, and ordered him back. He retreated, and passed by the silent guard again to the outer world, — "the only person," as one of his friends remarked, "who, in four centuries, had ever left the Bastile reluctantly."

After attempting in vain to gain admission to other prisons in Paris, he was so fortunate as to discover an ancient royal decree, which directed jailers to admit to prisons under their charge all persons desirous of giving alms to prisoners, and to permit them to give their alms into the prisoners' own hands. Armed with this decree, he obtained access to all the prisons of Paris, excepting only the impenetrable Bastile. He found that, upon the whole, the prison system of France was better than that of England; the prisons were cleaner, the food was better, the rules more just and humane. But, in some of the large prisons of Paris, he discovered under-ground dungeons of the most revolting description, — "totally dark," he observes, "and beyond imagination horrid and dreadful." In one prison, there were eight cells, sixteen steps below the surface of the earth, in size thirteen feet by nine, without window or lamp, and venti-

lated only by a funnel. Into these damp, cold, and noisome cells, not a ray of light ever penetrated, and "in them," says Howard, "poor creatures were confined, day and night, for weeks, for months together." After only a few days' confinement in one of them, a man would come out yellow, emaciated, and almost out of his senses. Howard was never content merely to ascertain the existence of such dungeons; he went down into them himself, remained in them an hour or more, conversed with their wretched inmates, and employed his rule, his scales, and his thermometer, to render his description exact.

Leaving France, he traversed the Low Countries, visiting prisons and hospitals. At Ghent, then under the dominion of Austria, he found, to his equal surprise and delight, a prison free from all the abuses he had elsewhere observed, and abounding in excellent features of which he had never heard. Every inmate had a separate room which was perfectly clean; a decent bed, with mattress, blankets, and sheets; an abundance of water, which he was compelled to use in the purification of his person and his cell. But the crowning merit of this institution was that every prisoner was kept at work. Large work-rooms were filled with silent laborers, who were thus enabled to earn a considerable part of the expense of their maintenance, and, by working over-time, to accumulate a little sum with which to start afresh in the world at the expiration of their term.

It may be truly said that Howard's visit to this prison was the means of changing the prison system of the world. Here he saw a practical demonstration of the truth of his own theory that a prison should be a place of punishment, but not a scene of torture; a means of reforming criminals, not of confirming them in criminal habits. The records of this admirable prison showed that the effects of its discipline were generally salutary, and, in very many cases, resulted in restoring its subjects to virtue. Fortified by such an example, he felt that he could now return to his native land, and not confine himself to an exposure of the demoralizing cruelties of its prisons, but point out a remedy which time and experience had tried.

In all the prisons of the Continent he found one horror which was unknown in England, — a torture chamber. It was a cus-

tom then, in all the countries of Europe, except Prussia, to subject criminals to the torture, in order to compel them to confess their crimes and reveal their accomplices. This chamber was usually under ground, that the cries of the sufferer might not be heard. Clad only in a long flannel gown, the trembling victim was led to this apartment, where were assembled the magistrates, the executioners, a surgeon, and a secretary; and there he was tortured till his agony had wrung from him a confession, real or fictitious. Sometimes it was the thumb-screw, sometimes the boot, sometimes a chair with blunt spikes in the seat, sometimes it was a machine for dislocating the arms, sometimes it was the lash or the shower-bath, that tried the endurance of the accused. These chambers of torture Howard visited, but he purposely forebore to lend a false attraction to his book by describing them. It was not till 1780 that the torture was abolished in France. The man most instrumental in effecting this reform was Voltaire, who for forty years never lost an opportunity of aiming at it a shaft of ridicule or of argument. It was Voltaire, also, whose writings induced Frederick the Great to abolish the torture in Prussia.

Returning home after an extensive tour on the Continent, he determined to visit again the prisons of England, before sitting down to give the public the benefit of his investigations. That done, he made a second continental tour, and then proceeded to the preparation of his book. Aware of the defects of his education, he availed himself of the aid of competent literary men, though he scrutinized most carefully the progress of the work, and read the proofs with extraordinary attention. The motto selected for the book, from the poet Thomson, was very appropriate:—

“ Ah! little think the gay,
Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround,
How many pine in want and dungeon glooms,
Shut from the common air.”

The title of the work was, “The State of the Prisons in England and Wales, with Preliminary Observations, and an Account of some Foreign Prisons; by John Howard, F. R. S.” It was a weighty quarto, of 520 pages, illustrated by four large and

expensive plates. Having defrayed the whole expense of this extensive and very costly work, he presented a copy of it to every public man in England of any note or general influence, and placed the rest of the edition in the bookstores, to be sold at about half the cost of producing them.

Having thus, as he supposed, completed his labors on behalf of prisoners, in which he had spent five years, he retired again to his seat in Bedfordshire, to enjoy a little repose, leaving his work to make its way with the public, and to produce such results as it might.

Howard was about fifty-one years of age when he went home to his favorite seat to enjoy the pleasures of the country, and the society of his boy, then a promising lad of ten.

He was exceedingly fond of his son, though he governed him, as some of his friends thought, a little too much in the patriarchal style, demanding from him the most prompt and exact obedience, and avoiding, on principle, to give him any explanation of the reasons of his requirements. He never struck the boy a blow in his life. The severest punishment he ever inflicted was compelling him to sit still for a certain time without speaking, and such was his ascendancy over the child, that one of his neighbors said that if he should tell the boy to hold his hand in the fire, he would do it. He appears to have carried the patriarchal principle too far. The boy obeyed his father, but did not confide in him; respected his father, but was not very fond of him; was proud of his father, but did not feel at home in his company. Obedience is certainly due from a child to its parents, and ought to be required; but the grand point is to secure the child's confidence and love, so that it will naturally impart to its parents its secrets, and prefer their society to that of any other persons in the world. During Howard's absence on his philanthropic journeys, the boy was left at a boarding-school, near the residence of his aunt, at whose house he spent his holidays. The father, however, frequently visited him, and watched his progress with exemplary attention.

Before Howard had been long at home, he observed with pleasure that his labors were bearing fruit. Besides a general though partial reform in the county prisons, parliament deter-

mined to build a model prison on the plan of the one in Ghent, as described in Howard's book, and he was again summoned before the House of Commons to give further information on the subject. The magazines and newspapers, too, in reviewing his work, held up his unique and self-denying labors to the admiration of his countrymen; which not only rendered his name illustrious, but opened to him new fields of exertion. He was now so identified in the public mind with prison reform, that if any abuse in a jail attracted attention, he was sure to be informed of it, and urged to look into it. Besides all this, his only sister died during this interval of rest, and left him twelve thousand pounds. Now, in Europe, if a man inherits an estate from his father, he considers himself in honor bound to leave that estate to his son in at least as good a condition as he found it. Having received this large addition to his property, Howard was freed from all scruples on this subject; and, while reserving his patrimony intact for his son, set apart the money received from his sister's estate as a fund for continuing his philanthropic labors.

Discovering now that both parliament and the public were intent on reforming the prisons of England, he determined to set out on a more extensive tour of the Continent, to gather new information respecting the working of the excellent prisons in the Low Countries, as well as new proofs of the evil effects of the old system of dungeons and torture. Before leaving England, he was led to visit the hulks anchored in the Thames, wherein were confined large numbers of convicts awaiting transportation. He told members of the government what he saw there. On going on board one of these ships, the captain handed him a piece of excellent biscuit, as a specimen of the food which he gave the prisoners; but Howard had visited too many prisons to believe one syllable of anything told him by the keepers thereof. The thing that he *believed* was, the haggard and sallow countenances of the wretched convicts, as they wearily paced the deck, half naked, unclean, and stinking. When he saw men looking so, when he smelt that peculiar smell of the jail, he knew that something was wrong. He waited, accordingly, till mess-time, and applied his own eyes, nose, and

scales to the dinner as actually served out. He found the biscuit green, mouldy, and maggoty, the meat tainted, the water impure. Taking from his pocket the biscuit given him by the captain, he held it up before the convicts, in the captain's presence, and reproached him with the fraud he was practising upon the men, and the falsehood with which he had endeavored to conceal it. He went below, where he found large numbers of sick men lying on the floor, with not so much as straw under them, to whom were given only the loathsome and poisonous provisions which had caused their sickness. He was not surprised to learn that one-third of the convicts die before leaving the country to *begin* the fulfilment of their sentence; and he told the government that, unless the system were changed, there would be no need of transporting prisoners to Botany Bay, for they would all die in the Thames. It was a horrid aggravation of this infernal cruelty, that the long detention on board those hulks — from four to eight months — did not expunge a day from the term of their sentence; it was so much added to their legal punishment. Howard at once reported what he had seen to the Committee of the House of Commons, and the worst of these outrages were abolished within a week. The health and appearance of the men changed for the better immediately.

In the spring of 1778, while all the liberal world was rejoicing over the alliance just concluded between France and the United States, and reading in the newspapers the details of Dr. Franklin's presentation to Louis XVI. and Maria Antoinette, John Howard crossed the channel once more on his god-like errand, and arrived safely in Holland. At Amsterdam he met with the only serious accident that befell him on his numerous journeys. A horse, running away with a dray, threw the vehicle against him with such violence, that he was a month in recovering from his injuries, during which he suffered very severely. To give the reader a nearer insight into the mind of this singular man, I will here copy a few sentences from the diary kept by him during this illness: —

"May 11, 1778. — Do me good, O God, by this painful

affliction; may I see the great uncertainty of health, ease, and comfort; that all my springs are in thee. Oh, the painful and wearisome nights I possess! May I be more thankful if restored to health, more compassionate to others, more absolutely devoted to God.

"*May 13.* — In pain and anguish all night, my very life a burthen to me. Help, Lord: vain is the help of man. In thee do I put my trust, — let me not be confounded.

"*May 14.* — This night my fever abated, my pains less; I thank God I had two hours' sleep; prior to which, for eighteen days and nights, not four hours' sleep. Righteous art thou in all thy ways, and holy in all thy works, — sanctify this affliction, and show me wherefore thou contendest with me; bring me out of the furnace as silver purified seven times.

"*May 16.* — A more quiet night and less fever, yet much pain until the morning. If God should please to restore me to days of prosperity, may I remember the days of sorrow, to make me habitually serious and humble: may I learn from this affliction more than I have learned before, and have reason to bless God for it."

These brief passages will suffice to make the reader acquainted with Howard's habit of thought and feeling; for all that part of his diary which relates to himself is precisely in the strain of the extracts given. The whole struggle of his life was to do the work to which he felt himself called, and to extinguish in himself all human foibles and frailties that might hinder him, or render his motives less pure and single.

As soon as he had recovered his health, he was again at work, visiting prisons, descending into dungeons, penetrating torture-chambers, distributing alms to prisoners, discharging the debts of imprisoned debtors, conversing with magistrates, judges, princes, and monarchs upon his darling theme, and endeavoring to enlist their sympathy and co-operation.

At the court of the Emperor of Austria, he was entertained with distinction, both by the enlightened emperor, Joseph, and by his mother, the renowned Maria Theresa, Queen of Hungary. He dined with the emperor, and conversed with him for

two hours, laying before him all the horrors of the Austrian dungeons, but duly commending so much of the Austrian prison-system as he found praiseworthy. Dining, a few days after, at the house of the English ambassador, Sir Robert Murray Keith, where a large company of Austrian princes and nobles were assembled, the conversation turned upon the absurd iniquity of the torture; when one of the Austrians observed, "that the glory of abolishing the torture in the Austrian dominions belonged to his present Imperial Majesty Joseph II."

"Pardon me," said Howard; "his Imperial Majesty has only abolished one species of torture to establish another in its place more cruel; for the torture which he abolished lasted at the most only a few hours; but that which he has appointed lasts many weeks, nay, sometimes years. The poor wretches are plunged into a noisome dungeon, as black as the Black Hole of Calcutta, from which they are taken only if they confess what is laid to their charge."

"Hush!" said the ambassador; "your words will be reported to his majesty."

"What!" cried Howard; "shall my tongue be tied from speaking truth by any king or emperor in the world? I repeat what I asserted, and maintain its veracity."

The company appeared awestruck at his boldness, and admired it; but no one ventured to make any observation whatever, and a dead silence ensued. They were not, perhaps, aware that he had said the same thing to the emperor himself.

After a journey of nine months, during which he travelled four thousand six hundred and thirty-six miles, and visited the prisons of France, Holland, Prussia, Austria, Italy, and Switzerland, he returned once more to his native land, with his notebooks overflowing with facts and suggestions with which to aid his government in their design to construct a model prison, and to reform the county jails already existing. These notes were, in due time, digested and published in the form of an appendix to his previous work.

Having once begun his labors on behalf of the prisoner and the outcast, Howard ended them only with his life. His tour in Denmark, Sweden, Russia, and Poland, was quickly followed

by another journey in England, and that was succeeded by a tour of nearly four thousand miles in Portugal, Spain, Italy, and Austria; during which he passed from dungeons and hospitals to the palaces of monarchs, conveying to royal ears the cry of the despairing victims of their indifference. We cannot follow him in these extensive journeys. A few incidents, however, that varied the monotony of horror, we may glean from the records he has left us.

In the debtors' prison at Sheffield, Howard found a cutler plying his trade, who was in jail for a debt of thirty cents. The fees of the court which had consigned him to prison amounted to nearly five dollars, and this sum he had been for several weeks trying to earn in prison. In another jail there was a man, with a wife and five children, confined for court fees of about one dollar, and jailer's fee of eighty cents. This man was confined in the same apartment with robbers and murderers, and had little hope of being able to raise the money for his discharge. All such debtors — and they were numerous then in England — Howard released by paying their debts.

A very striking occurrence came under his notice in Spain, which, I am sure, a romance-writer, could employ as the basis of a thrilling tale. In Portugal and Spain, a cruel custom prevailed of keeping accused persons in jail for months, and even years, before bringing them to trial, and of deferring the execution of capital punishment for periods equally long. Such was the fidelity of the people of those countries to their plighted word, that jailers were accustomed to let out such prisoners on their parole. A man who had been sentenced to death seven years before, and had been for a long time out on parole, was suddenly ordered for execution. At that time he was in the country, living with his family and working industriously at his trade. On receiving the summons to come to Lisbon and meet his doom, he bade farewell to his family and friends, and promptly presented himself at the jail. The facts, however, were made known to the government, and his admirable fidelity was rewarded with a pardon. Howard remonstrated vigorously against these cruel delays, both in conversation with the grandees and in his published narrative.

Nowhere in Europe was the torture more frequently applied, or more excruciating, than in Hanover, then under the dominion of the royal family of England. In an interview with the Duke of York, one of the princes of that family, he described the tortures inflicted there, when the prince promised that as soon as he was of age he would abolish the practice. In his book, therefore, Howard alluded to the peculiarly cruel tortures employed in Hanover, and added that the system would not be of long continuance. When the Duke of York had reached his legal majority, Howard sent him a copy of his work with a ribbon inserted to call attention to the passage. The delicate hint was taken, and the torture-chambers were forever closed in that kingdom.

No man, perhaps, has ever had such power over criminals as John Howard. There was a terrible rebellion in one of the London prisons, when two hundred ruffians, driven mad by cruelty, were gathered in the prison-yard, threatening death to any man who should approach them. Howard insisted on going in among them, and did so, in spite of the advice of the jailers and the entreaties of his friends. His very appearance disarmed them, and they listened to his quiet and reasonable remonstrances in respectful silence. He listened patiently in his turn to a recital of their grievances, after which he pointed out the folly of their attempting to resist the authorities, advised them at once to submit, and promised to make their complaints known. They took his advice at length, and went peacefully to their cells.

He was once, however, frightened by a woman. The lady in question, who was shown to his apartment in London, was of such amazingly tall stature, and so masculine in appearance, that he thought her a man in disguise, — a jailer, perhaps, whose cruelties he had exposed, and who had come to assassinate him. He darted to the bell, and, summoning his servant, gave him a sign to remain in the room till the fearful visitor was gone. It soon appeared that the lady had conceived a profound veneration for his character, and had come only to testify to him in person her gratitude and admiration. After detaining him with a long and pompous eulogy she took her leave, saying that now she had seen Mr. Howard she could die in peace.

It was not because he was indifferent to the charms of female society that he remained so long a widower. On the contrary, he was exceedingly fond of the company of ladies, and never returned from his continental tours without bringing home for his female friends presents of rare and delicate handiwork, some of which required great care in packing and handling.

He would have gladly married again, if he could have found a woman like the wife he had lost. Once, in Holland, on a canal boat, he was powerfully struck by the charms of a young lady travelling with an elderly gentleman, who seemed to be her father. When they left the boat, he ordered his servant to follow them and make inquiries. - He was exceedingly disconcerted on learning that the young lady was the wife of her elderly companion.

On another occasion, in England, he was so much attracted by the writings of a lady who was then rising to distinction as authoress, that he made a journey to the place of her residence, intending to offer her his hand. In the public room of his inn he questioned a gentleman as to the lady's family and character, when he learned, to his sore mortification, that she was about to be married. Further conversation revealed the amusing fact that his informant had come to the town on the same errand as himself, and was going home disappointed. The enamored swains had no resource but to laugh at one another.

The Pope was one of the monarchs with whom he conversed on his great subject. He was received at the papal palace with unusual distinction, and he was dispensed from the ceremony of kissing the toe of the pontiff. When he was about to retire, after a long conversation on the prisons of Italy, the Pope said to him, laying his hand upon his very Protestant head : —

"I know you Englishmen do not mind these things, but the blessing of an old man can do you no harm."

Some of the short sayings entered by Howard in his diary are noble and true. The following will touch every generous mind : —

"Let this maxim be a leading feature of my life, *Constancy to favor and relieve those that are lowest.*"

This also is exceedingly grand : —

"Christ has made poverty and meanness, joined to holiness, to be a state of dignity."

The following is truer than many suppose : —

"Courage and humanity are inseparable friends."

Another of his favorite maxims was this : —

"Generosity and self-command are the striking aspects of benevolence."

Howard himself was a very brave man. At Constantinople, when the plague was raging, he visited the infected districts and the plague hospitals without the least trepidation, and remained in them hours at a time, watching the progress of the disease, with a view to ascertain its cause, and learn the best modes of treatment. He was of opinion that his vegetable diet tended to preserve him from contagion.

During his last stay at Vienna, he had a conversation of two hours' duration with the Emperor of Austria, in the course of which he told that high and mighty potentate some disagreeable truths. The emperor having invited him to the palace for the purpose, Howard sent back word that, as he was going to leave Vienna on the following day, he should not be able to wait on his majesty. The emperor then sent him a second message, that he would see him the next morning before his departure, at as early an hour as he chose to name. Howard replied that he would be at the palace at nine precisely, and he kept his appointment to the minute. He was shown into a small room fitted up like a counting-house, with desks, stools, and the usual apparatus of book-keeping, for Joseph II. was very much a man of business. After the usual civilities, the emperor introduced the topic by asking his guest what he thought of his new military hospital, which Howard had visited a few days before.

"I beg first to be informed," said the philanthropist, "whether I may speak my mind freely."

The emperor having assured him that he desired his real opinion, Howard answered the question bluntly enough.

"I must, then," said he, "take the liberty of saying that your majesty's military hospital is loaded with defects. The allowance of bread is too small; the apartments are not kept clean, and are also, in many respects, ill-constructed. One defect

particularly struck me: the care of the sick is committed to men, who are very unfit for that office, especially when it is imposed on them as a punishment, as I understand to be the case here."

"As to the bread," replied the emperor, "the allowance is the same as that of every other soldier, — one pound a day."

"It is not sufficient," said Howard, "for a man who is required to do any kind of work, or who is recovering from sickness; it is barely adequate to the support of life."

"What do you think," asked the emperor, "of the new tower for lunatics?"

"It is by no means such as I could wish; it is too confined, and not properly managed."

Saying which, Howard took his note-book from his pocket, and pointed out the faults of the establishment, as he had noted them down at the time of his visit.

He was proceeding to discourse of the prisons of Austria, — a subject upon which he had expressed strong opinions on a previous visit, some years before. As he hesitated to enter upon this topic, the emperor said: —

"Speak without fear."

"I saw in them," Howard continued, "many things that filled me with astonishment and grief. They all have dungeons. The torture is said to be abolished in your majesty's dominions, but it is only so in appearance, for what is now practised is worse than any torture. Poor wretches are confined twenty feet under ground, in places just fitted to receive their bodies, and some of them are kept there for eighteen months. Others are in dungeons, chained so closely to the wall that they can hardly breathe. All of them are deprived of proper consolation and religious support."

"Sir," interrupted the emperor, with some abruptness, "in your country they *hang* for the slightest offences."

"I grant," said Howard, "that the multiplicity of her capital punishments is a disgrace to England; but one fault does not excuse another, nor, in this instance, is the parallel just; for, I declare I would rather be hanged, if it were possible, ten times over, than undergo such a continuance of sufferings as the

unhappy beings endure who have the misfortune to be confined in your majesty's prisons. Many of these men have not been brought to trial, and should they be found innocent of the crimes laid to their charge, it is out of your majesty's power to make them a reparation for the injuries you have done them; for it is now too late to do them justice, weakened and deranged in their health and faculties as they are, by so long a solitary confinement."

He objected also to the convicts being sent out in gangs to clean the streets, and showed himself a good politician, but a bad courtier, by dwelling on the excellent prison regulations of the King of Prussia.

The emperor asked him what he thought of the poor-houses of Austria.

"In them, too," said this uncompromising Briton, "there are many defects. In the first place, the people are obliged to sleep in their clothes, — a practice that never fails to breed distempers in the end. Secondly, little or no attention is paid to cleanliness. Thirdly, the allowance of bread is too small."

"Where," asked the emperor, much disturbed, "did you find any institutions better of this kind?"

"There *was* one better," replied Howard, with marked emphasis.

"And where was that?"

"At Ghent," said Howard, "but not so now — not so now!"

Howard here alluded to an institution, which, when he first saw it, was a model of excellence, but which had deteriorated under the present emperor.

At the mention of Ghent the emperor rose, and was evidently moved by the rebuke. He took his reprover by the hand, thanked him cordially for his advice, and bade him farewell with the warmest expressions of regard.

He told the English ambassador, the next day, that his countryman was a man without ceremony or compliment, but that he liked him all the better for it, and should follow such of his recommendations as he approved.

Soon after his return from his second journey on the Continent of Europe, Howard started on a new tour in England, in

order to ascertain how far the promised reforms in the county jails had been carried out. He found that most of them had been in some degree improved, but that all of them were still very far from being what they should be.

On this journey he saw several extremely curious things. We have all heard much of the conservatism that prevails at the city of Oxford; but I doubt if any one has recorded so remarkable an instance of it as John Howard, in his diary of this tour. In the year 1577, the jail fever raged in the county jail at Oxford, and spread from the prison to the court, and from the court to the town. In the course of forty hours, the lord chief baron (as the presiding judge was called), the high sheriff, the jurymen, and all who were in the court room, to the number of three hundred, died of this malignant disease. The citizens fled in terror from the town, and, ever after, that session of the court was called the "Black Assize."

After the lapse of two hundred and four years, John Howard visited that prison, and found it just as close, as offensive, and as liable to breed the fever, as it had been at the time of the Black Assize. Nothing had been changed. There were the same low ceilings, the same small windows, the same uncleanness, as in 1577. "I should not greatly wonder," wrote Howard, "to hear of another Black Assize at Oxford." This is an illustration of that conservative spirit which has recently rejected Mr. Gladstone, and which Matthew Arnold thinks so "romantic."

It is pleasant to connect the name of Howard with the American Revolution. At this time there were many hundreds of American prisoners of war in the jails along the southern coast of England. Howard visited them all, inquired, with his usual thoroughness, into their condition, and made many of them partakers of his bounty. During the first two years of the war the British government had pretended to regard these prisoners as traitors and felons; but when Dr. Franklin's little fleet of cruisers, and Paul Jones' audacious gallantry, had filled the prisons of France with British sailors, the ministry saw the subject in another light, and treated them as prisoners of war. Dr. Franklin allowed each of them eighteen pence a week, and

caused them to be frequently visited by English friends of America. Howard found them, therefore, in 1780, tolerably comfortable, though suffering from having nothing to do. One horrid abuse, however, called from him indignant remonstrance. It seems that the jailer paid ten shillings reward to any one who brought in an escaped prisoner, and as he paid this out of his own pocket, he took care to get it back from the prisoner. The prisoner having no money except his eighteen pence a week, the jailer locked him up in a dark dungeon, and kept him on half rations, till the sum of ten shillings was made up, which required (according to the jailer's computation) forty days. Howard notified the government of this cruelty, and argued that a prisoner of war, unlike a criminal, had a right to escape if he could, and ought not to be punished for it at all. In another place of confinement for prisoners of war, he whisked out his pocket scales at an unexpected moment, and found that the jailer was giving out loaves of bread two ounces under weight. This led him to apply his nose to the meat, which was tainted. These facts he made known to the American agent, who had the meat exchanged, and the deficiency in the bread made good. In another prison he found one hundred and thirteen French and American prisoners without shoes, stockings, or shirts, and many sick men lying upon rotten straw, which led him to recommend to the government to appoint an inspector, whose duty it should be to report quarterly the condition and wants of prisoners of war, and see that jailers and contractors did their duty.

The custom of locking up men and women together still prevailed in many prisons. In one, he found two soldiers and a young girl, all of whom were sentenced to a year's imprisonment, confined in the same room in the daytime. In another, eleven young girls were confined, day and night, with a large number of raving lunatics, men and women. On visiting another, he was pleased to see that, since his last visit, the sewer had been boarded up, so that *now* the rats could not prey upon the criminals, as they had formerly done, — in one instance, devouring half the face of an officer confined for debt. At the bridewell, in Liverpool, he found a singular custom prevailing. Every woman, on her admission to the jail, was

brought into the bath-room clad only in a flannel chemise, and placed in a chair with her back to the bath-tub. This chair turned on a hinge, and when the signal was given, it was turned over, and the woman with it, who went backwards into the water over head and ears. This operation was repeated three times, when the woman was considered initiated. Howard inquired why the men were not subjected to this ducking; but he could only learn that such was not the custom at Liverpool.

The ducking-chair reminded him of a prison which he had once visited in Holland, where every prisoner was severely whipped, both on entering and on leaving the prison. Howard seems to have inclined to an approval of this custom, for he was the farthest possible from being a philanthropist of the rose-water description. He thought prisons should be places that criminals would dislike exceedingly; but he was of opinion that the State has no right to inflict penalties injurious to health and character; but that the punishments which it inflicts should be salutary to both. He was not a man to whine about a young rascal's getting a good whipping, if a good whipping would do him any good.

On his return from this tour, he was appointed one of three commissioners to superintend the construction of a prison upon the plans unfolded by him in his work. He hesitated long to accept this appointment, because there was a salary attached to it. He seems to have been of Dr. Franklin's opinion, and may have heard Franklin express it, that public service, involving trust and responsibility, should be rendered gratuitously, or with no other reward than the honor of holding a public office. His scruples were overcome, however, and he entered upon the discharge of his duties as commissioner. He soon discovered that one of his colleagues was a gentleman who expected to have his own way in every particular; an obstinate, impracticable man, not to be convinced or persuaded. After months of effort, the commissioners could not so much as agree as to where the prison should be built; and Howard, finding that he must consent to a location of which he disapproved, or keep the enterprise at a stand still, resigned his office.

There were fields for the exercise of his benevolence still un-

explored. In May, 1781, he set off upon his third tour of the Continent of Europe, intending now to penetrate the dungeons of the north of Europe, particularly those of Russia and Poland, countries then little known to the rest of the world. Passing through Holland and part of Germany, he was gratified to see, in the cleanliness of many prisons, and in the improved appearance of prisoners, the results of his previous visits. In Denmark, the whole system of punishment bore the marks of antiquity. The whipping-post stood in every town, the terror of evil-doers. Criminals were still executed by beheading, and, not unfrequently, by breaking on the wheel. Petty thefts were punished by inserting the head of the thief in the head of a barrel, so that the barrel covered him like a cloak, and in this costume he was marched about the streets, attended by a guard. No penalty, he says, was so much dreaded by petty criminals as this. Grand larceny was punished by whipping, and by making the criminal a slave for life. The prisons of Denmark were close, crowded, and offensive, to such a degree that, after remaining in one of them only a short time, he was seized with a violent headache. In two small rooms, ten feet high, he counted one hundred and forty-three men, who never changed their clothes at night, and who had new clothes every two years. Half naked, emaciated, sick, and without employment, inhaling air that was poisonous, many of them chained, these poor wretches endured a hideous monotony of anguish that moved him to equal indignation and pity. Underneath this scene of horror, ten steps down, he discovered seven small dungeons, each having one minute window, through which came a few feeble rays of light, and a little air; and in these dungeons were eleven pallid, miserable men, whose appearance, says Howard, was "shocking to humanity." He remonstrated so vehemently against this infernal cruelty, that, before he left the town, he had the satisfaction of seeing the prison much cleaner and less offensive than he found it.

In Sweden, the same ignorance of the necessity of ventilation, and the same appalling indifference to human suffering, shocked him everywhere. Here, too, the English custom prevailed of permitting jailers to sell liquors to the prisoners, and again he

saw felons drinking and carousing together by day, and inhaling the pestiferous air of under-ground dungeons at night.

An amusing instance of his habit of believing nothing but what he saw, occurred in Sweden. He was told that the young king, Gustavus III., had abolished torture throughout his dominions, and had, in particular, ordered the torture-chamber in Stockholm to be bricked up. This would have satisfied most men; but Howard, on visiting that prison, insisted on being taken to the cellar, and shown the very wall that was said to have been built. He was not very much astonished to find that the king's order had not been obeyed. There was the torture-chamber still open, with all its apparatus.

A similar anecdote is related of his journey in Russia. He was told at Petersburg that the empress had abolished capital punishment. Instead of entering this information in his diary, as many travellers would have done, he called a coach and drove to the house of the executioner. That functionary, alarmed at seeing an unknown gentleman enter his door, appeared very much embarrassed, — a state of mind which Howard purposely increased by assuming an air of authority. He assured the man, however, that he had nothing to fear, provided he told the exact truth, which he promised to do.

"Can you," asked Howard, "inflict the knout in such a manner as to cause death in a short time?"

"Yes; I can," replied the executioner.

"In how short a time?"

"In a day or two."

"Have you ever so inflicted it?"

"I have."

"Have you lately?"

"Yes; the last man who was punished with my hands by the knout died of the punishment."

"How do you render it thus mortal?"

"By one or more strokes on the sides, which carry off large pieces of flesh."

"Do you receive orders thus to inflict the punishment?"

"I do." •

He concluded from this conversation, not that capital punish-

ment had been abolished in Russia, but that the mode of inflicting it had been changed from sudden and painless to slow and agonizing. A few days after, he saw a man and a woman publicly knouted. Twenty-five strokes of the thick leathern thong upon the woman's naked back, and sixty upon that of the man, nearly sufficed to kill both. The woman was borne away limp and insensible, but recovered; the man was no more seen, and was supposed to have died.

The prisons of Russia, and its system of recruiting, filled his memorandum book with horrors, and he returned home after travelling four thousand four hundred and sixty-five miles, to make known to the rulers of nations what cruelties were committed, in their name, upon that portion of their subjects whom they are peculiarly bound to protect,—the poor, the criminal, the lunatic, and the conscript.

The close of Howard's life, otherwise serene and happy, was embittered by one most poignant sorrow. His only son, a handsome, spirited, and intelligent youth, fell into vicious habits, and became, at twenty-five, a total wreck in body and mind, and ended his days in a mad-house.

Every virtuous parent has an interest in knowing why so good a man should have so wretchedly failed in rearing his child to virtue. It was not that he neglected his parental duties, nor that he was wanting in the tenderest affection for his boy. He usually planned his journeys so as to be at home during his son's vacations, and, when this could not be, the lad resided with his aunt, who loved him much, and who presided over an orderly and virtuous home. In the selection of his schools, too, Howard spared no pains to find such as were conducted with a special view to the moral improvement of the pupils. He would not send his son to Eton, though such had been his intention, because he was told by one of the masters of that school, that no particular attention was bestowed there upon the moral education of the boys. This was, perhaps, an error in judgment on the part of the father. Young Howard was the heir to two large estates, and, at Eton, this would have been no distinction; because at that school he would have met a hundred boys richer than himself, and higher in rank;

whereas, at the third-rate private schools which he attended, his great expectations, as well as the celebrity of his father, marked him out from his companions as an object to be favored by teachers, courted by pupils, and flattered by visitors.

There was an unusual disparity of age between father and son. When the youth was eighteen, Howard was fifty-six. This disparity alone would have made it more difficult for the father to associate with the son on those easy and affectionate terms which alone win a child's confidence.

Besides this, as I have before intimated, he was a father of the old school. He was one of those who demand from wife, child, and servant, a prompt, unquestioning obedience to unexplained commands. He required a submission of his child's will to his own will, to such a degree as to render his presence a painful restraint upon the child's most trifling actions. While the world gazed in rapture at Howard's sublime career of benevolence, to this active, pleasure-loving youth, he was merely a very particular, precise, opinionative "old man," or "governor," who checked him constantly in the enjoyment of pleasures that were freely permitted to his school-fellows. On principle, too, Howard avoided all those caresses and expressions of fondness, which nature prompts, fearing lest his son should presume upon his love, and the less regard his authority.

He began the education of his son almost as soon as the child was old enough to manifest a preference. He laid it down as an inflexible rule that the infant should have nothing that it cried for,—an excellent principle when it is not carried too far, but one which is much better enforced by a mother than a father. A mother does not usually lay down *any* inflexible rule for the government of a very young child, but varies her treatment with the occasion. She learns to respect the crying of her infant, and possesses that intimate knowledge of her offspring which enables her to discriminate between the cry of petulance and ill-temper, and the cry which nature prompts as the expression of pain and desire. Few men have the quick sympathy with infancy which maternal love inspires. The mother is endowed with instincts implanted within her by the

anerring wisdom of God, while a father is left to the guidance of that imperfect and variable light which he proudly styles his reason.

When Howard heard his child crying in the nursery, he would go to the apartment, and, taking the child gently into his lap, hold it there until it had ceased, and then hand it back to the nurse. A mother might sometimes do this, but she would be very far from making it an invariable rule. A good mother soon learns that a child under two years of age seldom cries except when it ought to cry, and she would generally soothe and caress it rather than make its crying an occasion of moral discipline.

Howard was exceedingly particular with regard to the diet of the boy, and careful to inure him to hardship. This, too, was an excellent thing, but he did not carry it out wisely. He purposely forbore all explanation of his rules and denials. He never thought it right to say to the child: "My son, these pears will make you sick, if you eat many of them, or eat them at improper times." He merely said: "Jack, never touch a pear unless I give it to you." If the boy yielded to the temptation afforded by a garden full of fruit, he would place him in a seat, and command him not to stir or speak until he should give him permission. Such was his ascendancy over the child, that once when he had given him such an order and had forgotten all about it, he found the child, four hours after, in the precise spot where he had placed him, fast asleep.

Now, nothing is easier than to subdue the will of a boy, even to this degree. But how does this system work when, by and by, the child is a child no longer? The habit of obedience remains, but the father's eye cannot be always upon the lad; and, while he practises a very strict external obedience, his mind begins to revolt, and he is a "good boy" only so long as the father is present to enforce his commands. The grand art of education is to so inform the child's understanding, and so mould his disposition, that he will *prefer* to do right. It is true, that a father must sometimes issue positive orders and compel exact obedience; but the best parents do this seldom,

and endeavor chiefly to render the virtue of their children an inward, self-sustaining force.

Few men have been more truly good than John Howard, and he knew how to "let his light shine" to all the nations of the earth. But he had not the art of rendering virtue attractive to his only son. Living, as he did, under a constant and awful sense of the unseen realities of another world, he undervalued the charms of this, and felt that man's only business here is to prepare for hereafter. He dwelt upon those truths too exclusively. For *him*,—a man who had outlived the illusions of youth, whose only joy was to do good by self-denying and perilous toil, a lonely old widower, too,—those austere conceptions of duty were satisfying and comforting. How repulsive must they have been to a young man, abounding in spirits, eager for enjoyment, and possessing superabundant means of gratifying every desire! What a pity his father could not have sympathized with his youth, and ennobled his pleasures by sharing in them!

I have frequently observed how similar habits and scruples tend to divide young people from their elders, making in each family two distinct classes, one of which forswears all pleasure, and the other cares for nothing but pleasure, each bitterly censuring the other. A sight more melancholy than this, a state of things more demoralizing than this, I have never beheld; because we see here the noblest forces of human nature—the authority of conscience and the impulses of youth—warring upon and spoiling one another; parents injuring their children from their very anxiety to keep them from harm.

The immediate cause of the ruin of young Howard was the servant who accompanied his father on his philanthropic journeys. This servant, by his assiduous attention to his master, had won his complete confidence, and he was the constant playmate of his son during his vacations. The two young fellows were equally averse to Howard's precise and rigid ways, and combined their ingenuity in evading the rules of his house. The servant early initiated the lad into the low vices of London, and accompanied him on many a midnight prowl. The youth took to vicious pleasures with fatal readiness, and he was ruined

past remedy before his father suspected that he had gone astray. Diseases contracted in the lowest dens of infamy were treated with remedies so powerful as to impair his constitution, and plant within him the seeds of insanity. His college career was one of wild riot and debauchery. He would bring home from Cambridge, in his father's absence, a party of roysterers, and keep up a continual debauch upon the contents of a well-stored cellar, frightening from the house his father's old servants, and alarming all the neighborhood. When he came of age, and had the control of a large income, he was recklessly extravagant, and astonished the village with his phaetons and his tandems. His naturally irritable temper was aggravated by his excesses, and soon his frequent paroxysms of fury announced the approach of madness.

Howard was in the south of Europe when first his friends ventured to inform him of his son's condition. "I have a melancholy letter," he wrote, "relative to my unhappy young man. It is indeed a bitter affliction—a son, an only son!" He hurried home. The first five hundred miles he never stopped, day nor night, except to change horses. He reached his house to find his son a raving madman, and to learn that his physicians had little hope of his restoration. One of the symptoms of his madness was a most violent antipathy to his father, which banished Howard from his home, until the increasing violence of the malady compelled the removal of the patient to an asylum, where he died at the age of thirty-five.

Howard saw his error too late. In conversation with the minister of his church and others, he regretted deeply that he had not been more his lost son's companion and friend, and sympathized more with his youthful impulses. It was small comfort now to think that he had acted for the best. A parent who sees his only child ruined cannot console himself with such a poor excuse, because the reflection continually comes back to torment him, "I *ought* to have known better."

When Howard was no more, there were not wanting persons to raise the charge that the man who had spent the best years of his life in philanthropic labors, had been wanting in his duty to his own offspring, and had driven him mad by his harshness

and severity. The publication of this calumny had the effect of calling forth the facts which have been briefly given above. All his friends and servants testified that he had been a most affectionate, careful, and conscientious father, who had only erred in carrying out good principles with the rigidity of a father, instead of employing the pliant, sympathetic method of a mother. "My hands," wrote Dr. Aikin, who was Howard's literary assistant, "tremble with indignation and horror while I copy the accusation; and scarcely can I restrain myself within temperate bounds whilst I refute a slander black as hell, against a man whose unparalleled benevolence rendered him the pride and ornament of human nature."

Upon his return from his tour in the south of Europe, Howard, according to his custom, published an account of his observations, dwelling particularly upon the plague hospitals and the system of quarantine. At the close of this work the following passage occurred:—

"To my country I commit the result of my past labors. It is my intention again to quit it for the purpose of revisiting Turkey, Russia, and some other countries, and extending my tour to the East. I am not insensible of the dangers that must attend such a journey. Trusting, however, in the protection of that kind Providence which has hitherto preserved me, I calmly and cheerfully commit myself to the disposal of unerring Wisdom. Should it please God to cut off my life in the prosecution of this design, let not my conduct be uncandidly imputed to rashness or enthusiasm, but to a serious, deliberate conviction that I am pursuing the path of duty; and to a sincere desire of being made an instrument of more extensive usefulness to my fellow-creatures than could be expected in the narrower circle of a retired life."

The particular object of this new journey was to investigate the causes of the plague, — that most terrible of diseases, which, every few years, desolated the Eastern world, and occasionally ravaged the south of Europe. It was Howard's determination to track the monster to his lair. He was resolved to go to the

places where the plague originated, and endeavor to ascertain the circumstances in which it began its destructive course, and the means by which it was communicated from city to city, and from country to country. He wished, also, to study the various modes of treating it, and, especially, to try whether certain medicines of English manufacture, in which he had great confidence, could not be introduced into the East with advantage.

He had a strong presentiment that from this journey he should never return, and therefore thought it wrong to expose his servant to its manifold perils. The man, however, so earnestly entreated to be allowed to accompany him, that his scruples were at last overcome. All his preparations were made with a view to the probability of his never again seeing his native land. He made his will with great deliberation, bequeathing a great number of small legacies to his dependents and friends, overlooking no one who had the slightest claim to his favor. To twenty poor widows he left two guineas each. He left five pounds each to ten of his poor cottagers who should not have been in an ale-house for the twelve months preceding his death. The same sum was to be given to ten other poor families who had been most regular in their attendance at church during the same period. He left fifty pounds to the poor of the parish where he had married his "last invaluable wife." To two of his farm tenants, who had formerly been in his service, he left twenty pounds; and to two others, who were widows, ten guineas each. The clergymen whose churches he had attended, the literary men who had assisted him in the composition of his works, his circle of private friends, — all were remembered. For the release of poor debtors from confinement he left fifty pounds, and fifty more to be distributed among other inmates of jails. To the society formed through him for the relief of prisoners generally, he bequeathed five hundred pounds. The bulk of his estate, according to the English custom, he left (in trust) to his son, the next of kin to inherit in case his son died a lunatic.

These legacies may seem trifling to some readers. But in England, as in all old countries, a very small unexpected addition to a poor man's income may be a very great boon. A

small legacy, too, has this advantage: if it does not do great good, it cannot do much harm. It were, perhaps, to be desired, that rich men, in making their wills, would distribute their fortune more widely than they usually do, and confer a certain blessing upon many, rather than a doubtful good upon a few.

Before leaving England, Howard inquired in person into the circumstances of all his tenants, and made such changes in their leases as seemed desirable for them. His old servants were all put into a way of securing a provision for their old age. A guardian was appointed for his son, and means were provided for the continuance of the schools which he had established upon his estates, which, indeed, *were* continued for many years after his death. He paid every debt, to the uttermost farthing. All that foresight and liberality could do to secure the permanent well-being of all with whom he was connected, was done by this incomparable man, whose only aspiration was to confer the greatest good upon the greatest number. He paid farewell visits to his friends, and when they endeavored to dissuade him from his design, he would say:—

"If I live to return from this journey, I promise you I will spend the evening of my life at home among my neighbors. But if it pleases God to take me hence, his will be done. Cairo is as near heaven as Cardington."

Howard was strangely averse to being the object of public applause, and this aversion increased as he grew older. When he had been last abroad, news reached him that a number of his admirers were preparing to erect a monument in his honor. It is no exaggeration to say that he was *horror-stricken* at the intelligence. He wrote immediately to England to say that if the design were carried out he should be ashamed to return to his country. Nothing, he added, that his worst enemy could devise could be such a "punishment" to him as the erection of the proposed monument, and he wondered his friends should not have known him better than to sanction such a project. He declared that he claimed no credit for anything he had done, but that in his exertions on behalf of prisoners, he had been merely "riding his hobby-horse." In consequence of his urgent entreaties, the scheme was given up, or rather, postponed

till after his death, when the monument was erected in St. Paul's Church in London.

On the eve of his departure from England, he was determined that no biography of him should be written after his death. He destroyed every paper and letter in his possession which he thought might be used as material for such a work, and he extorted a solemn promise from his clergyman that when he preached his funeral sermon, he would enter into no biographical details respecting him. In pursuance of the same design he wrote his own epitaph, and even had it cut upon a tombstone, leaving blanks for the insertion of the place and date of his death. It contained merely his name, the time and place of his decease, and these words: "Christ is my hope."

July the fourth, 1789, being then sixty-two years of age, Howard left his native land, which he was destined never to look upon again.

On his way to Russia, he passed through parts of Holland, Hanover, and Germany, revisiting their prisons, and was often consoled by observing that his previous visits had produced alleviations in the condition of their inmates. In Russia he continued his benevolent labors on behalf of the conscripts and sick soldiers, and disclosed all the horrors of the Russian military system as then conducted. He reached at length the town of Cherson, in Russian Tartary, where there was a vast military hospital, which, from its manifold defects, bred as much disease as it cured.

This town was full of gay company, attracted to the place by the grand fêtes, masquerade balls, and theatrical entertainments with which the officers were celebrating some recent triumphs of the Russian arms. The hospital fever attacked many of the visitors, and among others a young lady, who was carried to her home, twenty-four miles distant, dangerously sick with it.

Howard, meanwhile, regardless of the festive scenes around him, and equally regardless of the infection that pervaded the air, spent laborious days in visiting the sick, both within and without the hospital, administering his favorite English medicines. His medical skill being in high repute, the family of the young lady besought him to visit her, as all the remedies

usually employed had failed to relieve her, and her condition was extremely critical. He replied that he made no pretensions to medical knowledge, and was accustomed to visit only those who were too poor to employ a physician. Yielding, however, to their entreaties, he went to see her, gave her some medicine and advice, which were immediately beneficial and seemed almost to draw her back from an open grave. On leaving the grateful family, he told them to send for him again if she continued to improve; but that if she grew worse it would be of no use. Soon after his return to Cherson, he received a letter saying that his patient was better, and begging him to visit her again and complete his good work. On looking at the date of this letter, he was alarmed to discover that it had been eight days in coming.

Nevertheless, he was determined to go. The rain was falling in torrents, — a cold, December rain, — and the wind was blowing a gale. As he could not, without much delay, procure a vehicle, he mounted an old dray horse and rode the twenty-four miles through the tempest. He arrived to find his patient dying. He tried, however, some powerful medicines upon her, with a view to excite perspiration; and, in order to ascertain whether they were producing the wished-for effect, he lifted the bedclothes and felt of her arm. As he did so, the effluvia from her body was so offensive that he could scarcely endure it. She died soon after, and he returned to Cherson.

Three days later he was seized with the same fever. The exhaustion of his long and painful ride, and the shock to his feelings at finding his patient in the agonies of death, had rendered his system liable to the contagion, which had struck him, as he believed, at the moment of his lifting the bedclothes.

From the first, he thought the attack would be fatal, though the progress of the disease was not rapid, nor were his sufferings severe. To one of the few Englishmen at Cherson, Admiral Priestman, he early expressed the opinion that he could not recover.

"Priestman," said he to this friend one day, "you style this a dull conversation, and endeavor to divert my mind from dwelling on these things; but I entertain very different sentiments.

Death has no terrors for me ; it is an event I always look to with cheerfulness, if not with pleasure ; and, be assured, the subject is more grateful to me than any other. I am well aware that I have but a short time to live ; my mode of life has rendered it impossible that I should get rid of this fever. If I had lived as you do, eating heartily of animal food and drinking wine, I might, perhaps, by altering my diet, be able to subdue it. But how can a man such as I am lower his diet, who has been accustomed for years to exist upon vegetables and water, a little bread and a little tea ? I have no method of lowering my nourishment, and, therefore, I must die. It is such jolly fellows as you, Priestman, who get over these fevers."

He then turned to the subject of his funeral.

"There is a spot," said he, "near the village of Damphigny ; this would suit me nicely. You know it well, for I have often said I should like to be buried there ; and let me beg of you, as you value your old friend, not to suffer any pomp to be used at my funeral ; nor any monument, nor monumental inscription whatsoever, to mark where I am laid ; but lay me quietly in the earth, place a sun-dial over my grave, and let me be forgotten."

He further enjoined that he should not be buried according to the ritual of the Greek Church, nor any priest of that church have aught to do with his remains.

On one of the last days of his life he was greatly solaced by a letter from England, which informed him that his son's condition appeared to be improving. Handing the letter to the admiral, he exclaimed :—

"Is not this comfort for a dying father ?"

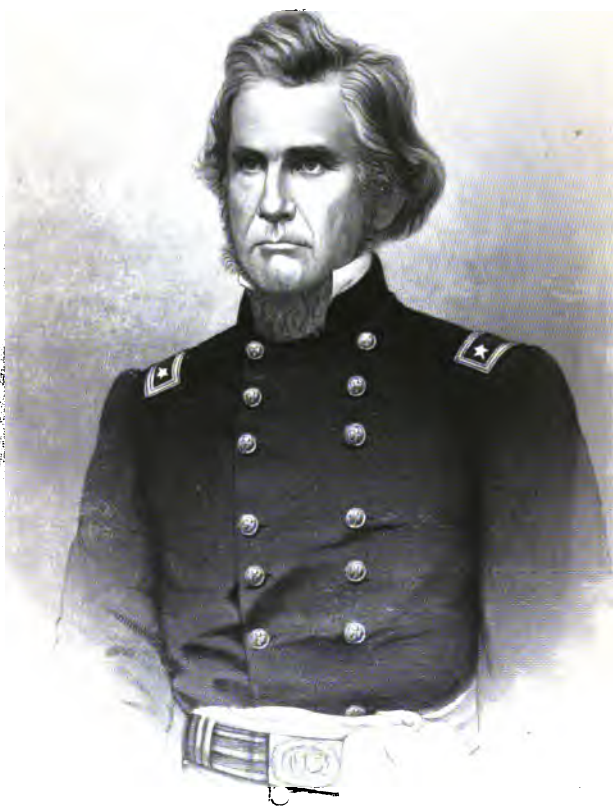
His last request was, not to be buried by the Greek rite ; and his friend promised to read over his remains the burial service of the Church of England.

He lingered twenty days after his seizure, the fever fits becoming constantly more severe. On the morning of January 20th, 1790, he breathed his last. His dying injunctions were obeyed, and his remains still repose in that distant land.

Howard was a man of somewhat short statue, and rather insignificant in appearance, though of alert and active habit. In

animated conversation his eye brightened, his face lighted up, and his words carried conviction to the heart. His voice was soft and winning, and there was that indescribable expression of sweetness and benevolence in his face which we observe in the countenances of men and women who have for many years entertained benign emotions and pure thoughts. His abilities were not splendid, nor his knowledge great. His glory is this : that although exempted, by the possession of an ample fortune, from the necessity of earning his livelihood, he did not choose to pass his life in ease and self-indulgence, but found work to do, and did it with the energy and perseverance with which an able man of business pursues his vocation. In so doing, he lived happily, wrought great good to the lowest of his species, and left to the highest the memory of a sublime career, — which is the most precious part of the rich and vast inheritance which the present has received from the past.





Painted by J. C. Butler

O. M. Mitchel

MAJ-GEN. O. M. MITCHEL

HOW PROFESSOR MITCHELL BUILT HIS OBSERVATORY.

Persons to Cincinnati are surprised to find in the enchanting bosoms of that busy city an astronomical observatory, provided with a costly telescope and all the requisite apparatus for observing the stars. A chemical laboratory or a school of engineering would not excite astonishment: for such establishments are in accord with the industrial character of the place and promote the acquisition of wealth. Nor are we surprised at the existence of libraries, a gallery of art, and the like, since these things can be enjoyed by the masses of the people. But an observatory, which so few can use, and of the utility of which so few can appreciate, is something which we should suppose Cincinnati would have been disposed to wait a century or two longer. There it stands, however, on a lofty hill overlooking the city, and piercing the skies it is ready to explore.

The observatory resulted from the zeal, the tact, and the untiring perseverance of one man, the late Professor O. M. Mitchell, who died during the war, a general in the service of the United States. The Cincinnati observatory is a monument to his memory; and there is nothing in the annals of the city so interesting as the story of its erection. Probably there is not in the world another man who could have secured the site, and such a place, at such a time, and in the face of so many

obstacles. He was a Kentucky boy, born in 1810, of a family of intelligence and vivacity, and, obtaining a liberal education at the Military Academy, reached West Point at the age of sixteen, a sapsack upon his back and twenty-five cents in his pocket. With honor at the academy, he served awhile in the



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A poor Kentucky boy, born in 1810, he attracted notice by his intelligence and vivacity, and, obtaining an appointment to the Military Academy, reached West Point at the age of fifteen, with a knapsack upon his back and twenty-five cents in his pocket. Graduating with honor at the academy, he served awhile in the

army, from which, while still a young man, he retired, and in 1840 we find him professor of astronomy and mathematics in the Cincinnati College. During the operations about to be related, he performed all the duties of his professorship, working hard for five hours every day at the college, and expending as much vitality in that five hours' work as most men have to expend in all.

The first thing attempted was the purchase of a telescope, which was to cost nine thousand five hundred dollars; and the directors were resolved not to raise the building until the whole of this sum had been collected and sent on its way to Europe. To give *éclat* and publicity to the enterprise, however, the corner-stone of the edifice was laid in November, 1843, by John Quincy Adams, amid a great concourse of people, to whom he addressed an eloquent oration upon the charms and utilities of science. At that time, although the whole of the purchase money for the instrument had been subscribed, only three thousand dollars of it had been paid, the remainder being due in Germany in the following June. The western people are excellent subscribers when business is brisk; but a few months, or even a few weeks, at that day, often changed the prospects of business men; so that money freely subscribed was paid slowly and with extreme difficulty. A "low stage of water" in the rivers was sufficient of itself to bring business almost to a dead halt, since Cincinnati could neither get coal for her steam-engines nor iron for her foundries, nor goods for her customers. It so happened that this season was one of extreme depression, and the collector for the telescope reported that the subscribers could not pay, and that it was a mere waste of time to call upon them. Professor Mitchell, whose whole soul was in the enterprise, took the affair into his own hands, and went systematically into the business of collecting money.

Every day, after the duties of his professorship were performed, he began his rounds. Some of the subscribers could not pay, saw no prospect of being able to pay, and, in fact, repudiated the obligation to pay. Such were stricken off the books, and new subscribers were sought to make up the deficiency. Others could not pay then, and asked delay. The pro-

fessor would take out his book and enter the day, hour, and minute when he would call again, and, though the time was in some instances four months distant, he never failed to appear at the appointed moment. In collecting some of the subscriptions, he called as many times as there were dollars to collect. Some men had no money, but could pay in merchandise, and this merchandise he had frequently to sell for other merchandise, and this again, until four or five barterings had occurred before the money was obtained. In the course of seventy days the sum of three thousand five hundred dollars was obtained and paid over to the treasurer, leaving three thousand dollars still to be raised for the instrument alone. Cincinnati appeared then to have been drained dry of money available for such a purpose, and almost any man but Professor Mitchell would have given up the affair.

The indefatigable professor now changed his tactics. He drew up a list of rich men, who had already subscribed liberally, and placed opposite the name of each the sum of money which he meant to get from him. Eight men had the sum of two hundred dollars placed opposite their names; ten more were put down for one hundred dollars; twenty for fifty dollars. With this list in his hands, Professor Mitchell renewed his rounds exhibiting it to each of the persons in turn. One of the two-hundred-dollar men refused absolutely to give anything, and another name was substituted. Another hesitated awhile, and then offered one hundred dollars; but, as his eye glanced down the catalogue once more, he said it was a pity to spoil so beautiful a scheme for so small a sum, and handed over the full amount. One or two of the fifty-dollar men were tardy in paying. With these exceptions, the programme drawn up by Professor Mitchell was carried out; and thus, by the tenth of May, 1843, one month before the money was due in Europe, the whole amount was in the treasury, except one hundred and fifty dollars. When this report was presented to the directors, they adjourned a week to give time for completing the sum required. At the expiration of the week, the professor was obliged to report that there was still a deficiency of twenty-five dollars; but

in the course of that day this sum was obtained, and the purchase-money was despatched just in time to catch the steamer.

But a telescope of that magnitude is of no use without an observatory on which to mount it. The building of the observatory, which would cost about six thousand dollars, was the next difficulty which the professor had to face, and he set about it without delay. The treasury contained not one dollar. Two or three thousand dollars had been subscribed toward the building, all payable in materials and labor; but cash there was none, and none seemed likely to be forthcoming. Nothing daunted, the professor drew his plans, prepared his estimates, and endeavored to induce mechanics to contract for the erection of the edifice. No mechanic could be found willing to undertake the work, without some more substantial guaranty for payment than any which Professor Mitchell could furnish. No matter; the invincible man determined to be his own contractor, as well as architect.

In June, 1844, about the time the purchase-money for the instrument reached the other side of the Atlantic, he hired two masons and began the work. These two men could have built the observatory in about twenty years, and the edifice had to be completed in exactly one year, or the site was forfeit, — the ground having been given on that condition. A beginning was made, however, though the professor had no more money than would be needed for the wages of his two men for one week. A little more money came dribbling in, and, as soon as it seemed safe, another man was added, and another, and another. Such enthusiasm as his is contagious, and the pressing necessities of Saturday night added new force to his solicitations; and still the work went on; and still the number of workmen increased. It was vacation at the college, and the professor was thus enabled for several weeks to devote his whole time to the business.

Several unexpected difficulties arose, in overcoming which he displayed consummate generalship. Enormous charges were made for delivering lime at the summit of a steep hill, four or five miles from the city. He opened a lime-kiln on the spot, which soon yielded an ample supply. Sand had to be drawn

from a great distance, and at great expense. He found on the side of his hill an old sand-pit, long ago closed from the danger of undermining a house that stood above it, the owner of which refused point blank to let another load be taken. Professor Mitchell managed to convince him that a little more sand could be removed from the pit without danger to the domicile, and thus a supply of sand was obtained. Water, too, had to be drawn from the bottom of the hill, half a mile distant; but one day, when it was raining, the professor dammed up a ravine that ran from the top of the hill to the bottom, and in an hour or two he had a fine pond, close to the building, that never failed to afford a full supply of water. His teamsters, he thought, were cheating him, both by overcharging and under-working. He bought horses and carts, and, in order to ascertain how many loads could be fairly drawn in a day, he filled and drove one of the carts himself, and thus fixed the amount of sand that should constitute a day's work.

When he was obliged to resume his duties at the college, he passed his time in the following manner:—

At seven in the morning he was out among the workmen in the quarry, the lime-kiln, the sand-pit, and the building, inspecting and directing till eight, when the college bell summoned him to his first class. At the college his duties detained him till one, when he went to dinner. From two o'clock until the close of the day he was in the city, visiting the workshops where work for the observatory was going on, or running about among the counting-rooms, raising money for the payment of wages on Saturday night. One man would give him a little money. Another would give him a hundred pork-barrels or lard-kegs, and these he would sell to the pork-merchants for cash. A carpenter would pay his subscription in doors or sashes; a painter would contribute his quota by painting them, and a glazier by putting in the glass; and, finally, another carpenter would discharge his subscription by hanging the doors and fitting in the windows. Every Monday, the professor obtained a list of all the articles that would be required during the week, and the sum of money that would be wanted on Saturday, and he gave himself no rest till these were secured.

There were times when he had a hundred men at work, — fifty at the building, and fifty at the shops; but he rose to the occasion, and never failed to procure the supplies for the week, both in merchandise and money. Every Saturday night all the money was expended, but every Monday morning the work was renewed with increased vigor and equal faith.

In three months the roof was finished; in three more the observatory was in working order, without one dollar of debt upon it. Thus it was that Professor Mitchell built his observatory, aided by the liberality and confidence of the people of Cincinnati.

For sixteen years he continued to enjoy the use of it, and became, in consequence, one of the most learned and accomplished astronomers of the age, and the one who possessed the greatest ability in bringing the sublime truths of the science home to the comprehension of the general public. He was one of the early victims of the war. Stationed in an unhealthy district of the South, General Mitchell was attacked by disease, and died before he had rendered his country the service which it was in him to perform.

DEACON PARIS, THE FANATIC.



IN all ages, and under all religions, there have been people who have thought that the best way of preparing for a better world was to make themselves as miserable as possible in this. So thought a certain Frenchman, named Francis Paris, a most devout Catholic, who lived in the city of Paris a hundred and sixty years ago. No man in modern times, I believe, has tormented himself with so much resolution and perseverance as he.

Deacon Paris, born in Paris in 1690, was the eldest son of Nicholas de Paris, a man of the highest rank in the profession of the law, as his ancestors had been for two hundred years. He expected his eldest son, as a matter of course, to embrace the same vocation and inherit his business. At the age of seven, the boy, according to the French custom, was placed in a convent school, where he was noted for an extreme gentleness of manners, an excessive timidity, and a morbidly tender conscience. Timid as he was, he was once concerned in a freak of the boys, to set the school-house on fire. They heaped up straw in the fireplace, set it on fire, and ran out to see the expected conflagration. The straw, however, burned harmlessly away up the chimney, and saved the monks of the convent the expense of a chimney-sweeper. This piece of boyish folly lay like a load upon his conscience for many years, and he sought to expiate it by the severest penance. Long after he was grown up he used to exclaim, in the language of Job: "Thou writest against me bitter things; wouldst thou consume me for the sins of my youth?"

His father took him home in his tenth year, and gave him a private tutor, who proved to be a violent and cruel man. One incident will serve to show at once the barbarity of the teacher

and the cowering timidity of the pupil. The wretch, having beaten the child until he was covered with bruises, and knowing that his cruelty would be discovered as soon as the boy should be undressed, induced him to let himself fall down stairs, in order that his bruises should seem to be the result of the accident. The character of the man was soon after revealed, and he was replaced by better teachers, under whom the gentle youth made rapid improvement. But he was not a healthy-minded boy; like the poet Percival, he liked to be alone, avoided the sports of his young friends, and early became a religious devotee. "Even on Sundays," says his French biographer, "he took no pleasure except in pious exercises and in prayers, getting up sometimes long before daylight to prostrate himself before God, his eyes wet with tears, and spending a long time in devotion." At the same time he was abundant in charity. He was often known to give away to beggars all the bread which he took with him to the college for his luncheon.

In France it has been the custom, for many centuries, for the eldest son to be brought up and succeed to his father's business. This is the case even with such occupations as blacksmith, butcher, carpenter, and storekeeper; and the more remunerative the vocation is, the more the custom prevails in it. Nothing was more common in France before the Revolution (and it is not uncommon now) than businesses which had descended from father to son for a century, or for centuries. When a man has no son to succeed him, he often looks out for a son-in-law, to whom he can marry his business, and thus, by one stroke, portion a daughter and keep his business in the family.

Nicholas de Paris, accordingly, intended his eldest son for a lawyer, and his younger for a soldier, never considering whether or not those professions were agreeable or suitable to them. The decided preference of his eldest son was to enter a monastery; but his family would not hear of it, and insisted on his beginning the study of the law. Being still under age, he complied with their desire, acquitted himself very well in his studies, and passed a successful examination. To distract his mind from religion, his father sent him to a riding-school for six months, and endeavored in other ways to reconcile him to the world and

the world's habits. But nothing availed. When he was twenty-one years of age, and had obtained his license to practise law, he declared his unalterable determination to retire to a cloister and spend his days in prayer and meditation. His father absolutely refused his consent. The young man would not yield. After a long and violent contention, his family deemed it best to let him try for a while the life of a recluse, hoping he would soon be sickened of it; and so for several months he resided in a monastery, practising the severest austerities. Alarmed at his long absence, his father summoned him home, only to find his resolution firmer than before. The family renewed their remonstrances and their menaces. They dwelt upon the certain wealth and high rank which would be his if he pursued his father's vocation, and threatened him with the loss of his inheritance if he persisted in a religious life. Their efforts were all in vain, and, at length, the family yielded a reluctant consent, gave him a moderate pension, and installed his younger brother in the place designed for the elder. His father dying soon after, he received only a younger son's portion, which was one-fourth of his father's estate. This portion, however, was four times as much as he needed.

His first care was to disengage himself from all worldly affairs and ties. Part of his inheritance was a great mass of old family silver-plate, weighing two hundred pounds. This he sold, and divided the proceeds among the poor. He inherited also a quantity of linen and other household stuffs, which his mother, according to the custom of the time, had accumulated. The linen he gave to a number of poor priests for new surplices, and the other fabrics he divided among the poor families of his parish. Some barrels of salt also had come to him, salt being then an expensive article; this he distributed among the poor. Having thus disposed of his superfluous effects, and having remained at home long enough to see his younger brother married and settled, he went forth to begin his long-desired life of entire consecration to religion, or rather what he thought to be religion.

He retired to a village near Chartres, hired secluded apartments, and gave himself up to prayers, study, fasting, and self-torture. All day he remained alone in his room, studying

Hebrew, reading theology, and praying. He wore a hair shirt next his skin, and fasted on all the appointed days most rigorously, not eating a morsel of food till sunset. On Sundays he performed, at the request of the parish priest, the humble duty of catechising the children. In winter he would have no fire in his room, and when the cold was too severe to be borne, he merely covered his feet with a hair-cloth.

He often changed his place of abode, but never his habits, except that he increased the severity of his self-inflicted torments. Being intrusted by his parish priest with the charge of the young candidates for the priesthood, he led them to practise such extreme self-denial that he was complained of to the archbishop, who was thus made acquainted with his character. Instead of reproving his ill-directed zeal, the archbishop desired to reward it by bestowing upon him the dignity of deacon, and held out to him the promise of still further advancement. The zealot deemed himself unworthy of the honor, and long refused it. His scruples being at length overcome, he was ordained, and thus acquired the title by which he is now known. Other ecclesiastical honors, though they were often pressed upon him, he always declined.

As he advanced in life his austerities increased, and he resolved at last to retire wholly from the haunts of men. First, he travelled on foot over France, seeking some monastery congenial to him. From this journey he extracted all the misery it could be made to yield, pursuing his weary way through all kinds of weather, ill-clad, half starved, and lodging in the stables of the poorest inns. But in all his wanderings he found no retreat that promised sufficient severity, and he returned to Paris to contrive one for himself. There he withdrew to a mean and secluded abode, and set about the work of torturing himself to death with renewed vigor.

It was his habit now to fast during the whole forty days of Lent as rigorously as he had been used to fast on single days, never eating until sunset, and then only bread and water, nor much of them. Toward the close of the forty days he suffered as much as his heart could wish. He would sometimes fall into convulsions, and endured horrid pangs and spasms, which he

attributed to the efforts of the devil to shake his purpose. He slept upon a straw mattress, except in seasons of penitence, when he preferred the floor. He had in his little room, a table, one chair, no fireplace, and he ate nothing but bread, water-cress, and other raw herbs, with the occasional luxury of a hard-boiled egg or a plate of thin soup, sent in to him by his landlord, a poor lace-maker. To still further mortify himself, he bought a stocking-frame, and earned his livelihood by making stockings, concealing from his fellow-lodgers that he possessed an independent income. His landlord, for a considerable time, supposed he was a poor stocking-weaver, and it was in compassion for his poverty that he sent him in the soup.

Having exhausted, at length, all the usual modes of self-sacrifice, he hit upon a new one. He resolved to deny himself the consolations of religion itself! For two years he abstained from taking the communion, alleging that he was unworthy; and it was only at the express command of his ecclesiastical superiors that he again partook of it. Frustrated in this design of tormenting his soul, he aggravated the tortures of his body, saying that, as every part of his body, within and without, was sinful, it was necessary that every part of it should suffer, and suffer severely. Now it was that he added to his shirt of coarsest hair a girdle of iron, and to that a breastplate of iron wire in the form of a heart, with points of wire on the side next his flesh; so that, when in his penitential frenzies he beat his breast with his hands, the blood flowed.

The poor man persevered in this suicidal course till he brought himself to death's door. When he lay helpless upon his straw, his friends gathered round him and strove to alleviate his condition. He steadfastly refused their offers, and turned a deaf ear to all remonstrance, blaming himself only for not having concealed his sufferings, and saying that if he recovered his health he must "serve God" more faithfully than he had done before. He died aged thirty-seven, and was buried in a cemetery of his native city. He died of self-mortification, at about the age when many young men die of self-indulgence, — a meaner and madder kind of suicide than his.

It was not till after his death that the events occurred which

have caused this poor man to be so long remembered. The ignorant people of Paris, hearing of the manner of his life and death, regarded him as a most eminent saint, and looked upon his burial-place as holy ground. An old lady, long diseased and given up by the doctors, repaired thither to pray for her restoration to health. She declared, and her friends declared, that her prayers were answered. Then arose a *furor* for praying at the tomb of Deacon Paris, until, from morning till night, the cemetery was filled with kneeling supplicants. Sick people were brought from remote provinces to pray at this tomb for their recovery. Hundreds of miraculous cures were said to be performed, a huge volume of which, attested by affidavits, is still to be found in old French libraries. Such was the concourse, and such the extravagance of some of the supplicants, that the king at length interfered, ordered the cemetery to be closed, and forbade any assemblage in the neighborhood.

The recent exploits in Paris of a noted spiritualist have had the effect of reviving an interest in similar "manifestations" in past ages. Among other works on this class of subjects, recently issued in Paris, there is a stout volume upon Deacon Paris and the miracles said to have been wrought at his tomb. From this curious book I have derived the incidents related above.

Among the young men about Paris who witnessed the extravagant scenes enacted at this famous tomb, was a poet and dramatist, named Voltaire. You may be sure that this remarkable young man had his own reflections upon what he saw there, and turned them to account in his subsequent warfare with the priesthood.

I once asked an eminent judge of the city of New York what he had learned by sitting thirty years upon the bench. He answered thus :—

"The difficulty of arriving at truth through human testimony."

A catalogue of these miracles, in three volumes folio, was published by a respectable priest, each miracle being supported by sworn testimony, taken before notaries and certified in proper form. This testimony is of such a nature, and is so abundant in

quantity, that it would convince a jury, as the learned judge himself would charge. To illustrate the fallibility of human evidence, I will give a few examples drawn from the ponderous work to which I have referred.

Deacon Paris died on the first of May, 1727. A woman, aged sixty-two, had met and exchanged civilities with the holy man. For many years she had had a withered arm, which was so useless that she was accustomed to hang it in a sling, while she exercised her vocation of silk-winder. Hearing of the death of the venerated deacon, she determined to attend his funeral and to pray at his grave for the restoration of her arm. Entering the apartment where lay the emaciated body prepared for the tomb, she fell upon her knees, lifted the cloth which covered the feet, and kissed them, saying, —

“Blessed saint, pray the Lord to cure me, if it is his will that I remain upon earth. Your prayers will be heard; mine are not.”

When the body was placed upon the bier, she leaned forward and rubbed her arm with the pall. Having seen the corpse deposited in the tomb, she returned to her house and resumed her usual employment. What was her astonishment to discover that she had no longer any need of her sling, and could use one arm with the same facility as the other. The withered member had regained its former roundness and vigor, and she could lift with it as much as ever she could; nor had she ever after any return of the malady. The narrative of her cure, which she made on oath before a notary, is full and particular, and has every appearance of having been given in good faith.

The fame of this miracle being spread abroad, other afflicted persons resorted to the tomb to avail themselves of its mysterious virtues. A Spanish nobleman, member of the Royal Council of Spain, had sent his son to Paris to complete his education. This young man, by a succession of accidents, lost the use of one of his eyes, and finally the eye itself oozed away. The doctors having abandoned his case in despair, he repaired to the tomb of Deacon Paris, and there prayed most fervently for the restoration of his eye. His cure, though not sudden, was complete. He placed upon his eye a small piece of the shirt in which the

deacon had died, and instantly felt some relief. That evening, upon going to sleep, he again placed the relic over his eye. "In the silence and secrecy of the night," says our chronicler, "the cure began, and when the young man woke, at three in the morning, his eye was perfectly restored, for he could see through the window of his room the houses on the opposite side of the street." He rose joyful from his bed, threw off his bandages, and hastened to the tomb to return thanks to God.

Not only is this miraculous cure supported by an abundance of sworn testimony, but I have before me a letter, written by Charles Rollin, the celebrated historian, in which he expresses his entire belief in the miracle. Dr. Rollin says:—

"I saw the sad condition to which Don Alphonse was reduced by the loss of one eye, and the malady of the other, and I was agreeably surprised to see *the sudden and perfect change* which occurred in it, when every one despaired of its cure. This testimony I render with joy to the singular grace which God has shown to a young man, whom I loved the more tenderly because Providence himself seemed to have consigned him to my care."

The reader must make what he can of this story. The wonder is, not that a miracle should have been supposed to be performed, but that a man like Rollin should have believed it.

Several volumes could be filled with similar narratives, some of which are more wonderful and incredible even than this. There was, for example, an old lady of sixty-nine, swollen to a monstrous size by dropsy, covered with ulcers, an object of horror to every beholder. There are one hundred pages of testimony, much of it given by surgeons of reputation, to the effect that this woman was instantly and completely cured by praying upon the tomb of Deacon Paris. Many persons born hump-backed, and otherwise distorted, left the tomb walking erectly, and with vivacity more than usual.

As the celebrity of the tomb increased, the concourse of the sick, the lame, the halt, the blind, and the dumb, became such as to incommode the neighborhood. The whole cemetery and the neighboring streets were crowded with women and men of all ages, and afflicted with all maladies. Here, were seen men

writhing upon the ground in epileptic fits ; there, were others in a kind of convulsive ecstasy, swallowing pebbles, earth, pieces of glass, and even burning coals ! Yonder, were women beside themselves, standing upon their heads, while other women, prostrate upon the earth, called upon the bystanders to relieve their agony by striking them heavy blows upon the body. Some women danced, others leaped into the air, others twisted their bodies in a thousand extravagant ways, others assumed postures designed to represent scenes in the passion of our Saviour. Some of them sang, others groaned, grunted, barked, mewed, hissed, declaimed, prophesied. The dancing, conducted by a priest, was the favorite exercise, and many of the lame, it is said, who had not stood upon their feet for years, found themselves able to join in it with great activity.

Scenes of this nature were daily exhibited in the cemetery for the space of five years. At the end of that period the extravagance had risen to such a height that both the church and the kingdom were scandalized at it. The king then interfered, and published an edict which ordered the cemetery to be closed, and forbade assemblages of people in the neighborhood.

The morning after this edict appeared, one of the wits of Paris wrote upon the gate of the cemetery the following : —

"BY ORDER OF THE KING: God is forbidden to perform miracles in this place."

But the madness continued. The earth of the cemetery, and the water of a well near by, were conveyed to private apartments, and there the miracles were renewed. In all the history of human folly there is nothing so extravagant as the scenes which now occurred. It became the custom for the sick to fall into the most violent convulsions, during which they were subjected to treatment still more violent. One or two examples out of a thousand will suffice. A young girl of seventeen, afflicted with a chronic disease, was laid upon the floor. Twenty-three grown persons placed one of their feet upon her body and pressed with all their force upon it, — an operation which, as she said, gave her the most exquisite delight, and effected a total

cure. Other women, stretched upon the floor in convulsions, were beaten with an oaken club on every part of the body, and with all the force of a strong man, — to their great joy and lasting relief. A witness swears that he saw one poor woman receive, without harm, two thousand blows, any one of which would have felled an ox! Other witnesses testify that five strong men endeavored to thrust a sword into the body of one of the convulsed, but could not. Sometimes swords were thrust into the body, but the wound immediately healed without leaving a scar. One woman received, in one night, thirty thousand blows of the fist from relays of strong men; another was beaten for fifty-five minutes with a huge oaken club, at the rate of thirty blows a minute, without incurring the slightest harm. All of which is supported by a superabundance of sworn, positive, and detailed testimony.

The climax of this impious and disgusting folly was reached when they began to parody the crucifixion. The following account of one of these scenes rests upon an amount of evidence which would convict a man of murder before any of our courts. If the jury believed half the witnesses, they would be compelled to convict. A woman called Sister Francis, aged fifty-five, who had been subject to the convulsions for twenty-seven years, was crucified three times. On the last occasion, the ceremony began at seven o'clock in the morning by stretching her upon a cross in the ordinary form, laid upon the floor. A priest drove a nail through the palm of her left hand into the wood of the cross, and then let her alone for two minutes. Then, pouring a little water upon the right hand, he nailed that to the cross. The woman, who was in a convulsion, appeared to suffer severely, though she neither sighed nor groaned; her flushed face alone indicating anguish. Thus she remained for twenty-eight minutes (these chroniclers are very exact), at the end of which time they nailed her two feet to a shelf upon the cross. The nails, we are informed, were square in shape, and six inches long. No blood flowed from any of these wounds, except a very little from one of her feet.

Having thus completed the nailing, they let her remain fifteen minutes longer, and then gradually raised one end of the cross,

supporting it first upon a chair, and finally leaning it against the wall. Here it was allowed to remain for half an hour, during which they read a chapter from the gospel of St. John, which the woman appeared to understand and enjoy. Next, they placed upon her head a crown of sharp iron wires, to represent the crown of thorns. She was nailed to the cross for three hours, and then the nails were gradually drawn out, which appeared to cause her much suffering. "One of the nails," says the narrator, "*I put in my pocket, and I have it now.*" The hands of the woman bled profusely; but, when they had been washed with a little water, she arose, warmly embraced one of her friends, and appeared to have undergone little injury. The wounds were rubbed with a small cross, which had been sanctified at the tomb of Deacon Paris, and they immediately closed.

This story is related at such length, and is supported by such a number of affidavits, that it occupies nearly one hundred folio pages.

The delusion lasted from 1727 until 1755, — twenty-seven years, — and it was one of the many causes that led the educated portion of the people of Paris to reject all religion, as something false, ridiculous, and pernicious, as something fit only for the most ignorant of mankind. The writings of the "philosophers," so called, who looked up to Voltaire as their master, contain many allusions to the extravagant folly and outrageous falsehood perpetrated by the admirers of Deacon Paris.

BLAISE PASCAL.

PASCAL, in his life of thirty-nine years, did three remarkable things: 1. He produced a book, "The Thoughts of Pascal," which, after existing two hundred years, is as highly, though not as generally, esteemed as it was when it was first published; 2. He invented the arithmetical calculating machine, since improved by Babbage; 3. He originated the omnibus system, which has become a feature of all cities. Few persons are aware, that when they ride in an omnibus, they are enjoying the result of one of the "Thoughts of Pascal." It is as though Ralph Waldo Emerson should invent a patent nut-cracker; or as though Mr. Hoe should write a treatise upon the Evidences of Christianity. But when Heaven endows a man with an acute, ingenious mind, there is no telling what may not come from it.

Pascal, the only son of an able and distinguished lawyer, was born in Clermont, in France, in 1623. He had two sisters, who were women of singular beauty and intelligence, and the whole family — father, mother, son, and daughters — were persons of eminent gifts of mind, heart, and person. Nevertheless, so deeply sunk in superstition was the France of that day, that even this family, among the most able and enlightened of their time, did not escape it, but were a prey to the most preposterous beliefs.

When the boy was a year old he was observed to resent, in the most violent manner, any caresses which his parents exchanged. Either of them might kiss *him* in welcome, but if they kissed one another, he cried, kicked, and made a terrible ado. He had also the peculiarity (not very rare among children) of making a great outcry whenever a basin of water was

brought near him. "Every one," writes an inmate and relative of the family, "said the child was bewitched by an old woman who was in the habit of receiving alms from the house." For some time the father disregarded this explanation of the mystery, but, at length, he called the woman into his office, and charged her with the crime of bewitching the child, — a crime then punished with death upon the gallows, or at the stake. She denied the accusation; but, when the father, assuming a severe countenance, threatened to inform against her unless she confessed, the terrified woman, as might have been expected, fell upon her knees, and said that if her life was spared she would tell all. She then avowed, that in revenge for his having refused to advocate her cause in a lawsuit, she had laid his child under an infernal spell, and the devil, to whom she had sold herself, had engaged to kill it.

"What!" exclaimed the terror-stricken parent, "must my son die, then?"

"No," said she, "there is a remedy. The sorcery can be transferred to another creature."

"Alas!" cried the father, "I would rather my son should die, than that another should die for him."

"But the spell can be transferred to a beast," said she.

"I will give you a horse for the purpose," rejoined the father.

"No," replied the woman, "that will be too expensive; a cat will do."

So he gave her a cat. Taking the cat in her arms she went downstairs, and met on the way two priests who were coming to console the family in their affliction. One of them said to her:—

"So you are going to commit another sorcery with that cat."

Hearing these words, she threw the cat out of a window, and although the window was only six feet above the ground, the cat fell dead.

Here was another awful portent, which threw the family into new consternation. The father provided her with another cat, with which she went her way. What she did with the unfortunate animal does not appear, but she returned in the evening,

and said that at sunrise the next morning, she must have a child seven years old, who must gather nine leaves of three kinds of herbs, which must be steeped and laid upon the child's stomach; all of which was done by seven the next morning, and the father, relieved in mind, went to court and plead his causes as usual. Returning home to dinner at noon, he found the whole house in tears gathered round the child, who lay in his cradle as if dead. Overwhelmed with grief and rage, he turned to leave the room, and meeting the "witch" upon the threshold, he gave her such a tremendous box upon the ear as to knock her downstairs. When she got up she stammered out, —

"I see you are angry, sir, because you think your son is dead; but I forgot to tell you in the morning that he will appear dead until midnight. Leave him in his cradle till that hour, and he will come to life again."

The child lay without pulse or any sign of life, watched with agonizing solicitude by his parents, until twenty minutes to one, when he began to yawn, and was soon taking nourishment in the usual way. In a few days he recovered his health, and one morning when his father returned from mass he was delighted to see the boy actually playing with the harmless fluid which he had formerly abhorred. Soon after, too, he would permit his parents to caress one another without showing any marks of displeasure.

All of this, reader, is related with the utmost fulness of detail, and with unquestionable sincerity; not by an ignorant person of ignorant persons, but by a highly educated lady of one of the most accomplished and learned families in France. Who will say the world has not advanced during the last two centuries?

This credulous and learned father, being released from the cares of business when the boy was eight years old, removed to Paris, and resolved to devote himself entirely to educating his son, who already exhibited all the usual signs of a superior understanding. His chief care was to keep the boy backward in his studies. His maxim was, that a pupil should be always beyond his work, not the work beyond the pupil. The immature mind, he thought, should never be required to struggle

with a lesson, and should be set only such tasks as it can perform with moderate exertion and constant joy. He, therefore, let him begin Latin only in his twelfth year, and intended to confine him to that language until he had mastered it. Especially was he solicitous to prevent his becoming interested in mathematics, his own favorite study, and one in which he excelled most men of his country. A kind of club of geometers met at the Pascal home every week, and there was continued conversation upon problems of geometry at the table in the evening. To thwart the awakened curiosity of his son, the father abstained from such conversation, locked up all the mathematical books, and endeavored in every way to keep the boy from so much as knowing what geometry was.

These precautions were unavailing. The inkling of knowledge, which the lad could not but gather in such a house, so inflamed his desire for more, that he employed his leisure in contriving a system of geometry for himself, aided only by a piece of charcoal and some boards. His father, coming into his room one day, found him so deeply absorbed in this pursuit that the boy heard nothing of his approach, but continued poring over his triangles and circles until he was startled into consciousness by hearing his father ask:—

“What are you doing, my son?”

Father and son were equally moved, — the son to be detected in devouring forbidden fruit, the father to discover that this youth of thirteen had effected a demonstration of the thirty-second proposition of the first book of Euclid. Without knowing even the names of the figures, he had advanced so far. He called a circle a “round,” and a line a “bar,” but he understood the rudimental principles of the science. The father was so overcome with wonder and admiration that he rushed to the house of one of his mathematical friends, and, bursting into his room, stood unable to utter a word, while tears rolled down his cheeks. His friend, supposing some great calamity had happened, entreated him not to conceal the cause of his grief.

“It is not,” said M. Pascal, “from grief, but from joy, that I shed tears.”

He then related what he had discovered. His friend urged

him to interpose no further obstacles to his son's learning mathematics, and the youth was at once provided with a Euclid and the requisite instruments. We are assured by one of Pascal's sisters that he demonstrated every proposition in Euclid without once asking assistance, and without once finding a difficulty. He was soon admitted to the evening meeting of the Geometers' club, where he distinguished himself both by solving and by originating interesting problems. He was but nineteen when, tired of performing endless multiplications, he invented the calculating machine, by which he could obtain the product of large factors by turning a handle.

Father and son still toiled together in the search for knowledge, — the son being most interested in science, and pursuing his studies with such ardor and continuity as to permanently impair his health. He inherited all his father's credulity and timidity. In matters relating to religion he considered it wrong to inquire, and maintained it to be the duty of every one simply to *believe*, without asking questions.

Until his thirtieth year, though always regular in his life and amiable in his manners, he was not more religious than the son of such parents would naturally be. At that period, however, an event occurred which led him to abandon his scientific pursuits and devote the rest of his existence to religious studies and exercises. As he was riding one day in Paris, in a carriage drawn by four horses, the leading horses took fright, ran away, and, dashing upon a bridge, which was without railings, sprang into the water. Fortunately the traces broke, the carriage stopped on the very edge of the bridge, and no one was injured. Pascal, however, whose mind and body were worn and weakened by excessive study, was so completely terrified that for many months he fancied he saw an abyss yawning at his side, into which he was about to be precipitated. To break the illusion, he would place a chair at that side of him; but it was long before he could lose the sense of imminent peril from this imaginary precipice. He was appalled, too, by the belief that if he had then lost his life his soul would have been eternally lost.

No more geometry; no more experiments in natural philosophy; no more studies in ancient literature; no more general

society. Secluding himself from the world, he gave himself wholly up to the study of the Bible, and to the most austere mortification of his natural tastes and desires. He removed from his room all superfluous or luxurious articles, refused the assistance of servants, brought his own dinner from the kitchen, fasted frequently, partook only of the plainest fare, passed hours every day in prayer, and gave all the money he could spare to the poor. Around his waist, next his skin, he wore a girdle of iron, with points directed inward, and when he caught himself taking pleasure in anything not spiritual, or when any trifling or pleasant thought arose in his mind, he would press the points into his flesh with his elbow, to recall himself to what he called his "duty." His two great rules were to indulge in nothing he could do without, and to enjoy no worldly pleasure. He considered it a sin to take pleasure in his food, and purposely avoided the viands in which he had formerly delighted. He took great pains not to taste what he ate. When his sister remonstrated against his giving away so much money to the poor, and told him he would have nothing left for his old age, he made a very apt reply : —

"I have always remarked," said he, "that however poor a man may be, he always leaves something behind him when he dies."

It was his excessive alms-giving that led him to establish in Paris, in 1662, a system of public vehicles similar to that of our modern omnibuses. His estate was not large, and he often found himself unable to relieve the destitution that wrung his compassionate heart. He conceived, therefore, the plan of having lines of "*voitures*," running at regular intervals to and from fixed points, and carrying passengers at the uniform rate of five cents. The project being authorized by the king, Louis XIV., was carried into successful operation under the personal supervision of Pascal, who let the various lines for certain sums per annum, and gave all the proceeds to the poor. Such was the illustrious origin of omnibuses, which, after serving a useful purpose for two centuries, are now about to be superseded by horse-cars.

The few religious persons who frequented the society of Pascal were struck with the subtlety and ingenuity with which

he defended Christianity, or rather the Church, against the arguments of its foes. They besought him to write, for the edification of posterity, the substance of the thoughts which had so much comforted and established their own minds. He consented to do this; and he was ever after in the habit of jotting down, hastily and briefly, any ideas which occurred to him that might be useful in the work proposed. These memoranda were written on any fragment of paper that happened to be within reach at the moment; and, when a number of them had accumulated, he would tie them up in a bundle unassorted.

But such a life as he lived is fatally contrary to the laws of nature. He gradually sunk under the rigor of his abstinences and the severity of his self-torture. A languor fell upon him, in his thirty-fifth year, which forbade all continuous labor, and it increased for four years, during which he "edified" all his friends by the patience with which he bore his protracted suicide. He never so much as arranged the materials for his work, but left them in the bundles in which he had tied them to get them out of the way. He died aged thirty-nine. The last words he uttered seemed to show that, after nearly ten years of such painful efforts to "prepare for death," he had not that perfect peace and confidence at the hour of his departure which might have been expected.

"Abandon me not, O God!" he cried, as he sunk into unconsciousness.

After his death, his friends selected from the mass of his papers the fragments which, under the title of the "Thoughts of Pascal," have been admired in every land, and translated into every cultivated language. The original papers exist to this day, just as Pascal left them, and the Paris edition of last year is strictly conformed to them. The earlier editions swarmed with errors and alterations.

Some small books, like some small men, have a numerous and important offspring. The "Thoughts of Pascal" may be considered the parent of a whole department of modern literature — the literature relating to what are generally styled the "Evidences of Christianity." The mind of Pascal was at once fervid and acute. He was in deadly earnest. But then he was as in-

genious in suggesting difficulties as he was in removing them, and he imagined so many arguments against his own belief, that an eminent writer thinks that his work has, upon the whole, caused more unbelief than it has cured. Many of his opinions, too, that were uncontroverted in his own day, the world has outgrown, and the modern mind is lost in wonder that so great a man could have entertained them. The intelligent reader, I am sure, will be interested in knowing something of the serious thoughts of a superior French mind of two centuries ago.

Pascal was fully persuaded that miracles were still performed in this world. One of his nieces was afflicted, for three years and a half, with a fistula in the tear-gland of one of her eyes, which the most eminent surgeons of Paris pronounced incurable. The mother of the child, acting upon the advice of Pascal, took her to a church where was preserved what was called "the holy thorn," that is, one of the thorns of Christ's crown of thorns. The fistula was then so bad that matter ran from it, not only through the eye, but from the nose and mouth. "Nevertheless," she says, "the child was cured, in a moment, by the touch of the holy thorn." Pascal himself was a thorough believer in this miracle, and it was chiefly through his exertions that the church solemnly certified to its authenticity, which he records as a triumph for the faith.

"My brother," writes the joyful mother, "was sensibly touched by this grace, which he regarded as done to himself, since it was wrought upon a person who, besides her relationship, was also his spiritual daughter in baptism; and his consolation was extreme to see that God manifested himself so clearly at a time when the faith appeared as if extinguished in the hearts of most. So great was his joy that he was penetrated with it; and this to such a degree, that, his mind being full of it, God inspired him with an infinity of admirable thoughts upon miracles, which, throwing a new light upon religion, redoubled the love and respect which he had always had for it."

Pascal was of opinion that pleasure, in all its forms, was hurtful and wicked, and upon this opinion he uniformly acted. Therefore, he utterly disapproved of marriage. In writing to his sister upon this subject, he said:—

"Married people, however rich and wise they may be in the world's regard, are downright pagans before God." "An advantageous marriage is as desirable in a worldly point of view as it is vile and prejudicial in the sight of God."

Holding this opinion, he not only abstained from marriage himself, but induced one of his sisters to enter a convent, and urged his married sister vehemently not to entertain any offers of marriage made for her children during their minority. The utmost that he would concede was, that marriage might in some cases be allowed as the least of many evils.

Friendship, also, he considered perilous to the soul, foolish and unchristian. Upon one of his papers was found written this passage :—

"It is unjust that a person should attach himself to me, even though he does it with pleasure and voluntarily. I should deceive those in whom I should kindle a friendly feeling for myself; for I am not the true object of any one's regard, nor have I that within me which could satisfy them. Am I not soon to die? Then the object of their attachment will be no more. As I should be a guilty man if I caused any one to believe a falsehood, even though I insinuated the lie gently, and both of us derived pleasure from the deception, so I am not the less guilty if I cause any one to love me; and if I attract people to myself, I ought to caution them against the deceit, however agreeable it may be, for they ought to pass their lives and devote all their energies to pleasing and seeking God."

This was hard doctrine to his affectionate sister and her children. But the man was better than his doctrine, and he both loved and attracted love in spite of it.

Poverty and sickness he regarded as among the chief of blessings. He almost went as far as the modern French philosopher, Proudhon, who said, "Property is robbery." "No Christian," he used to say, "has a right to use any more of his property than is strictly necessary for his maintenance and the maintenance of those dependent upon him;" all the rest, he thought, *belonged* to the poor and needy, and could not be withheld from them without injustice. He acted upon this principle

most scrupulously. With regard to sickness, he considered it a signal favor of Heaven.

"Pity me not," said he, when some one expressed sympathy for his sufferings, "pity me not, for sickness is the natural state of Christians; because, when a man is sick, he is just as he ought to be always, — suffering pain, enduring the privation of all the good and all the pleasures of sense, exempt from the evil passions which work within him all his life, without ambition, free from avarice, and in the continual expectation of death. Is it not precisely so, that Christians ought to pass their lives? And is it not a great happiness, when a man cannot avoid living exactly as he ought to live, and has nothing to do in the matter except submit to his lot humbly and without repining? This is the reason why I ask nothing of God except this grace."

He had his desire fully gratified, for the last four years of his life were only a lingering death. One symptom of his disease was an inability to drink. He could take liquid only a drop at a time, so that one of the nauseous doses of medicine which people took in those days — large goblets of black and filthy abomination — was to him an hour's torture, which he endured with more than patience. He relished his misery and enjoyed the long disgust as a precious mortification. During the last weeks of his life he appeared to suffer much from the kindness of his friends and the abundance by which he was surrounded. He asked to have some poor sick man brought into his room and treated with the same care as himself.

"I wish," said he, "to have the consolation of knowing that there is at least one poor sick person as well treated as I am, so ashamed am I to see around me such an abundance of good things. When I reflect that, while I have every alleviation, there are an infinite number of poor who are more sick than I, and yet are in want of things the most necessary, the thought gives me such pain that I can scarcely support it."

This was a touching and noble thought, and one that must frequently occur to persons of good feeling, who enjoy every comfort in the midst of a wretched and destitute people.

When we turn from the conversation of this refined devotee to the work by which he is chiefly known, the "Thoughts of

Pascal," we observe the same mixture of fine moral feeling and perverted sense. In the early chapters he employs all his acuteness in showing the weakness, the ignorance, the incapacity of man, and thus prepares the way for his main object, which is to show man's need of the guidance of an infallible church. A few of the striking detached "Thoughts," in the first part of the volume, are the following:—

"Do you wish people to believe something good of you? Say nothing about it yourself."

"If Cleopatra's nose had been shorter, all the politics of the world had taken another turn."

"If all men knew what others said of them, there would not be four friends in the world."

"Because people are disinterested, we ought not to conclude with certainty that they do not lie, for there are people who lie for the sake of lying."

"When everything moves equally, nothing seems to move, as in a ship. So when all is going toward destruction, nothing seems to be out of order. The man who stops sees the rest hurrying to ruin, as from a fixed point."

"A little thing consoles us, because a little thing afflicts us."

"I do not admire the excess of a virtue—such as valor, for example—unless I see in the same person the excess of the opposite virtue,—as in Epaminondas, who had extreme valor and extreme benignity."

"How pleasant, that a man should have the right to kill me because he lives on the other side of a river, and because his prince has a quarrel with mine, though I have none with him!"

"I wish with all my heart to see an Italian book, of which I know only the title, which alone is of more value than many books: 'Opinion rules the World.'"

"Vanity is so fixed in the heart of man, that a soldier, a laborer, a cook, a porter, vaunts himself and wishes to have his admirers; and philosophers themselves not less. And those who write against glory desire the glory of having written well, and those who read such a discourse desire the glory of having read it; and I who write this have, perhaps, the same desire, and, perhaps, those who will read it."

"Those who despise men most, and compare them with the beasts, still wish to be admired and believed, and thus contradict themselves."

"Man is but a reed, the feeblest in nature ; but he is a thinking reed. The entire universe need not arm itself to crush him. A vapor, a drop of water, suffices. But though the universe should crush him, man would still be nobler than that which slew him, because he would know that he was dying ; while of the advantage which the universe had over him the universe would know nothing."

"Nature is an infinite sphere, of which the centre is everywhere, the circumference nowhere."

"The good there is in a book was hard for the author to acquire, but the bad can be corrected in a moment."

"Rivers are roads that march, and carry us where we wish to go."

"The greatness of man consists in this, that he knows himself to be miserable. A tree does not know that it is miserable. To know ourselves miserable, then, is to *be* miserable ; but it is also great to know ourselves miserable. Our very misery proves our greatness ; it is the misery of a great lord, of a king dethroned."

"Here is a proof that man hates the truth, which fills me with horror : The Catholic religion does not oblige us to reveal our sins to all the world ; it permits us to conceal them from all men, except one only, to whom it commands us to discover the bottom of the heart just as it is. There is just one man in the world whom we are required to undeceive, and that one man is bound to keep the secret inviolable, so that this knowledge is in his mind as though it were not. Can we imagine anything more charitable and tender ? And yet, such is the corruption of the human heart, that it finds something hard in this law ; and this is one of the principal reasons for the revolt against the church in all Europe. How unjust and unreasonable is the heart of man, to think it an outrage to be required to do to one man what it would be only right to do to all ! For, is it just that we should deceive our fellow-men ?"

These few specimens will suffice to give an idea of the ingenuity and point of the "Thoughts." When the author has completed the survey of the weakness and helplessness of us poor mortals, then he develops, with the same acuteness, the arguments which convinced him of the divine origin and binding authority of the Christian religion, as expounded by, and contained in, the church in which he was born. This part of his work has been drawn from as freely by Protestant as by Catholic writers, since the greater part of it is devoted to establishing the faith common to both; and Pascal treats this part of his subject so exhaustively, that I doubt if there can be discovered in any modern author a single argument for the divine origin of Christianity the germ of which cannot be found in Pascal.

FATHER MATHEW.

THE grand celebration in New York of the seventy-sixth birthday of Theobald Mathew, recalls to memory the extraordinary career of that benefactor of his race, and shows that the work begun in his lifetime goes on now that he is dead. There is a Father Mathew Total Abstinence Society in most, if not all, the Catholic parishes of New York. On the 10th of October, the members of these societies, wearing green scarfs and decorations, with banners flying and bands of music playing, marched through the principal streets of the city, and passed in review before the mayor and before the Archbishop of New York.

It is good to see the stalwart sons of toil banding together for the purpose of supporting one another in a virtuous and most difficult resolution. In a city of seven thousand drinking places, the enemy lies in wait for them at every step, — the working-man's deadliest enemy. Surely it is well for them to combine against a foe that despoils of character and energy, self-respect and the chance of prospering, and entails upon wife and children a miserable inheritance of poverty and shame.

In the year 1838 there was, in the city of Cork, a small Temperance Society chiefly composed of Quakers. Cork and its suburbs contained a population of more than a hundred thousand, among whom, it could be almost said, drunkenness was the rule and sobriety the exception. This famous city, though it had some fine streets and a few handsome edifices, was chiefly composed of long, narrow lanes, lined with wretched huts and shanties, in which poverty sought a momentary respite from its sorrows in strong drink. The little band of Quakers, after struggling awhile with this gigantic evil, with scarcely any re-

sults, were ready to give up in despair, when one of them proposed that they should consult Father Mathew, and endeavor to enlist him as an active co-operator in the cause.

Father Mathew was then only known as an exemplary, benevolent, and remarkably influential parish priest, nearly fifty years of age, and a resident of Cork ever since his ordination in 1814. His father, who was the illegitimate son of a nobleman, died when Theobald was a child, and the boy was reared by an aunt to the age of twenty, when he entered the College of Maynooth, a seminary for the education of Catholic priests. Soon after his settlement at Cork he inherited property, which a dispensation from Rome allowed him to retain. With part of it he began the erection of a magnificent church, which, I believe, was not finished in his lifetime; and with another portion he bought and laid out a cemetery, where the poor were provided with graves from a fund formed by selling graves to the rich. In the discharge of his priestly duties, he was noted for an indefatigable assiduity, especially in visiting and solacing the poor, and in promoting schemes for their benefit. Being a magistrate as well as a clergyman, he was frequently employed as an arbitrator in disputes, and many poor men relied on him for legal advice. He was one of those benevolent and trustworthy persons whom every one likes to have as executor of his will and guardian of orphan children. There was something in his manner, too, that was exceedingly winning, and he had a plain, direct, and very persuasive way of preaching, that made him much sought for when a collection was to be taken up. Probably there was no man in Ireland who could get more money into the plates for a benevolent object than Father Mathew.

It was because of his paramount influence among the poor of Cork, and his singular power of winning over masses of men, that the Quakers sought his aid. He listened to their statements, and, after some hesitation, consented to lend a helping hand. Instead, however, of co-operating with them, he thought it best to proceed on his own account, and to set up a new and independent Temperance Society.

He began by holding two temperance meetings a week, in

the Horse-Bazaar of Cork ; one on Friday evening, when poor whiskey-drinkers feel the consequences of their drinking in empty pockets and stomachs ; the other on Saturday evening, when the possession of a week's wages is tempting every drinker to the whiskey-shop. At the first meeting a society was formed, of which he was chosen president, and he administered the pledge to thirty-five persons. The next evening, a much larger number attended, and two or three hundred joined. He usually delivered a short, plain, anecdotal address, after which he read the pledge, and those who wished to join the society came forward and signed their names, or made their mark, in a book. But as the numbers increased, the signing took too much time, and he only required the candidates to repeat the pledge after him. They usually fell upon their knees before he pronounced it, and when they had uttered the words, he made over them the sign of the cross, which imparted to the promise something of the character of an oath.

Father Mathew's wonder-working pledge was as follows :—

"I promise, with the divine assistance, as long as I continue a member of the Teetotal Temperance Society, to abstain from all intoxicating drinks, except for medicinal or sacramental purposes, and to prevent as much as possible, by advice and example, drunkenness in others."

When these words had been slowly uttered, Father Mathew, with uplifted hand, pronounced a brief prayer :—

"May God bless you, and give you strength and grace to keep your promise."

To which he sometimes added, as he made the sign of the cross :—

"In this sign alone you may hope to persevere and conquer."

For the space of eighteen months he continued to hold his meetings at the Horse-Bazaar every Friday and Saturday evening, and with ever increasing success. Those who had taken the pledge preached temperance to their friends and relations, and brought them in to the meetings ; and in this way the circle of the reforming influence widened from week to week, until there arose a mania to take the pledge. During that year and a half, Father Mathew administered the pledge

to more people than the entire population of Cork, for soon the inhabitants of the adjacent country began to flock in on the meeting days. The change in the aspect of the place, and in the manners and behavior of the people, was wonderful. From being one of the most dissolute and disorderly places in Europe, Cork became the abode of peaceful industry. Hundreds of drinking places were closed. It so happened that Father Mathew had two brothers and a brother-in-law who were distillers of whiskey. Their business began to fall off; and at length, as the work went on, they were compelled to shut up their distilleries.

Until the year 1840 this remarkable movement was confined to the neighborhood of Cork, and it was a mere accident that gave it wider course. Having been invited to Limerick, a large town about fifty miles from Cork, to preach a charity sermon, he arrived there on Saturday, not expecting to have anything to do with teetotalism until his return. But a considerable number of persons residing in Limerick had made a pilgrimage to the Horse-Bazaar at Cork, and taken the pledge there; and thus every one in the town had heard of Father Mathew's marvellous doings. No sooner was it known that he was in the town, than people began to assemble round the house in which he was, until the crowd was so immense that the regiment stationed in the place had to be summoned to aid in keeping the people from crushing one another. At one moment an iron railing gave way, and precipitated a mass of persons into the river Shannon; from which, however, they were all rescued by the troops. All that day Father Mathew kept administering the pledge to thousands at a time, while new thousands came hurrying in from the country.

These unexpected scenes at Limerick decided Father Mathew's future career. He became the Apostle of Temperance. In some of the densely peopled counties of Ireland he administered the pledge to fifty thousand persons a day for some days together. Three millions of the people of Ireland, it is computed, vowed themselves to total abstinence in his presence; and in America his success was not less astonishing.

But the most wonderful thing of all was, that the pledge thus

hastily taken was generally kept. The Irish people came to regard Father Mathew with almost superstitious veneration; and, therefore, attached peculiar sanctity to a pledge made to *him*. Blind men came to him, asking him to restore their sight; and sick women were often seen to touch him, as if expecting to be healed by "virtue" proceeding from his person. He told the lame and the blind, who came to him for miraculous restoration, that he had not the power to work miracles; but, if they persisted in believing that his touch would cure, he would good-naturedly lay his hand upon them. On one occasion, some men, who had come from a distance to take the pledge, on their return homeward chanced to drink water from a vessel in which a small quantity of whiskey had been accidentally left. They were horror-stricken. Nothing would satisfy them but to return to Father Mathew, explain the circumstance to him, and again take the pledge.

Nothing takes place in this world without sufficient cause. Father Mathew really was an eminently kind-hearted, good man. To give the reader a taste of his quality, and an insight into the secret of his power, I will copy a few sentences from a sermon he once delivered in aid of an orphan asylum in Ireland:—

"If," said he, "I were to pause to enumerate but the hundredth part of the many generous deeds of mercy performed even by the poorest of the poor, of which I myself have been witness, I would occupy the whole of the time which this discourse should last. Permit me, however, to state one simple case of facts: A poor woman found in the streets a male infant, which she brought to me, and asked imploringly what she was to do with it. Influenced, unhappily, by cold caution, I advised her to give it to the church-wardens. It was then evening. On the ensuing morning, early, I found this poor woman at my doors. She was a poor water-carrier. She cried bitterly, and said, 'I have not slept one wink all night for parting with that child which God had put in my way, and, if you will give me leave, I will take him back again.' I was filled with confusion at the pious tenderness of this poor

creature, and I went with her to the parish nurse for the infant, which she brought to her home with joy, exclaiming, in the very words of the prophet, 'Poor child, though thy mother has forgotten thee, I will not forget thee.' Eight years have elapsed since she brought to her humble home that exposed infant, and she is now blind from the constant exposure to wet and cold; and ten times a day may be seen that poor water-carrier passing with her weary load, led by this little foundling boy. O merciful Jesus, I would gladly sacrifice the wealth and power of this wide world, to secure to myself the glorious welcome that awaits this poor blind water-carrier on the great accounting day! Oh, what, compared to charity like this, the ermined robe, the ivory sceptre, the golden throne, the jewelled diadem!"

Father Mathew died in December, 1856, aged sixty-six years. The great expenses in which he was involved by his labors on behalf of temperance caused him much pecuniary embarrassment in his later years. Queen Victoria granted him a pension of three hundred pounds a year, and he derived considerable sums from the sale of medals and diplomas; but he gave away as many as he sold, and, I believe, that at the time of his death he was insolvent.

Often, in going through streets where every other house contains a grog-shop, I have been ready to exclaim: "Oh for another Father Mathew!"

SCENE IN THE LIFE OF AARON BURR.

IN 1812, Aaron Burr returned from Europe, fifty-six years of age, a ruined man. Although acquitted in his trial for treason, his countrymen believed him guilty, and his old friends generally shunned his company. For four years he had wandered about Europe, and now returned home deeply in debt and destitute of resources, to endeavor to earn his livelihood by his old profession of the law.

The first news which met him on his arrival was that his only daughter had lost her only child, a boy of whom Burr was extravagantly fond. He urged his afflicted daughter, who then resided in South Carolina, to visit him in New York; and for this purpose she embarked on board of a small schooner, which was wrecked a few days after, and all on board perished. Ere long her husband died, and Burr was alone on the earth. To use his own language, he was "severed from the human race."

These heavy blows, following one another so quickly, touched the hearts of some, who had known him formerly, with compassion, and this feeling would have prompted them to offer him consolation, but for the belief that his heart was not contrite, and that his life was no purer than it had been during his fortunate days. Respectable citizens, therefore, still held aloof from the man whom once they had courted, and whose company they had once considered an honor.

There was at that time in New York a society of religious ladies, of different churches, who were in the habit of meeting weekly for conversation and religious exercises. These ladies remembered that Aaron Burr was the grandson of one distinguished clergyman, and the son of another, and that his mother had been a woman eminent for her goodness. Often, in their

meetings, Colonel Burr, his errors and his sorrows, and the virtues of his ancestors, were the subject of conversation; and it occurred to them that, perhaps, if he were kindly approached and wisely admonished, he might repent of the past, reform his conduct, and restore himself to the respect of his fellow-citizens. As he was never seen in a church, the ladies were puzzled to devise a scheme for getting access to his ear.

They concluded, at length, to request one of the clergy to call upon him, and remind him of his virtuous ancestry, and urge him to follow their example. The person whom they selected for the errand was the Rev. Dr. J. M. Mathews, of the Dutch Reformed Church, afterwards Chancellor of the New York University, and still living among us. Dr. Mathews strenuously objected to undertake so delicate and embarrassing a mission; but the ladies continuing to persuade him, he at length reluctantly undertook it.

Colonel Burr then lived and practised law in Nassau Street, within a few steps from the spot where he had established himself as a young practitioner thirty years before. Dr. Mathews called in the evening, and was informed that Colonel Burr was at tea. He sent in his name, however, and Burr immediately came into the hall, asked him into his parlor, and behaved to him with that exquisite courtesy for which he was so famous. He invited the doctor to take a cup of tea, which, he said, was to him "tired nature's sweet restorer," and added that tea was everything to him, and that he often sipped it through the whole evening. He resumed his tea, and continued to taste it occasionally during most of the conversation which followed. As Dr. Mathews did not immediately explain the object of his coming, they conversed for a while upon various topics; and the doctor testifies, in his "Recollections," that nothing can be imagined more delightful than Burr's conversation, nor more fascinating than his manners.

The clergyman ventured, after some delay, to approach the object of his visit by saying, that Colonel Burr's return to New York was a proof that the foreign lands, upon which he had been conversing, had not weaned him from his own country, and that he might be glad to know that he still had friends in Amer-

ica who took a deep interest in his welfare. Burr looked surprised, and fixed his eyes upon his visitor as though eager for an explanation of his remark. The doctor then stated his mission, and informed him at whose request it was undertaken. Burr listened most attentively, and when his visitor ceased speaking, he exclaimed :—

"Do I understand you rightly? Do you say that these Christian ladies — and with the husbands of some among them I have formerly been acquainted — have thought of Aaron Burr with kindness, and have made me a subject of their prayers for Divine mercy on my behalf? It is what I little expected, and, as a gentleman, I thank them for their kind remembrance of me. Be so good as to assure them of it. But, sir, I fear it is all in vain; I fear they are asking Heaven for what Heaven has not in store for me."

Dr. Mathews assured him that the ladies hoped for better things, and asked permission to speak plainly to him.

"Certainly, certainly, — most certainly," he answered; "why should you not? You can have but one motive in holding this interview. Let me hear what you would say. You have met me with a look of kindness; you speak to me in tones of kindness. I do not so often meet with this from gentlemen in New York as to cast it behind me. Speak plainly to me, and I will speak plainly to you."

The doctor then asked him this question :—

"Do you believe in the truth and inspiration of the Bible?"

"I suppose," he replied, "I am generally considered an infidel. But I am not an infidel in the proper sense of the word. I will not so disparage my own power to judge of evidence as to deny that the Bible is true. The only real infidel is the man who does not think, and because he is afraid to think. We will proceed on the supposition that the Bible is to be believed!"

Dr. Mathews then proceeded to accomplish the object of his coming. He spoke of Burr's religious ancestors, and dwelt upon his mother's hopes for him at his birth, when she prayed that her son might be as good a man as his father. At considerable length he reviewed his past history, and the efforts that had been made in his childhood and youth to train him up in the

way he should go. At the mention of his mother, Colonel Burr appeared to be deeply moved, and he listened to all the remarks of his visitor with every appearance of interest. The doctor paused at length, and waited for him to speak.

"Perhaps," said Burr, "you would like to proceed. You know we are to speak without restraint; I take it all well, for I know it is well meant.

The doctor answered that there was another subject to which he wished to allude, and yet scarcely knew how to introduce it.

"I wish to hear you," said Col. Burr.

The clergyman then cut deeply into the heart of the bereaved and solitary man, by speaking to him of his lost daughter, whose voice, he said, ought to speak to him from the deep, warning him to repent.

While Dr. Mathews was upon this subject the heart-broken father moaned and wept to such a degree that his visitor paused, and there was a long silence. Then Burr spoke as follows:—

"You are doing nothing more than your duty, and I am the more pleased with you for doing it so fully. This is a new scene for me. You have opened fountains that have long been dry, and that, perhaps, I may have thought were dried up forever. It is true, it is true, judgments have followed me for years,—judgments in every form, in the heaviest form, till I am left alone of all that loved me, as father or near relative. There is a desolation here," laying his hand on his heart, "that none but the Searcher of Hearts can understand."

Even these pathetic words did not induce the clergyman to spare him. He asked him if there was not something in the desolation of his own household which called to mind another household which his own hand had desolated.

Burr's eyes flashed fire, but the expression passed away in a moment, and he asked, with a tone and look of sorrow:—

"What would you have me do? How and where would you have me turn?"

The clergyman then urged him again to repentance; advised him to return, like the prodigal son, to attend church, and devote his future life to good works.

Col. Burr interrupted his visitor, and said:—

"You don't seem to know how I am viewed by the religious public, or by those who resort to your churches. Where is there a man among all such whom I would be willing to meet, and who would welcome me into his pew? Of your own congregation, would —, or —, or —, give me a seat? These are our merchant princes,—men who give tone to Wall Street, and fix the standard of mercantile morals in our city. Would they make Aaron Burr a welcome visitor to your church? Rather, indeed, I may ask, would you yourself do so? How would you feel walking up the aisle with me, and opening your pew door for my entrance?"

Dr. Mathews replied that such an event would give him great pleasure.

"Then," said Burr, "you would indulge your feelings of kindness at the expense of your usefulness as the minister of your congregation. Do you believe that such gentlemen as I have named would be pleased, or rather that they would not be highly displeased, at seeing you do anything of the kind?"

As he said these words, he rose from his chair, and paced up and down the room, his heart evidently swelling with indignation and pride. Then, losing his self-control, he said, passionately:—

"There are men who join in this system of proscription who ought to be well aware that I know enough of them and their condition to hurl them into poverty, if I would only undertake the task. I could strip them of the very houses in which they and their families live, and turn them into the street. The title to much of the property now held by the rich men of our city would not bear to be sifted. I know all about it, and I may be induced some day to show what I am able to do in the matter."

The doctor observed that he was not competent to judge of such affairs, which were far removed from the object of his visit.

Burr instantly sat down again, and, with the most exquisite politeness, apologized for his warmth, adding, that his mind was so chafed at times by the circumstances in which he found himself, that he was not always as self-possessed as he could wish.

"Once," said he, "I had the credit of such self-possession that nothing could disturb or overthrow it. I have less of it now. Age and sorrow combined wear away the strength of the strongest."

The minister then most earnestly renewed his exhortation, and implored him to repent, and begin a new life. Burr heard him patiently, and said, in reply:—

"This is all true, and how strongly it reminds me of my early days! It seems as if I heard good Dr. Bellamy again speaking to me. But I fear such appeals will have as little effect upon the old man as they had on the wayward youth. If there is any such good yet in store for me as you, sir, seem to desire, it must reach me at last in virtue of my birth from religious parentage, which, you justly observed, it has been my lot to have as a birthright."

By this time it was late in the evening, and the clergyman rose to take leave. Burr looked Dr. Mathews steadily in the face, and spoke as follows:—

"I am far from being wearied of this conversation. On the contrary, I shall preserve a grateful recollection of it. I sincerely thank you for this visit, and, if it does *me* no good, I am anxious it should do *you* no harm. I hope that you will not mistake my motive in what I am about to say. I know who some of the men are to whom you sustain intimate relations. They entertain the most unfavorable opinion of me in every respect, and would not fail to mark it against any one who should treat me with any open avowal of good-will or civility. It would be to your detriment if such men should see you accost me in the public street with the expression of regard that your kindness might prompt. When we meet in any of our great thoroughfares, it is best that we should not see each other. Do you understand me?"

Dr. Mathews replied that he appreciated his motive, though he could not see the necessity of such a course, but that he would regulate his conduct by the wish Col. Burr had expressed.

"Excuse me," said the old lawyer, "I am the best judge."

He accompanied the clergyman to the door, and, at parting,

gave him his hand, which was as cold as a dead man's, and the doctor left him, feeling that his visit had been in vain.

In Aaron Burr there was no repentance. To the end of his life he cherished the delusion that the obloquy under which he rested was utterly unjust, and he often laughed at the public for being so imposed upon by his "enemies" as to believe that Aaron Burr was anything but a gentleman and a man of honor. The threat which, in his excitement, he let fall, respecting the estates of some of the rich men of the city, he delayed not long to execute, and he gained large sums by bringing suits of ejectment against men who had never doubted the sufficiency of their titles. Many of these suits were decided in his favor, and he took a share of the recovered property as his fee.

CHARLES AVERY.

IN the sketch of the French fanatic, Deacon Paris, we have seen how a Frenchman of the last century interpreted his duty to God and man. Deacon Paris supposed he was pleasing his Creator by self-inflicted suffering, as well as by denying himself innocent pleasures. Let us now observe in what manner an American citizen of the present time behaves when his conscience is awakened, and he sets about doing his whole duty as a human being.

A short time ago, as I was wandering in the beautiful cemetery of Pittsburgh, I came upon a monument which far surpassed, both in costliness and beauty, any that I remember in the western country. It was composed chiefly of Italian marble. Upon the summit, high in the air, stood an admirable full-length statue of the person in whose honor the structure was reared.

He was a stout gentleman, comfortably dressed in the modern style, with the face and bearing of a prosperous man of the world. Below, on the tablet, was a fine bas-relief in which the same gentleman figured with ships and other indications of commercial activity. What was my surprise to be informed, by the superintendent of the grounds, that this stately monument had been erected to the memory of a Methodist preacher, Charles Avery, of Pittsburgh! However meritorious Methodist preachers may be, it is so unusual for them to be honored after their death by such elegant structures as this, that I was curious to learn what this man had done in his life that he should be so commemorated.

Charles Avery was born in Westchester county, New York, in 1784. His father was the owner of a small farm, and the father of many children; none of whom, therefore, had any

opportunities of education but the district school. At the usual age, Charles Avery left the paternal home, and began the world in New York as an apothecary's apprentice. Of his early life nothing is known, except that, in his eighteenth year, he joined the Methodist church, and, in so doing, dedicated his life to the service of his fellow-men. In due time he became a Methodist preacher, though it does not appear that he ever had charge of a church.

During the war of 1812 he invested his capital in a small cargo of drugs, with which he intended to emigrate to Pittsburgh, and there establish himself in business; but this vessel, on the voyage to Philadelphia, was wrecked, and, having no insurance, he lost his all. Friends came to his assistance, and being furnished again with a little capital, he proceeded to Pittsburgh, where he engaged in the business of selling drugs and manufacturing white lead. At that time, as now, almost all the white lead sold in the United States was adulterated by mixing with it whiting, which is made from chalk, and costs but a few cents per ton. Charles Avery was an honest man. His conscience would not permit him to adulterate, and the custom of the trade made it impossible for him to sell a pure article at a profit.

"If," said he, "I cannot sell a good article, I will give up the business."

Finally he gave it up, and embarked his capital in commodities which admitted of honest treatment. His partners, of whom several are still living, declare that, during a long business career, he never deviated in a single instance from the strict rule of rectitude, and, on many occasions, sacrificed his own interests rather than conform to the corrupt usages of trade. Nevertheless he prospered. He was one of the first to perceive the value of the copper mines of Lake Superior, and made a fortune by dealing in their products. His drug business increased also, and he was soon ranked among the first business men and capitalists of Pittsburgh.

If this had been all it is not probable that his remains would have been covered by the monument to which I have referred; still less probable is it that a passing stranger would have been

at the pains to inquire into his life and character. But this Charles Avery, it appears, was one of those rare and happy men who regard themselves, not as the owners, but as the stewards of their estate; and while yet living he dedicated the whole of it to benevolent works. It was some years, however, before it was settled in his mind what particular class of men called for most of his assistance. He was simply known in Pittsburgh, for a long period, as a thriving business man of great benevolence. He took pleasure in assisting young men into business; he contributed liberally to colleges; he gave large sums for the relief of the poor; and could always be relied upon when money was needed for a good purpose.

But this general benevolence did not satisfy him. He needed a special object. In looking around the country for a sphere for his benevolence, he observed one great class of human beings more destitute of what makes life desirable than any other; for they were ignorant, and it was a crime to teach them; they were poor, and could not help themselves; they were slaves, and it was infamous to deliver or pity them. I mean, of course, the negroes of the United States. To assist in raising that degraded race his life and fortune were devoted.

Living, as he did, near the border of Virginia, he had frequent opportunities both of observing the condition of the slaves and of assisting those who had made their escape. He was also most liberal to the colored people of Pittsburgh, whom he fully recognized as MEN, equal to himself in natural rights and gifts. He invited them to his own table, and sat at theirs, at a time when it cost more to do this than it now does. Passing negroes in the street, he saluted them with the same respect that he showed to white men, and in all other ways testified his regard to them as members of the same human family with himself.

It was his firm conviction that nature had endowed the black man with capacities equal to those of the other race, and it was long the wish of his heart to prove this by actual experiment. There was then no institution of learning of high character in the United States, into which colored youth could be admitted — without ruin to the institution; and if they had been admitted,

not one white student in a thousand would have associated with them on equal terms.

"The mind of the colored man," Avery would say, "will never be able to show its capacities until it is trained in an institution where he feels himself welcome, at home, and equal by nature to the best."

So he resolved to found a negro college, and he did it. He did it in his own lifetime, and for several years was president of its board of trustees. A majority of this board were black men, and are such to this day. Most of the teachers were persons of color, and are to this day. The design of the institution was to furnish a complete college course of Latin, Greek, Mathematics, and Science. But every reader is aware that, in order to enter upon such a course, a long period of preparation is necessary. A white boy usually spends four years in preparing for college. Now, when this college was started, there was not probably in the United States one black boy fit to enter the freshman class of an ordinary college, and, consequently, Mr. Avery was compelled to begin by establishing a preparatory school. This school, which was composed of boys and girls, flourished during his own lifetime, and the present excellent character of the colored people of Pittsburgh is partly due to it.

Before the college department was really in operation this benevolent man died, at the age of seventy-three, leaving a large estate to benevolent objects, and providing especially for the maintenance of this institution. This was ten years ago. I fear it cannot be denied that the college has languished since the death of its founder, or, at least, has not advanced beyond the grade of a preparatory school. It enjoys an income from Mr. Avery's estate of about six thousand dollars a year, and there is no incumbrance upon its building. A small charge is also made for tuition; and yet it is not a college. About fifteen boys and twenty-five young women are now attending it, some of whom are preparing to become teachers, and the school, under the management of Mr. George B. Vashon, is doing its part of the educational work of the town in which it is situated.

More than this cannot yet be said of it, although there is

now on foot a movement to carry out the collegiate part of the founder's scheme. There is, however, a difficulty in the way, which Mr. Avery, perhaps, did not sufficiently consider. What is it that supports Yale and Harvard, and the other great colleges of the country? Why do so many hundreds of young men go to these institutions? A few attend them simply and solely to get knowledge and improve their minds; but the great majority do so because a college education raises them in the social scale, and leads to professional life. Young men who expect to be lawyers, clergymen, physicians, go to college as part of the preparation for those vocations, and they are sustained in college by their parents or other relatives. But where are the colored boys whose parents can afford to maintain them during six or eight years of a preparatory and collegiate course? And where are the colored churches which can afford the luxury of an expensively educated pastor? Where is the neighborhood in which a colored lawyer would find a lucrative practice? Where is the community capable of sustaining an educated colored physician? What field is there, in short, in the United States, for colored men of talent and learning?

The time may be at hand when there will be such a field; but it has not yet existed; and, consequently, the Negro College, founded by Charles Avery, exists only in name. Nevertheless, it has done good; it is now educating female teachers, and it may, by and by, develop itself into the Harvard of the colored race.

The benevolence of Charles Avery was not confined to colored people. Once, when he was on a visit to New York, he observed one of our large barges, which are built to be towed by steamboats, and which are often used for school-excursions in the summer. It was at a time when the explosions of the high-pressure steamboats on the western rivers were numerous and appalling, and it occurred to Mr. Avery that the danger could be obviated by introducing the barge system. He built a barge at great expense, fitted it up for passengers and freight, and the experiment was tried. But no sooner had the barge got under way, towed by a steamboat, than it became evident that the craft was not adapted to the abrupt bends and devious

ways of such a river as the Ohio. With great difficulty and some danger, the unwieldy vessel was navigated as far as Cincinnati, where the barge was sold, and the system was abandoned. Even the steamboat, which pursued its course down the river, was run aground by an incompetent pilot, and mouldered away till it disappeared.

Since that day, however, the experiment has been successfully repeated, and the system is now established on all the great western rivers.

The day after his death, as one of the teachers in his college was walking along the streets, he heard a white boy taunting some colored ones with : —

"Ah, ah, you niggers, your god is dead ! your god is dead !"

But the immense assemblage at his funeral was a striking proof of the universal estimation in which he was held. His business friends were there, to testify their respect for one whose talents and generosity were known to them. The widows whom his bounty had fed, and the colored men whose minds through him had been instructed, followed the train. The monument which stands so conspicuously in the Pittsburgh cemetery was erected, I regret to say, at the expense of his own estate. The colored men, who permitted this diversion of so much money for a purpose foreign to the character of their benefactor, would have honored him more, and their race more, by confining the revenues of their fund to the objects specified in the will of the donor. If he must have had a monument, it should have been erected at the expense of the race which he benefited.

By comparing the French fanatic, Deacon Paris, with the American Methodist, Charles Avery, we can have some idea how the world has advanced in a hundred and fifty years. Francis Paris sought to save his soul by tormenting his body ; Charles Avery occupied himself chiefly with schemes to benefit the souls and bodies of other men.

WAS BENJAMIN FRANKLIN MEAN?



JEFFERSON DAVIS thinks he was. He is reported to have said, lately, that Dr. Franklin was "the incarnation of the New England character, — hard, calculating, angular, unable to conceive any higher object than the accumulation of money." There are many other people who, though they honor the memory of Franklin, have received the impression that, in money matters, he was very close and saving. To correct this error, I will now briefly relate his pecuniary history, from his boyhood to his death, showing how he got his money, how much of it he got, and what he did with it.

I will begin with the first pecuniary transaction in which he is known to have been concerned, and this shall be given in his own words: —

"When I was a child of seven years old, my friends, on a holiday, filled my pockets with coppers. I went directly to a shop where they sold toys for children; and being charmed with the sound of a whistle, that I met by the way in the hands of another boy, I *voluntarily offered and gave all my money for one.*"

That was certainly not the act of a stingy, calculating boy.

His next purchase, of which we have any knowledge, was made when he was about eleven years old; and this time, I must confess, he made a much better bargain. The first book he could ever call his own was a copy of Pilgrim's Progress, which he read, and re-read, until he had got from it all that so young a person could understand. But being exceedingly fond of reading, he exchanged his Pilgrim's Progress for a set of little books, then much sold by peddlers, called "Burton's Historical Collections," in forty paper-covered volumes, containing



Prof. J. H. ...

3.1.2.2. *Phylogenetic Analysis*

[illegible]

Two of the most important transactions in which the corporation is engaged are (a) the sale of its stock and (b) the payment of dividends. This shall be given the following treatment:

I have been a child of other people's, and friends,
 and lived in a world of their eyes. I went sweetly
 to my death, and I feel that I died, and being de-
 ceased, I am now in the land of the living in the
 "other world." I am now a child of the living.

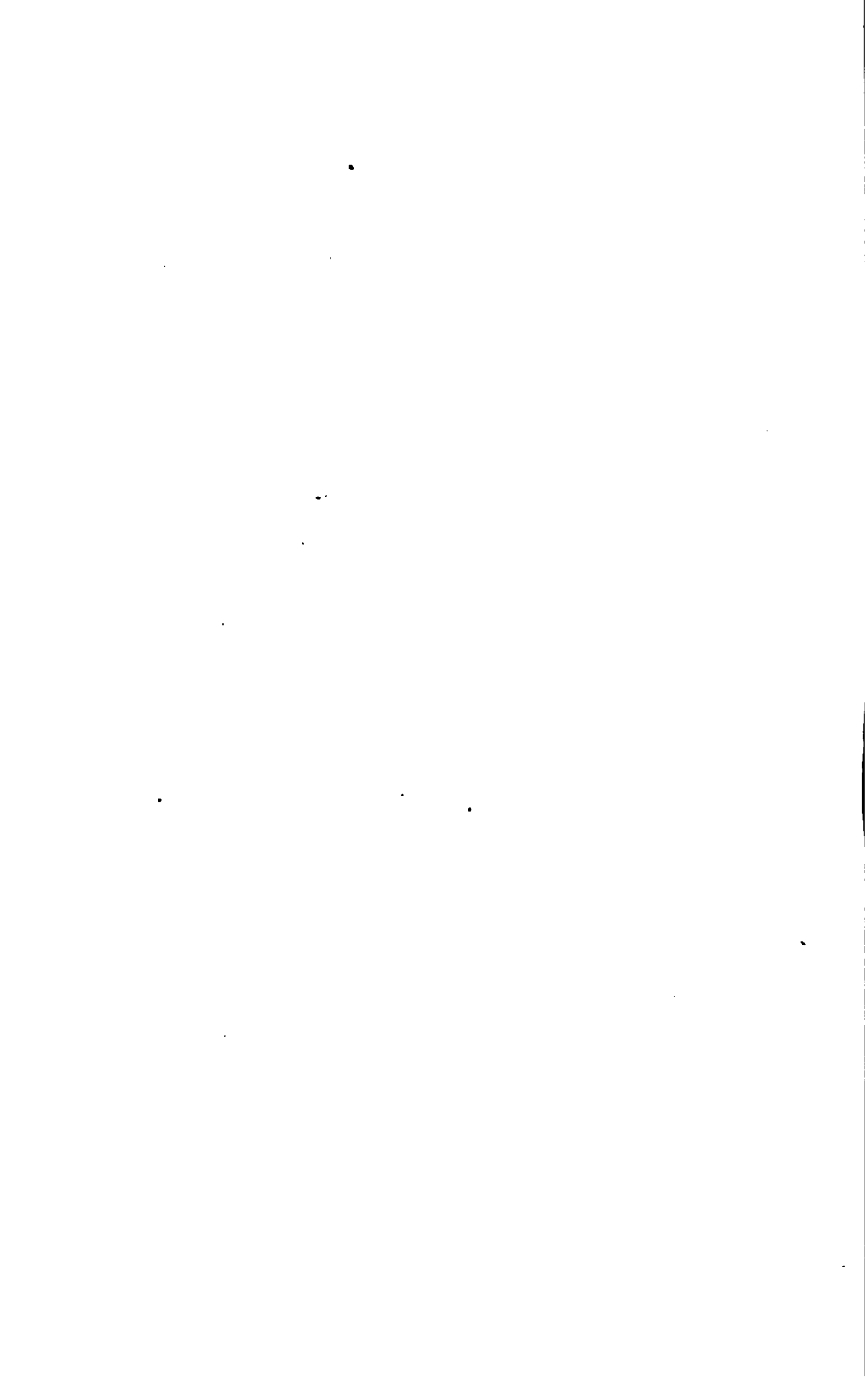
of the variability of the rate of streamflow during

His next publication, of which we have only a few scraps, was a tale, written when he was not yet twenty years old, and, as I must confess, he was not a ponderous or fastidious writer. It is a tale, as every reader of the poem was a copy of it, and is a tale which I have never read, and he had got it from it a year or so ago, and did not read it. But being once I was in the city, he examined his MS. and the press for

books than much sold by others, called "Pamphlets," and "collected as" a forty or more covered volumes, e.



Benj.ⁿ Franklin



history, travels, tales, wonders and curiosities; just the thing for a boy. As we do not know the market value of his *Pilgrim's Progress*, we cannot tell whether the poor peddler did well by him, or the contrary. But, it strikes me, that that is not the kind of barter in which a mean, grasping boy usually engages.

His father being a poor soap-and-candle maker, with a dozen children or more to support or assist, and Benjamin being a printer's apprentice, he was more and more puzzled to gratify his love of knowledge. But, one day, he hit upon an expedient that brought in a little cash. By reading a vegetarian book, this hard, calculating Yankee lad had been led to think that people could live better without meat than with it, and that killing innocent animals for food was cruel and wicked. So he abstained from meat altogether for about two years. As this led to some inconvenience at his boarding-house, he made this cunning proposition to his master:—

"Give me one half the money you pay for my board, and I will board myself."

The master consenting, the apprentice lived entirely upon such things as hominy, bread, rice and potatoes, and found that he could actually live upon half of the half. What did the calculating wretch do with the money! Put it into his money-box? No; he laid it all out in the improvement of his mind.

When, at the age of seventeen, he landed at Philadelphia, a runaway apprentice, he had one silver dollar, and one shilling in copper coin. It was a fine Sunday morning, as probably the reader remembers, and he knew not a soul in the place. He asked the boatmen upon whose boat he had come down the Delaware, how much he had to pay. They answered, Nothing, because he had helped them row. Franklin, however, insisted upon their taking his shilling's worth of coppers, and forced the money upon them. An hour after, having bought three rolls for his breakfast, he ate one, and gave the other two to a poor woman and her child, who had been his fellow-passengers. These were small things, you may say; but, remember, he was a poor, ragged, dirty runaway, in a strange town, four hundred

miles from a friend, with three pence gone out of the only dollar he had in the world.

Next year, when he went home to see his parents, with his pocket full of money, a new suit of clothes and a watch, one of his oldest Boston friends was so much pleased with Franklin's account of Philadelphia, that he determined to go back with him. On the journey Franklin discovered that his friend had become a slave to drink. He was sorely plagued and disgraced by him, and, at last, the young drunkard had spent all his money, and had no way of getting on except by Franklin's aid. This hard, calculating, mercenary youth — did he seize the chance of shaking off a most troublesome and injurious travelling companion? Strange to relate, he stuck to his old friend, shared his purse with him till it was empty, and then began on some money which he had been entrusted with for another, and so got him to Philadelphia, where he still assisted him. It was seven years before Franklin was able to pay all the debt incurred by him to aid this old friend; for abandoning whom few would have blamed him.

A year after, he was in a still worse difficulty from a similar cause. He went to London to buy types and a press with which to establish himself in business at Philadelphia, — the Governor of Pennsylvania having promised to furnish the money. One of the passengers on the ship was a young friend of Franklin's, named James Ralph, with whom he had often studied, and of whom he was exceedingly fond. Ralph gave out that he, too, was proceeding to London to make arrangements for going into business for himself at Philadelphia. The young friends arrived — Franklin nineteen, and Ralph a married man with two children. On reaching London, Franklin learned, to his amazement and dismay, that the Governor had deceived him, that no money was to be expected from him, and that he must go to work and earn his living at his trade. No sooner had he learned this than James Ralph gave him another piece of stunning intelligence: namely, that he had run away from his family, and meant to settle in London as a poet and author!

Franklin had ten pounds in his pocket and knew a trade. Ralph had no money and knew no trade. They were both

strangers in a strange city. Now, in such circumstances, what would a mean, calculating young man have done? Reader, you know very well, without my telling you. What Franklin *did* was this: he shared his purse with his friend until his ten pounds were all gone; and, having at once got work at his trade, he kept on dividing his wages with Ralph until he had advanced him thirty-six pounds, — half a year's income, — not a penny of which was ever repaid. And this he did, — the cold-blooded wretch! — because he could not help loving his brilliant, unprincipled comrade, though disapproving his conduct and sadly needing his money.

Having returned to Philadelphia, he set up in business as a printer and editor, and, after a very severe effort, he got his business well established, and, at last, had the most profitable establishment of the kind in all America. During the most active part of his business life, he always found some time for the promotion of public objects; he founded a most useful and public-spirited club, a public library which still exists, and assisted in every worthy scheme. He was most generous to his poorer relations, hospitable to his fellow-citizens, and particularly interested in the welfare of his journeymen, many of whom he set up in business.

The most decisive proof, however, which he ever gave, that he did not overvalue money, was his retirement from a most profitable business for the purpose of having leisure to pursue his philosophical studies. He had been in business twenty years, and he was still in the prime of life — forty-six years of age. He was making money faster than any other printer on this continent. But, being exceedingly desirous of spending the rest of his days in study and experiment, and having saved a moderate competency, he sold his establishment to his foreman on very easy terms, and withdrew. His estate, when he retired, was worth about a hundred thousand of our present greenback dollars. If he had been a lover of money, I am confident that he could and would have accumulated one of the largest fortunes in America. He had nothing to do but continue in business, and take care of his investments, to roll up a prodigious estate. But not having the slightest taste for need-

less accumulation, he joyfully laid aside the cares of business, and spent the whole of the remainder of his life in the service of his country ; for he gave up his heart's desire of devoting his leisure to philosophy when his country needed him.

Being in London when Captain Cook returned from his first voyage to the Pacific, he entered warmly into a beautiful scheme for sending a ship for the purpose of stocking the islands there with pigs, vegetables, and other useful animals and products. A hard, selfish man would have laughed such a project to scorn.

In 1776, when he was appointed ambassador of the revolted colonies to the French king, the ocean swarmed with British cruisers, General Washington had lost New York, and the prospects of the Revolution were gloomy in the extreme. Dr. Franklin was an old man of seventy, and might justly have asked to be excused from a service so perilous and fatiguing. But he did not. He went. And, just before he sailed, he got together all the money he could raise—about three thousand pounds—and invested it in the loan recently announced by Congress. This he did at a moment when few men had a hearty faith in the success of the Revolution. This he did when he was going to a foreign country that might not receive him, from which he might be expelled, and he have no country to return to. There never was a more gallant and generous act done by an old man.

In France he was as much the main stay of the cause of his country, as General Washington was at home. And who were the people, by whose restless vanity and all-clutching meanness his efforts were almost frustrated in Paris? Arthur Lee and William Lee, of Virginia, and Ralph Izard, of South Carolina!

Returning home after the war, he was elected President of Pennsylvania for three successive years, at a salary of two thousand pounds a year. But by this time he had become convinced that offices of honor, such as the governorship of a State, ought not to have any salary attached to them. He thought they should be filled by persons of independent income, willing to serve their fellow-citizens from benevolence, or for the honor of it. So thinking, he, at first, determined not to receive any salary ; but this being objected to, he devoted the

whole of the salary for three years — six thousand pounds — to the furtherance of public objects. Part of it he gave to a college, and part was set aside for the improvement of the Schuylkill River.

Never was an eminent man more thoughtful of the lowly people who were the companions of his poverty. Dr. Franklin, from the midst of the splendors of the French court, and when he was the most famous and admired person in Europe, forgot not his poor old sister, Jane, who was, in part, dependent upon his bounty. He gave her a house in Boston, and sent her, every September, the money to lay in her winter's fuel and provisions. He wrote her the kindest, wittiest, pleasantest letters. "Believe me, dear brother," she writes, "your writing to me gives me so much pleasure, that the great, the very great, presents you have sent me give me but a secondary joy."

How exceedingly absurd to call such a man "hard" and miserly, because he recommended people not to waste their money! Let me tell you, reader, that if a man means to be liberal and generous, he *must* be economical. No people are so mean as the extravagant; because, spending all they have upon themselves, they have nothing left for others. Benjamin Franklin was the most consistently generous man of whom I have any knowledge.

THE BROTHERS MONTGOLFIER.

INVENTORS OF THE BALLOON.

THERE lived, a hundred years ago, in the South of France, a venerable man named Montgolfier, owner of a large paper mill, which gave employment to a great number of men and women, to whom the aged proprietor was more like a patriarch than a mere employer. This good old man, who lived to the age of ninety-three, had two sons, Stephen and Joseph, who relieved him of the cares of business, and conducted the paper works with the same energy and the same regard for the happiness and dignity of the operatives which had made their father so much honored and beloved in all that region. These young men, from their youth up, had been as studious and observant as they were virtuous. With little aid from instructors, they had acquired by reading and private study a great fund of knowledge, Stephen being particularly devoted to mathematics, and Joseph to natural philosophy and chemistry. They were tall and athletic, noble in their carriage and demeanor, of sedate but cheerful aspect. We could style them princes of industry, if the word prince did not bring to mind the inferiority of the best princes to such youths as these.

In the course of their studies, they had read of many attempts that had been made to navigate the air. They had read, perhaps, and laughed as they read, of the winged angels which, in the dark ages, ingenious priests had attempted to make ascend to heaven in the sight of their credulous flocks; of the Italian adventurer who leaped, with wings at his back, from the summit of a Scottish castle, and broke his thigh-bone in his fall; of the monk, Albert of Saxony, who, in the fourteenth century, first suggested the notion of inflating a globe with something lighter than

common air ; of the Jesuit, Caspar Schott, who proposed to ascend a very high mountain and bring down an immense bagful of the thin air of the mountain-top for the purpose ; of another Jesuit, who conceived a project of sending aloft a great number of inflated copper globes, with armed men attached to them, who could rain down fire and death upon an enemy's city ; of the friar, Joseph Galien, *professor of natural philosophy in France*, who, as late as 1755, published in great detail a scheme for making a sailcloth bag, three miles in circumference, which, when inflated with mountain air, he thought, would convey a whole army, with all its munitions and baggage, and land them comfortably in an enemy's country. The perusal of these sublime projects must have made them laugh ; but, doubtless, it had some effect in directing their attention to the subject of aerial navigation.

Nature is our great teacher. Nature gives the hint ; observant and thoughtful men follow it up. It was while watching and conversing about the clouds that these young men first conceived the idea of a practicable balloon. The clouds rose to the upper regions and floated there, simply because they were lighter than the lower air ; why, then, could they not make an artificial cloud, and send it up enclosed in a bag ? They first attempted to do this by filling a paper balloon with hydrogen gas. It rose slowly to the ceiling of their parlor ; but, owing to the rapid escape of the gas, it remained there but a few seconds, and then descended to the floor. They tried this experiment frequently ; but no bag which they could make would retain this ethereal gas long enough for their purpose.

They then thought of the rapid ascent of common smoke. Their bag of cloud had failed ; why not try a bag of smoke ? In November, 1782, Joseph Montgolfier, while spending a few days from home, procured a large silk bag, balloon-shaped, with an opening at the bottom. Making a fire of paper, he caused his balloon to be held over it, so as to receive the smoke and hot air. Very soon he had the delight of seeing the balloon swell, until it was fully distended. When it was let go, it mounted rapidly to the height of seventy-five feet, there remained stationary for several minutes, and then slowly descended

to the earth. Overjoyed at this result, Joseph hastened to communicate it to his brother, and they proceeded immediately to try the experiment on a larger scale.

A globe of coarse linen, thirty feet in diameter, lined with their own paper, was soon ready for trial. A fire was lighted and the balloon was suspended over it. The inflation proceeded rapidly until it required the strength of three men to hold the balloon down, and when it was let go it leaped into the air at a prodigious speed, and soared as high as the lower stratum of clouds, when it was wafted by the wind beyond their gaze.

Having brought their invention to this point, the brothers determined to give a public exhibition. On a beautiful day in June, 1783, a great concourse of people attended to witness it. A body of learned men, who chanced to be in session in a neighboring town, were present, as well as all the nobility of the vicinity; for that was a time when it was the fashion to show an interest in science. A large balloon of linen hung loose from three crossed poles, with the orifice toward the ground. A fire of small bundles of chopped straw was lighted, which generated smoke so fast, that, in five minutes, the balloon looked as though it would burst, and it was all that eight stout men could do to hold it. The signal being given, the men let go, and the balloon rose rapidly, and with an accelerating motion, amid the huzzas of the multitude. It continued to ascend until it had reached the height of a mile, where it was caught by the wind and carried away to a vineyard a mile and a half from the starting-place. The assembly were transported with wonder and delight, and hailed the brothers as men who had done honor to France by a grand discovery.

A report of this exhibition was transmitted to Paris, and thence to the other great cities of Europe. The war between France, England, and the United States having just ended, this new marvel excited all minds, and it was at once resolved at Paris to repeat the experiment. A subscription was started to defray the expense, which was immediately filled. The venerable Franklin, then the most honored name in Europe, was one of the subscribers. On the 27th of August, 1783, the day appointed for the ascent, the Champ de Mars, the streets,

and the very house-tops of Paris, were covered with spectators, on the tiptoe of expectation. The discharge of a cannon was the signal for letting go the balloon. Fully inflated with hydrogen gas, and having no ballast, it darted into the air as though it had been shot from a monster gun. At the height of 3,000 feet, it was lost to view in a dark cloud, but soon re-appeared above the cloud, and entered clouds still higher, until it was a mere speck against the sky. Borne swiftly by the wind, it was carried away beyond the view of the enthusiastic multitude, and descended, in three quarters of an hour, into a field fifteen miles distant. Such was the eagerness of the people to follow its course, that they stood, as long as it was in sight, in a pouring rain, perfectly absorbed in the spectacle. Fine ladies, in open carriages, in all the splendor of fashionable attire, sat regardless of the ruin of their costly garments. Paris, that city of excitements, has seldom been in such a ferment as on that day.

But a greater marvel was to come. Joseph Montgolfier visited Paris to repeat his experiment under the auspices of the National Academy. On the 19th of September, on a platform in front of the palace of Versailles, a linen balloon, gayly printed and decorated, was ready for inflation by smoke. A basket was attached to it, in which were a sheep, a cock, and a duck. This balloon was seventy-five feet high and forty-three feet wide,—the largest that had yet been made. The sound of a cannon at one o'clock announced to the vast crowd that the fires were lighted and the inflation begun. Eleven minutes after, a second gun informed them that the balloon was full. At the sound of a third, the ropes were cut, and the balloon, with its living freight, rose slowly and majestically to the height of fifteen hundred feet, and then descended obliquely to the earth at a distance of two miles. The animals were unhurt. The sheep was found composedly feeding in a field.

The striking success of this experiment led to one still more remarkable. Joseph Montgolfier made a new balloon of the same dimensions as the last, but of much more solid and careful construction, and provided it with a larger car of basket-work. One day in November, 1783, while the inventor was

making an experimental inflation, a gallant young naturalist, Pilatre de Rosier by name, leaped into the car, and the balloon was allowed to ascend to the height of three hundred feet, where it was held by a rope for a while, and then drawn down. This determined the young man to attempt an ascent. A major in the French army, the Marquis d'Arlandes, volunteered to join him in the daring and perilous adventure. November the 21st, all Paris was again abroad to view the spectacle. The sky was lowering and the wind was high. Provided with plenty of sand-ballast, and with straw to renew the inflation, the two brave young men took their places in the car, and the ropes were cut. A gust of wind caught the balloon before it had cleared the houses, and the adventurers narrowly escaped destruction by being dashed against them. The balloon was secured, however, and drawn to the earth. Undismayed by this mishap, they again entered the car, and the balloon was a second time let go. The wind had lulled, and the balloon now rose steadily and slowly almost in a perpendicular line, while the navigators waved their hats, and a universal cheer broke from the multitude below. Wonder, admiration, and affright were expressed in every countenance. The balloon continued to ascend, now lost in a cloud, now reappearing above it, now shining in the sun, now eclipsing that luminary by floating between it and the spectators, until it diminished to a speck, and was finally lost to sight. Meanwhile the aerial travellers fed their fire and inflated their balloon until, in the thin air of the upper region, it threatened to burst. It caught fire, but a wet sponge sufficed to extinguish the flames. The soldier, it is said, was the first to propose to descend, alarmed by the excessive inflation, and the noise of the expanding linen. The naturalist at length yielded to his entreaties, the fire was extinguished, and the balloon descended rapidly toward the city. To escape the house-tops they were compelled to light their fire again, and they hovered over Paris for some minutes before a timely breeze wafted them beyond the walls. They alighted in perfect safety, after a flight of twenty-five minutes.

These aeronauts were, of course, the lions of the hour, and the whole world rang with their names. Since Franklin had

flown his electrical kite at Philadelphia, no scientific event had so startled and amazed mankind. The brothers Montgolfier were rewarded by the government with pensions and decorations, and a sum of forty thousand francs was given them to enable them to continue their experiments.

Thus balloons were invented. Except that gas is now employed in their inflation, the invention remains in 1868 at the point to which these brothers brought it in 1783. A balloon is a costly machine, and it is easily destroyed. To carry the invention further, demands such a combination of courage, ingenuity, and capital, that a century may yet elapse before it is advanced another stage. It is reasonable, however, to expect that the day will come when the invention of the Montgolfiers will find its Watt to bring it to perfection, and its Fulton to turn it to account.

Stephen Montgolfier died in 1799. Joseph spent the remainder of his life in scientific investigations, in the course of which he invented the hydraulic ram. He died in 1810.

JAMES WATT.

How much more marvellous is truth than fiction ! The story of Aladdin and his wonderful lamp is as extravagant a tale as the fancy of man has contrived ; but it is a tame and probable narrative compared with some of the facts of science and invention.

Early in the spring of 1765, one hundred and three years ago, on a certain Sunday afternoon, a poor, sickly mechanic was taking a walk in one of the public grounds of Glasgow. He was a mathematical instrument-maker, who kept a very small shop within the grounds of the Glasgow University, and derived a great part of his little income from repairing the philosophical apparatus of that famous institution. His brother mechanics were not very friendly toward him, because he had set up in business without having served a regular apprenticeship. In fact, but for the special favor of the professors of the University, who let to him his little shop in its grounds, he could not have carried on his trade in Glasgow at all. Being thus a kind of interloper, his business was so limited that he could only draw from it, for his own maintenance, fourteen shillings a week, which is, in our currency, about three dollars and a half.

He was in a brown study as he walked in Glasgow Green that Sunday afternoon. Ingenious mechanics will understand his case when we tell them that he had on hand at his shop a puzzling job, and he was thinking how to overcome the difficulties which it presented. All at once, at a point in the road which the people of Glasgow still point out to travellers, the solution of the puzzle occurred to his mind. It flashed on him like lightning, and he walked home relieved and happy.

All this seems very simple and ordinary. The job was of no great consequence in a pecuniary point of view. It was merely the repairing of a working model of the steam-engine belonging to the University; for doing which our mechanic received five pounds eleven shillings sterling. But in the very simplicity of the thing lies the marvel; as in the case of Aladdin, who only had to rub his lamp a little, and lo! a palace rose from the earth like an exhalation. The idea that occurred to that poor Scotch mechanic on Glasgow Green one hundred years ago is to-day, in Great Britain and Ireland alone, doing the work of four hundred millions of men! That is to say, it enables the fifteen millions of adults residing in England, Ireland, and Scotland to do more work, to produce more commodities, than the entire adult population of the globe could do without it. Is there anything in the Arabian Nights more marvellous than that? The name of this modern Aladdin was James Watt. The lamp he rubbed was his own canny Scotch noddle. Ten thousand palaces have sprung from the ground in consequence, and more will spring, until every honest man on earth will inhabit one! That magic thought has clothed the feet of Scotch lassies with stockings, which before were bare, and enabled the poor of many lands to go comfortably dressed who before were clad in rags.

It is said to require three generations to make a gentleman. We sometimes find that it has taken three generations to produce a genius. The grandfather of James Watt was a teacher of navigation, well skilled in mathematics, and a very ingenious, worthy man. The father of the great inventor was a shipwright, noted for his skill and enterprise. His illustrious son, James, was a feeble, sickly child, and, therefore, much indulged, and not pressed to learn. But, from boyhood, he showed an aptitude for mechanics and natural philosophy which we always observe in the early life of inventors. His father's shops and ship-yards afforded the best school for such a youth, who soon had his own little chest of tools, his own work-bench and his own store of materials. It is recorded of him that, while still a child, he was fond of observing the action of steam from his mother's tea-kettle, wondering at the invisible force that lifted

its lid. As he approached manhood, his father fell into misfortune, which obliged the youth to think of earning his own livelihood. He made his way to London, where he worked a year in the shop of a mathematical-instrument-maker, and then, returning to Scotland, he established himself in business under the protection of the Glasgow University. The learned professors of that institution expected to find in him a competent workman only. They discovered, to their great surprise, that he was an accomplished and profound natural philosopher; willing, indeed, to learn from them, but able, also, to teach them. Such was his ardor in the pursuit of knowledge, that he learned the German language in order to be able to read one book upon mechanics; and, a few years after, he learned the Italian for a similar object. He could turn his hand to anything. Without previously knowing anything about music or musical instruments, he made a very good church organ, and several guitars, violins and violoncellos, some of which are still preserved in Scotland as curiosities.

The model of a steam-engine which was brought to his shop to repair, was a copy of the engines then used in pumping water out of mines, which had been invented about a century before. Steam-engines were then employed for no other purpose. They were cumbrous, clumsy machines, and were run at such an enormous expense for fuel, that they could not be applied to the ordinary purposes of manufacturing. A century before the Christian era the mighty power of steam had been observed, and some attempts had been made to turn it to account. But a great invention, as we have before remarked, is the growth of ages. Many ingenious men had labored to perfect this one, the greatest of all, and they had brought it on so far, that a single improvement alone was wanting to make it available. It was just so with Sir Isaac Newton's sublime discovery of the attraction of gravitation. Previous philosophers had made discoveries that only needed combining to produce the final truth, which, in a happy hour, flashed upon the mind of Newton.

Day after day James Watt sat in his shop pondering his engine. He could not make it work to his satisfaction. It would make a few revolutions and then stop. If he blew the fire to a

more intense heat, the obstinate little thing would stop altogether. He talked it over to professors and students; but no one suggested any solution of the difficulty. At length he thought he had detected the real nature of the defect of the steam-engine as then made. It was this: *five-eighths of the whole amount of steam was wasted*, — at least five-eighths. He afterwards found that the waste was nearer seven-eighths than five. This was a great step; but he was still very far from being able to apply a remedy.

In the old steam-engine the steam rushed into the cylinder, did its work in driving the piston, and then had to condense *in* the cylinder, and run off in the form of water. The cylinder, being exposed to the air, was always cooling; so that the new steam began to condense *before* it had done its work; and hence the waste. On this principle there could be no rapidity. The steam-engine was as slow as it was strong, and too expensive for profitable use.

"How can I keep that cylinder always hot, — as hot as steam itself?" was the question which James Watt was revolving in his long Scotch head that Sunday afternoon. "If I *do* keep it hot, how can the steam condense at all? And if the steam does not condense, how can the piston get back again?"

EUREKA! He had it! The thought occurred to him that the steam, after doing its duty, might rush into *another* vessel, kept cool by jets of water, and thus be instantly condensed; while the cylinder, surrounded by some non-conducting substance, could be kept at a uniform heat, equal to that of steam. The "condenser" was invented! The steam-engine, as we now see it, is covered all over with the minor improvements of James Watt; but his great invention—that which makes the steam-engine universally available—was that of condensing the steam in a vessel apart from the cylinder.

He was certain of the practicability of his idea from the moment of its birth. A few days after, one of his young friends, entering his room suddenly, found him sitting before the fire absorbed in thought, with a small tin vessel in his hand. His friend at once began to converse upon the great topic of the steam-engine, which, for some time, had been their only subject.

"You need not," said the inventor, "*fash* yourself any more about that, man; I have now made an engine that shall not waste a particle of steam. It shall be all boiling hot; ay, and hot water injected if I please."

He was in the highest spirits for many days. He found, indeed, by repeated experiments, that he had put the finishing touch to the steam-engine.

But what could a poor mechanic do with so magnificent a conception? The entire capital of James Watt, in 1765, was not sufficient to build one steam-engine of ten horse-power, still less to make the experiments necessary to complete his invention. Watt, moreover, was curiously unfitted for the strife of business. Bold as he was in wrestling with the laws of nature, he was timid in dealing with men, self-distrustful, liable to fits of depression, easily abashed and discouraged. Nevertheless, he continued his experiments until he had run in debt a thousand pounds, and could go no further. Then he formed a partnership with Dr. John Roebuck, a large manufacturer near Glasgow, who paid the debt of a thousand pounds, and advanced more money. But this enterprising man had the misfortune to lose his property. For ten years the steam-engine made little progress; for James Watt, who had ventured to marry, was obliged to devote himself to surveying, canal-making, and general engineering, in order to maintain his family.

But, in 1775, he found a partner worthy of him. This was that great man, Matthew Boulton, who, from being a journeyman button-maker at Birmingham, had become one of the lords of industry, the master of a vast manufactory of metal-ware, which employed hundreds of the most skilful workmen in England. Matthew Boulton, besides having a genius for business, was a man of great knowledge and great generosity of mind. He was a gentleman, a philosopher, a natural king of men. He paid the debts of James Watt, bought the rights of Dr. Roebuck, supplied all the capital requisite for the manufacture of steam-engines, on condition of receiving two-thirds of the profits of the enterprise, — if ever there should be any profits.

Even with the aid of Boulton's great capital, and greater talent, it was long before the business yielded much profit. Ex-

pensive law-suits to test the originality of Watt's improvements, troubled and retarded it. Ten or twelve years rolled away before the business was well established and reasonably profitable. But, after that, the progress of the enterprise was wonderful. When Boswell visited the establishment, a few years later, he found seven hundred men at work. "I sell here," remarked Mr. Boulton, "what all the world desires to have—POWER." Boswell says: "I contemplated him as an iron chieftain; and he seems to be the father of his tribe."

James Watt lived to the age of eighty-three, dying in 1829. His last years were his happiest. Relieved of the anxieties of business, possessing an ample fortune, surrounded with affectionate children and friends, he passed his days in study and conversation, the delight of his circle. Sir Walter Scott held him in profound veneration. He used often to say that no achievements of the pen could ever equal in dignity and importance the labors of such men as Watt and Wellington. We cannot agree with the great novelist in this opinion. James Watt did not. He held the genius of poets, artists, and authors in the highest esteem, and declared that it was the teachings of the great Professor Black that made him what he was. There is no need of arguing the old question, "Which is the most worthy of honor, the man who writes things fit to be read, or the man who does things fit to be written?" for the great doer and the great writer are the two men in the world who honor one another most.

We may add, in conclusion, that the little model of the old steam-engine, which Watt repaired in 1765, is still preserved in Glasgow, as well as the bill for five pounds eleven shillings, which he presented for payment.

POOR JOHN FITCH.

THE summer of 1787 was a very interesting one to the people of Philadelphia, then the capital of the United States. The great Convention was in session, endeavoring to form the constitution under which we now live. General Washington, who presided over its deliberations, was often seen going to the hall or returning from it, saluted as he passed by every good citizen ; and old Dr. Franklin, with his white locks and his enfeebled frame, leaning perhaps upon that black walking-stick which may now be seen in the Patent Office at Washington, used, every morning, to walk round from his house in Market street to the place of meeting. The great men of the infant nation were there. The Convention sat with closed doors ; no report of its proceedings appeared in the newspapers ; but the hopes, the destiny of the republic hung upon the deliberations of the thirty-nine men of which it was composed.

On Wednesday afternoon, August 22, when the Convention broke up for the day, the members, instead of dispersing to their several homes, strolled in a body up Chestnut street to the Schuylkill river. A great number of citizens were going in the same direction. The banks of that picturesque and tranquil stream were lined with spectators.

The eyes of the multitude were directed to a strange-looking craft that lay at anchor near the shore. At the first glance, it looked like a long, stout row-boat, with a large tea-kettle boiling and steaming in the middle of it. The oars, instead of lying in their usual place, were arranged in an upright row on each side of the boat, and were kept in that position by a framework of wood. The vessel had neither sails, masts, nor deck ; being simply an open boat, forty-five feet long and twelve feet wide,

which poor John Fitch and his few poor friends had bought for the purpose of showing an unbelieving world that a vessel could be propelled by steam against wind and tide.

It was *poor* John Fitch, we repeat, who had devised and constructed this odd-looking craft. In all the records of invention, there is no story more sad and affecting than his. Poor he was in many senses; poor in purse, poor in appearance, poor in spirit. He was born poor, lived poor, and died poor. No one who knows his melancholy history can ever call him by any other name than poor John Fitch. He was rich only in genius, in faith, in love for his country, in desires to do her service, — a kind of wealth that posterity honors, but which could not buy John Fitch a new coat, when his old one was so old that he blushed as the passing stranger glanced at him. If ever there was a true inventor, this man was one. He was one of those eager souls who would, literally, coin their own flesh to carry their point. He only uttered the obvious truth when he said, one day, in a crisis of his invention, that if he could get a hundred pounds by cutting off one of his legs, he would gladly give it to the knife.

From his infancy, misfortune marked him for her own. He was born in Connecticut, in 1743. His father was a close, hard-working, hard-hearted farmer, who would not permit a child of his to pick an apple, or laugh, or speak loud on Sunday, but who begrudged them the means of instruction, and kept poor John so hard at work from his tenth year as to stunt his growth. An incident occurred when he was still a very small boy, which, he used to say, was of a piece with all his career. One of his sisters, in the absence of their father, set on fire some bundles of flax which were in the kitchen. In her alarm she ran to the barn, leaving her little brother to escape as best he could. He, young as he was, fought the fire like a hero, seizing the burning bundles and stamping out the fire with wonderful resolution; while his clothes and his hair were all ablaze. When he had quelled the flames, and while his apron and his hair were still smoking, and his hands tingling with the pain, an elder brother came in, and, supposing John to be the author of the mischief, fell upon him with great fury and beat him.

When their father returned, John related what had occurred. The churlish father neither reproved the elder brother nor thanked the younger for saving his house from destruction. "This," he once said, "seemed to forbode the future rewards I was to receive for my labor through life, which have generally corresponded exactly with that."

Until his tenth year he went to a dame's school occasionally, where he learned to read and write; but from that time forward he was kept hard at work, though he was so small and weak that he could only thrash out two bushels of wheat in a day. His love of knowledge was most remarkable. Finding an old arithmetic in his father's house, he studied it in the evenings till he had mastered it. He heard one day, when he was eleven years old, of a wonderful book called Salmon's Geography, which, he was told, would give him information about the whole world. But, alas! the price was ten shillings. After vainly entreating his father to buy it for him, he hit upon a plan for raising that enormous sum himself. There were some lands upon his father's farm, too high to be reached by the plough, which were not cultivated. His father consenting to let him plant potatoes there and to have the produce himself, provided he worked the land only on holidays, or after his regular work was done, he devoted his training days, his fourth of July, his evenings, as long as he could see, to the culture of his little patch. Several bushels of potatoes rewarded his labor, which, as it happened, brought him just ten shillings. A merchant of the neighborhood, who was going to New York, agreed to buy the book. He did so; but now a new misfortune arose. The price of the book was twelve shillings instead of ten. The joy of the boy at possessing the book was overcast by the consciousness of debt which he knew not how to discharge; and, to add to his distress, his mean and unfeeling father required him to pay him for the seed of his potatoes. Nevertheless, he studied his book with passion. He soon knew it almost by heart. At the same time, he learned surveying with so much success that he was soon able to earn enough to pay his little debts.

When he was seventeen, his father gave him twenty shillings and his blessing, and he sallied forth to seek his fortune.

First he tried the sea, but found it a hard service. Then he went apprentice to a clock-maker, a man even meaner than his father, who almost starved him, and who denied him every opportunity to learn his trade. At twenty-one he left this hard master, and set up himself as clock-cleaner and brass-smith. His whole capital was twenty shillings, borrowed from a young fellow who was courting his sister; but to this his father, with uncommon liberality, added his consent to the young man's living one month at his house board free.

He prospered. In two years he had saved fifty pounds. Then he incurred the greatest calamity known to human nature. He married a vixen. The woman, who was much older than himself, made his life one horrid broil. He was one of the mildest, kindest, most patient of men; but, after enduring some months of this degrading anguish, after frequently warning his wife that if she did not restrain her temper he would leave her, he at last abandoned his home, his property, his wife, his infant son, and his unborn daughter. It was a terrible hour to him. His wife, who had always laughed at his threats, followed him a mile, crying and humbly begging him to try her once more. "But," he says, "my judgment informed me that it was my duty to go, notwithstanding the struggles of nature I had to contend with."

Henceforth he was a wanderer. Trudging along the road, he offered himself as a farm-laborer; but was refused on account of his slender and weakly frame. He tried to enlist as a soldier; but could not for the same reason. He roamed the country, cleaning clocks from house to house. At length, after many wanderings, he reached Trenton, where he lived a while on three pence a day, making brass buttons, and selling them about the country. Having obtained a few shillings of his own, he invested them in the purchase of an old brass kettle, which he made up into buttons and sold to great advantage. He now enjoyed a few years of prosperity; but the war of the revolution ruined his business, and he embarked in that of repairing muskets. He served awhile in the field during the war, holding the rank of lieutenant.

Toward the close of the war, he set out for the far West, with

the intention of surveying lands. He was captured by the Indians, and he remained many months a prisoner. In 1785, we find him residing in Buck's County, Pennsylvania; and there it was that he conceived the idea, as he says, of "propelling a conveyance without keeping a horse."

Now, at this time, John Fitch *had never seen nor heard of a steam-engine!* As he was limping home from church one day in April, 1785 (his rheumatism, caught among the Indians, giving him many a twinge), a neighbor drove rapidly by in a chaise drawn by a powerful horse. He had frequently observed and reflected upon the tremendous power of steam, and now the thought flashed through his mind: Could not the expansive power of steam be made to propel a carriage? For a week the idea haunted him day and night. He then concluded that such a force could be applied more conveniently to a vessel than to a carriage; and, from that hour, to the end of his days, John Fitch thought of little else than how to carry out his daring conception. He studied books; he consulted men; he formed a company. After two years of such labor and anxiety as only inventors know, he had got on so far as to finish his first steam-boat, and had invited the members of the Convention to come to the shores of the Schuylkill and see it tried.

Those honorable gentlemen were not disappointed. Soon after the appointed time the boat was cast off, and did actually move by the power of steam alone. So far, the great experiment was successful. But the boat moved very slowly. The engine was much too small; it was made by common blacksmiths under the direction of John Fitch, and was a most clumsy, incomplete machine. Nevertheless, on that day, August 22, 1787, John Fitch did demonstrate, to the satisfaction of every beholder, that such a thing as a steamboat was possible. The next day, he had the consolation of receiving from the gentlemen of the Convention a note expressive of the pleasure the experiment had afforded them, and encouraging him to persevere in his efforts.

He did persevere. We cannot begin to relate the obstacles he encountered. A considerable volume would scarcely afford the requisite space. Poor, ragged, and forlorn,

jeered at, pitied as a madman, discouraged by the great, refused by the rich, he and his few friends kept on, until, in 1790, they had a steamboat running on the Delaware, which was the first steamboat ever constructed that answered the purpose of one. It ran, with the tide, eight miles an hour, and six miles against it. It made fourteen successful trips to Burlington, which is seventeen miles from Philadelphia. It made eleven shorter trips. In all, this boat ran about two thousand miles. The newspapers of that summer contain twenty-three advertisements announcing the times of its departure, as well as numerous paragraphs attesting the practical success of the experiment.

But it usually requires several generations to perfect a great invention. The steamboat was still very imperfect; it frequently got out of order and made no money. Poor John Fitch formed another company, and began another steamboat; but the faith and the money of his coadjutors gave out before it was finished. He petitioned Congress for help. He sought the aid of State legislatures. He even went to France. All was in vain. No one believed the steamboat would ever pay, and few could see in this poor scarecrow, this pallid, gaunt, and ragged Yankee, one of the ablest natural mechanics that ever lived. He used to slink, in his dirt and rags, about Philadelphia, an object of compassion to some, and to others an object of derision and contempt. But start the darling topic of the steamboat, and the whole man was changed. Fire sparkled in his eye, eloquence flowed from his tongue. Rising to his full stature, and lifting his long, lean arm, he would exclaim:—

"You and I will not live to see the day, but the time will come when steamboats will be preferred to all other modes of conveyance; when steamboats will ascend the western rivers from New Orleans to Wheeling; when steamboats will cross the ocean! Johnny Fitch will be forgotten, but other men will carry out his ideas, and grow rich and great upon them."

Those who listened to such harangues as these would exchange glances, as if to say, "He is a good fellow enough; what a pity he is mad!"

At last poor John Fitch gave up the struggle. He frequently tried to dull his sufferings by drink. He removed to Kentucky, where, in 1798, he died by his own hand. He had been sick for a few days, and the doctor ordered opium pills. Instead of taking one each day, as ordered, he secretly saved them till he had twelve, which he swallowed all at once. His daughter, who was happily married, whom he tenderly loved, and with whom he frequently corresponded, survived him, and she has living descendants. His son also became the father of a numerous family.

ROBERT FULTON.

WHEN John Fitch began to build his first steamboat at Philadelphia, there was living in that city an artist, twenty years of age, named Robert Fulton. We can still read, in the Philadelphia Directory for 1785, the following line:—

"Robert Fulton, Miniature Painter, corner of Second and Walnut Streets."

He was more than a miniature painter, though it was from that favorite branch of the art that he chiefly gained his livelihood. He painted portraits, landscapes, and allegorical pieces in the taste of that time. Such was his success in his profession, that, at the age of twenty-one, when he had been but four years employed in it, he was able to present his widowed mother with a farm of eighty-four acres, and to afford the expense of a voyage to Europe, with a view to improvement in his art, as well as the re-establishment of his health, which his excessive application had impaired. The farm, it is true, cost but four hundred dollars, since it was in the far west of Pennsylvania; but this does not detract from the merit of the action. It was a worthy beginning of an honorable career.

Robert Fulton, born near Lancaster in Pennsylvania, in 1765, was the son of an Irish tailor, who came to this country in early life, prospered in business, and retired to a large and productive farm in Lancaster county, the garden of Pennsylvania. The father of Benjamin West, who lived a few miles off, and the father of Robert Fulton, were old friends, and the boy consequently heard much of the fame and success of the painter who had left home, a poor unfriended youth, to become the favorite artist of George III.

At school, Robert Fulton was a dull and troublesome boy.

Books were disgusting to him. He had the impudence to tell his teacher, one day, that his head was so full of original notions, that there was no vacant room in it for the contents of dusty books. But, out of school, he exhibited intelligence and talent. He drew well almost from his infancy; and, as he grew older, he showed a remarkable aptitude for mechanics. The shops of Lancaster were his favorite places of resort. Being late at school one day, which was by no means an uncommon occurrence, his master asked him the cause. He said he had been at a shop near by pounding lead; and he showed the result of his labors, in a very neatly shaped lead pencil, which, he said was the best pencil he had ever had. At thirteen, he assisted in celebrating the Fourth of July, by discharging sky-rockets made by himself on a plan of his own. During the revolution, Congress had a gunshop at Lancaster, which was haunted by the boy, who assisted the workmen by drawing plans of gun-stocks, and by suggesting methods of repairing broken muskets. There, too, he was frequently busy in attempting to construct an air-gun.

It was in the summer of 1779, when he was fourteen years of age, that he conceived an idea which, twenty-five years later, had important consequences. There was a heavy old flatboat, on a river in the neighborhood, which was much used by the boys in their fishing-excursions. It was propelled by means of poles. Being extremely fatigued, on one occasion, by poling this cumbrous craft against the stream, it occurred to the boy that, perhaps, paddle-wheels turned by a crank could be applied to the boat. Soon after, the experiment was tried with so much success that he and his companions never afterwards used the boat except with paddles. This boyish invention (which, though not new, was original with *him*) is supposed to have prepossessed his mind in favor of paddle-wheels for steam-boats.

At seventeen, his father having died, this precocious youth established himself in Philadelphia as a miniature painter, and returned on his twenty-first birthday to his early home, with the means in his pocket of rendering his mother independent for life. That pious deed performed, he sailed for England, to

seek instruction in his art at the hands of his father's friend, Benjamin West. When he left America, poor John Fitch had not yet completed his first steamboat; but his plans had been published, his company formed, and the boat begun. We may be absolutely certain that a young man like Fulton, with one of the best mechanical heads in the world, full of curiosity with regard to the mechanic arts from his childhood, must have well known what John Fitch was doing.

The great painter received the son of his father's friend with open arms, accepted him as a pupil, and lodged him at his house in London for several years. Fulton, however, never became a great artist. He was an excellent draughtsman, a good colorist, and a diligent workman; but he had not the artist's imagination or temperament. His mind was mechanical; he loved to contrive, to invent, to construct; and we find him, accordingly, withdrawing from art, and busying himself, more and more, with mechanics; until, at length, he adopted the profession of civil engineer. His last effort as an artist was the painting of a panorama, exhibited at Paris in 1797, which he afterwards sold in order to raise money to pursue his experiments with steam.

Robert Fulton was never capable of claiming to be the inventor of the steamboat. It is, nevertheless, to his knowledge of mechanics, and to his resolution and perseverance, that the world is indebted for the final triumph of that invention.

Recent investigations enable us to show the chain of events which led him to embark in the enterprise. His attention was first called to the subject in Philadelphia, by the operations of John Fitch, in 1785 and 1786. Next, fifteen years after, Fulton visited a steamboat in Scotland, which, though unsuccessful, was really propelled by the power of steam for short distances, at the rate of six miles an hour. To please the stranger, who showed an extreme curiosity to witness its operation, this boat was set in motion, and Fulton made drawings of the machinery. A year or two after, he was in France again, where he made the acquaintance of the gentleman who had in his possession the papers left in France by John Fitch, which contained full details of his plans for applying steam to the propulsion of vessels.

We have the testimony of this gentleman, that the papers and drawings of John Fitch remained in the possession of Robert Fulton for "several months." Aided thus by the knowledge and experience of previous inventors, enjoying the immense advantage of the improved steam-engine of James Watt, being himself an excellent mechanic and a very superior draughtsman, having the appearance and manners of a gentleman, and an extensive acquaintance with the leading men of his time, he began the execution of his task with advantages possessed by no previous experimenter in steamboats.

But even these would not have availed if he had not had the good fortune to find a wealthy co-operator. Chancellor Livingston, of New York, was then the American minister at the court of Napoleon. Besides being a gentleman of large estate, he was a man of public spirit, with a strong natural interest in practical improvements. Chancellor Livingston, to his immortal honor, became first the friend, then the patron, and finally the partner of Robert Fulton.

In 1803 the first steamboat of Livingston and Fulton was built in France upon the Seine. When she was almost ready for the experimental trip, a misfortune befell her which would have dampened the ardor of a man less determined than Fulton. Rising one morning after a sleepless night, a messenger from the boat, with horror and despair written upon his countenance, burst into his presence, exclaiming:—

"O sir! the boat has broken in pieces and gone to the bottom!"

For a moment Fulton was utterly overwhelmed. Never in his whole life, he used to say, was he so near despairing as then. Hastening to the river, he found, indeed, that the weight of the machinery had broken the framework of the vessel, and she lay on the bottom of the river, in plain sight, a mass of timber and iron. Instantly, with his own hands, he began the work of raising her, and kept at it, without food or rest, for twenty-four hours,—an exertion which permanently injured his health. His death in the prime of life, was, in all probability, remotely caused by the excitement, exposure, and toil of that terrible day and night.

In a few weeks the boat, sixty-six feet long and eight wide, was rebuilt, and the submerged engine replaced in her. The National Institute of France and a great concourse of Parisians witnessed her trial trip in July, 1803. The result was encouraging, but not brilliant. The boat moved slowly along the tranquil Seine, amid the acclamations of the multitude; but the quick eye of Fulton at once discerned that the machinery was defective and inadequate, and that, in order to give the invention a fair trial, it was necessary to begin anew, to procure an engine far more powerful and a boat better adapted to the purpose. As Chancellor Livingston was about to return home, it was resolved that the next attempt should be made at New York; and an engine for the purpose was ordered from the manufactory at Birmingham of Watt and Bolton.

In September, 1807, the famous Clermont, one hundred and sixty tons, was completed. Monday, September the tenth, was the day appointed for a grand trial trip to Albany, and by noon a vast crowd had assembled on the wharf to witness the performance of what was popularly called "Fulton's Folly." Fulton himself declares that, at noon on that day, not thirty persons in the city had the slightest faith in the success of the steamboat; and that, as the boat was putting off, he heard many "sarcastic remarks." At one o'clock, however, she moved from the dock, — vomiting smoke and sparks from her pine-wood fires, and casting up clouds of spray from her uncovered paddle-wheels. As her speed increased, the jeers of the incredulous were silenced, and soon the departing voyagers caught the sound of cheers. In a few minutes, however, the boat was observed to stop, which gave a momentary triumph to the scoffers. Fulton perceived that the paddles, being too long, took too much hold of the water, and he stopped the boat for the purpose of shortening them. This was soon done, and the boat resumed her voyage with increased speed, and kept on her course all that day, all the succeeding night, and all the next morning, until at one o'clock on Tuesday she stopped at the seat of Chancellor Livingston, one hundred and ten miles from New York. There she remained till the next morning at nine, when she continued her voyage toward Albany, where she arrived at five in the after-

noon. Her running time was thirty-two hours, which is at the rate of nearly five miles an hour. Returning immediately to New York, she performed the distance in thirty hours; exactly five miles an hour.

The Clermont was immediately put upon the river as a packet-boat, and plied between New York and Albany until the close of navigation, being always crowded with passengers. Enlarged during the winter, she resumed her trips in the spring of 1808, and continued to run with great success, and with profit to her owners. It was long, however, before the river boatmen were disposed to tolerate this new and terrible rival. At first, it is said, they fled in affright from the vicinity of the monster, fearing to be set on fire or run down by her. Afterwards, regaining their courage, they made so many attempts to destroy her that the Legislature of the State passed a special act for her protection.

Fulton devoted the rest of his life to the improvement of the steamboat. He lived to see the value of his labors universally recognized, and he acquired by them a considerable fortune. He died February 24th, 1815, aged fifty years, leaving a wife and four children, two of whom are still living in New York. He was able to leave his wife an income of nine thousand dollars a year, as well as five hundred dollars a year for each of his children till they were twelve years old, and a thousand dollars a year afterward till they were twenty-one. So, at least, runs his will, written a year before his death. His remains lie in Trinity Church-yard, in the city of New York.

Robert Fulton was, in every respect, an honor to his country and his profession. Tall, handsome, and well-bred, he easily made friends, whose regard he retained by his sincerity, generosity, and good-humor. His crowning virtue was that indomitable resolution which enabled him to bear patiently the most cruel disappointments, and to hold calmly on his way till he had conquered a sublime success.

ELI WHITNEY.

ONE day, in the fall of 1792, when General Washington was President of the United States, a company of Georgia planters happened to be assembled at the house, near Savannah, of Mrs. Nathaniel Greene, widow of the famous General Greene, of the Revolution. Several of these planters had been officers under the command of the general, and they had called, naturally enough, to pay their respects to his widow.

The conversation turned upon the depressed condition of the Southern States since the close of the war. The planters were generally in debt, their lands were mortgaged, their products afforded little profit, and many of the younger and more enterprising people were moving away. The cause of this state of things, these planters agreed, was the difficulty of raising cotton with profit, owing to the great labor required in separating the fibres of the cotton from the seeds.

Many of our readers, we presume, have never seen cotton growing, nor even a boll, or pod, of cotton. This pod, which is about as large as a hen's egg, bursts when it is ripe, and the cotton gushes out at the top in a beautiful white flock. If you examine this flock closely, you discover that it contains eight or ten large seeds, much resembling, in size and shape, the seeds of a lemon. The fibres of the cotton adhere so tightly to the seeds, that to get one pound of clean cotton, without wasting any, used to require a whole day's labor. It was this fact that rendered the raising of cotton so little profitable, and kept the Southern States from sharing in the prosperity enjoyed by the States of the North, after the close of the Revolutionary war.

When the gentlemen had been conversing for some time, the

idea was started that perhaps this work could be done by a machine. Mrs. Greene then remarked :—

"Gentlemen, apply to my young friend, Mr. Whitney; *he* can make anything."

Few words have ever been spoken on this globe, that have had such important and memorable consequences as this simple observation of Mrs. Nathaniel Greene.

Eli Whitney, of whom she spoke, was a young Massachusetts Yankee, who had come to Georgia to teach, and, having been taken sick, had been invited by this hospitable lady to reside in her house till he should recover. He was the son of a poor farmer, and had worked his way through college without assistance—as Yankee boys often do. From early boyhood he had exhibited wonderful skill in mechanics, and in college he used to repair the philosophical apparatus with remarkable nicety,—to the great admiration of professors and students. During his residence with Mrs. Greene he had made for her an ingenious tambour-frame, on a new principle, as well as many curious toys for her children. Hence her advice: "Apply to my young friend, Mr. Whitney; *he* can make anything."

She now introduced Mr. Whitney to her friends, who described to him the difficulties under which they labored. He told them he had never seen a pod of cotton in his life. Without giving them any promises, he resolved to procure some raw cotton forthwith, and see what he could do with it. Searching about the wharves of Savannah, he found, at length, some uncleaned cotton, and taking home a bundle of it in his hands, he shut himself up in a room in the basement, and set to work to invent the machine required.

All the winter he labored in his solitary cell. There were no proper tools to be had in Savannah. He made his own tools. There was no wire. He made his own wire. The children, the servants, the visitors at the house, wondered what he could be doing in the basement all alone. But he said nothing, and kept on thinking, hammering, and tinkering, till, early in the spring of 1793, he had completed his work. Having set up the mysterious machine in a shed, he invited a number of planters to come and witness its operation. Its success was complete.

The gentlemen saw, with unbounded wonder and delight, that one man, with this young Yankee's engine, could clean as much cotton in one day as a man could clean by hand in a whole winter. The cotton grown on a large plantation could be separated from the seed in a few days, which before required the constant labor of a hundred hands for several months.

Thus was the cotton-gin invented. The principle was so simple that the wonder was that no one had thought of it before. The cotton was put into a large trough, the bottom of which was formed of wires placed in parallel rows, so close together that the seed could not pass through. Under this trough saws revolved, the teeth of which thrust themselves between the wires and snatched the cotton through, leaving the seed behind, which ran out in a stream at one end of the trough.

The simplicity of the cotton-gin had two effects,—one good, the other bad. The good effect was, that in the course of a very few years it was introduced all over the cotton States, increased the value of all the cotton lands, doubled and trebled the production of cotton, and raised the Southern States from hopeless depression to the greatest prosperity. The effect was as lasting as it was sudden. In 1793 the whole export of cotton from the United States was ten thousand bales. In 1859 the export was four millions of bales. Men acquainted with the subject are of opinion that that single invention has been worth to the South one thousand millions of dollars.

How much did the inventor gain by it? Not one dollar! Associating himself with a man of capital, he went to Connecticut to set up a manufactory of cotton-gins. But the simplicity of the machine was such, that any good mechanic who saw it could make one; and long before Whitney was ready to supply machines of his own making there were great numbers in operation all over the cotton States. His patent proved to be no protection to him. If he brought a suit for its infringement, no Southern jury would give him a verdict. He struggled on against adverse influences for fifteen years. In 1808, when his patent expired, he gave up the contest and withdrew from the business, a poorer man than he was on the day when he went, with his handful of cotton-pods, into Mrs. Greene's basement.

Thousands of men were rich, who, but for his ingenuity and labor, would have remained poor to the end of their days. The levees of the Southern seaports were heaped high with cotton, which, but for him, would never have been grown. Fleets of cotton ships sailed the seas, which, but for him, would never have been built. He, the creator of so much wealth, returned to his native State, at the age of forty-two, to begin the world anew.

But Eli Whitney was a thoroughbred Yankee,—one of those unconquerable men, who, balked in one direction, try another, and keep on trying till they succeed. He turned his attention to the improvement of fire-arms, particularly the old-fashioned musket. Having established a manufactory of fire-arms at New Haven, he prospered in business, and was enabled, at length, to gratify his domestic tastes by marrying the daughter of Judge Pierpont Edwards, with whom he lived in happiness the rest of his life. Some of the improvements which he invented are preserved in the celebrated Springfield musket, with which our soldiers are now chiefly armed. It was he who began the improvements in fire-arms which Colt and many others have continued, and which have given the United States the best muskets, the best pistols, and the best cannon in the world. Eli Whitney died in January, 1826, in his sixtieth year.

It is a curious fact that the same man should have supplied the South with the wealth that tempted it to rebel, and the United States with the weapons with which it enforced its just authority.

The time is at hand when Yankee ingenuity will again be employed in developing the vast resources of the Southern States. There are Whitneys still among us. When, at length, the opportunity shall be afforded them, they will set to work, tinkering and cogitating, inventing new machines and new methods, causing the worn fields to smile again with abundant harvests, and the dilapidated old towns to renew their youth.

AUDUBON.

ONE of the happiest men, and one of the most interesting characters we have had in America, was John James Audubon, the celebrated painter and biographer of American birds. He was one of the few men whose pursuits were in perfect accordance with his tastes and his talents; and, besides this, he enjoyed almost every other felicity which falls to the lot of a mortal.

His father was a French admiral who, about the middle of the last century, emigrated to Louisiana, where he prospered, and reared a family. His distinguished son was born in 1780. While he was still a little boy, he showed a remarkable interest in the beautiful birds that flew about his father's sugar-plantation, particularly the mocking-bird, which attains its greatest perfection in that part of Louisiana. He soon had a considerable collection of living birds; and he tells us that his first attempts to draw and paint were inspired by his desire to preserve a memento of the beautiful plumage of some of his birds that died. In delineating his feathered friends he displayed so much talent that, at the age of fourteen, his father took him to Paris, and placed him in the studio of the famous painter, David, where he neglected every other branch of art except the one in which he was destined to excel. David's forte was in painting battle-pieces; but his pupil was never attracted to pictures of that kind, and he occupied himself almost exclusively in painting birds. At seventeen, he returned to Louisiana and resumed, with all his former ardor, his favorite study.

"My father," he says, in one of his prefaces, "then made me a present of a magnificent farm in Pennsylvania, on the banks of the Schuylkill, where I married. The cares of a household,

the love which I bore my wife, and the birth of two children, did not diminish my passion for Ornithology. An invincible attraction drew me toward the ancient forests of the American continent, and many years rolled away while I was far from my family."

To facilitate his design of studying birds in their native woods, he removed his family to the village of Henderson, upon the banks of the Ohio, whence, for fifteen years, he made excursions into the forest with his portfolio, rifle, and game-bag.

From the great lakes to the extremest point of Florida,—from the Alleghanies to the prairies far beyond the Mississippi,—through impenetrable forests, in cane-brakes almost impassable, and on the boundless prairies, he sought for new varieties of birds, copying them of the size of life, and measuring every part with the utmost nicety of mathematics. Up with the dawn, and rambling about all day, he was the happiest of men if he returned to his camp at evening carrying in his game-bag a new specimen with which to enrich his collection. He had no thought whatever of publishing his pictures.

"It was no desire of glory," he assures us, "which led me into this exile,—I wished only to enjoy nature."

After fifteen years of such a life as this, he paid a visit to his relations in Philadelphia, carrying with him two hundred of his designs, the result of his laborious and perilous wanderings. Being obliged to leave Philadelphia for some weeks, he left these in a box at the house of one of his relations. On his return, what were his horror and despair to discover that they were totally destroyed by mice!

"A poignant flame," he relates, "pierced my brain like an arrow of fire, and for several weeks I was prostrated with fever. At length, physical and moral strength awoke within me. Again I took my gun, my game-bag, and portfolio, and my pencils, and plunged once more into the depths of my forests. Three years passed before I had repaired the damage, and they were three years of happiness. To complete my work, I went every day farther from the abodes of men. Eighteen months more rolled away, and my object was accomplished."

During his stay at Philadelphia, in 1824, Audubon became

acquainted with Prince Lucien Bonaparte, who strongly urged the naturalist to publish his designs. This, however, was a work far too expensive to be undertaken in America alone. He proposed to issue several volumes of engravings colored and of life-size, with other volumes of printed descriptions. The price of the work was fixed at a thousand dollars. Before he had obtained a single subscriber, he set his engravers to work and proceeded to enlist the coöperation of the wealthy men of England and France. He was received in Europe with great distinction, and obtained in all one hundred and seventy subscribers, of whom about eighty were Europeans. While the first volume was in course of preparation, he returned to America, and spent another year in ranging the forests to add to his store. In 1830, the first volume of his wonderful work appeared, consisting of a hundred colored plates, and representing ninety-nine varieties of birds. The volume excited enthusiasm wherever it was exhibited. The king of France and the king of England inscribed their names at the head of his list of subscribers. The principal learned societies of London and Paris added Audubon to the number of their members, and the great naturalists, Cuvier, Humboldt, Wilson, and others, joined in a chorus of praise.

The work, which consists of four volumes of engravings and five of letter-press, was completed in 1839. For the later volumes he again passed three years in exploration, and, at one time, was enabled to study the birds on the coast of Florida in a vessel which the government of the United States had placed at his disposal. Returning to New York, he purchased a beautiful residence on the shores of the Hudson, near the city, where he prepared for the press an edition of his great work upon smaller paper, in seven volumes, which was completed in 1844.

Many New Yorkers remember that about that time he exhibited in the city a wonderful collection of his original drawings, which contained several thousands of animals and birds, all of which he had studied in their native homes, all drawn of the size of life by his own hand, and all represented with their natural foliage around them.

He was now sixty-five years of age, but his natural vigor appeared to be in no degree abated. Parke Godwin, who knew him well at that time, described him as possessing all the sprightliness and vigor of a young man. He was tall, and remarkably well formed, and there was in his countenance a singular blending of innocence and animation. His head was exceedingly remarkable. "The forehead high," says Mr. Godwin, "arched and unclouded; the hairs of the brow prominent, particularly at the root of the nose, which was long and aquiline; chin prominent, and mouth characterized by energy and determination. The eyes were dark-grey, set deeply in the head, and as restless as the glance of an eagle." His manners were extremely gentle, and his conversation full of point and spirit.

Still unsatisfied, he undertook in his old age a new work on the quadrupeds of America, for which he had gathered much material in his various journeys. Again he took to the woods, accompanied, however, now by his two sons, Victor and John, who had inherited much of his talent and zeal.

Returning to his home on the banks of the Hudson, he proceeded leisurely to prepare his gatherings for the press, assisted always by his sons and other friends. "Surrounded," he wrote, "by all the members of my dear family, enjoying the affection of numerous friends, who have never abandoned me, and possessing a sufficient share of all that contributes to make life agreeable, I lift my grateful eyes toward the Supreme Being, and feel that I am happy."

He did not live to complete his work upon the quadrupeds. Attacked by disease in his seventy-first year, which was the year 1851, he died so peacefully that it was more like going to sleep than death. His remains were buried in Trinity Cemetery, which adjoins his residence.

Mr. Audubon left an autobiography, which, perhaps, may see the light. Besides his eminent talents as an artist, Audubon was a vigorous and picturesque writer. Some passages of his, descriptive of the habits of birds, are among the finest pieces of writing yet produced in America, and have been made familiar to the public through the medium of the school reading-books.

We learn from the career of this estimable man that he who would accomplish much in the short lifetime of a human being, must concentrate his powers upon one object, and that object congenial with his tastes and talents. Audubon did in his life one thing : he made known to mankind the birds of his native land ; but he did this so well, that his name will be held in honor as long as the materials last of which his volumes are composed.

ZERAH COLBURN.

ON a summer afternoon of the year 1810, in a frontier settlement of Vermont, a farmer was working at a carpenter's bench, and his little boy, six years of age, was playing with the shavings at his feet. The boy suddenly began to say to himself: —

"Five times seven are thirty-five. Six times seven are forty-two. Three times twelve are thirty-six."

The father was startled; for though the boy had been a few weeks at the district school, he neither knew his letters nor his figures. He began to question him in the multiplication table, and found that he knew it perfectly. Finally, half in joke, he asked him: —

"How much is 13 times 97?"

The boy instantly gave the correct answer, 1,261.

"I could not have been more surprised," the father used to say, "if a man had sprung out of the earth, and stood erect before me."

He continued the examination, and discovered that the boy, who had had no instruction in arithmetic whatever, and could not tell a 4 from a 9, possessed the power of multiplying, in his head, four figures by four figures, with unerring correctness, in about ten seconds.

The name of this astonished farmer was Abia Colburn, and that of his son was Zerah. There was nothing remarkable about the father or his family, except they all had one more finger and one more toe than the regular number. The boy also had five fingers and six toes. Abia Colburn was a dull, and even a stupid man; a poor, plodding farmer, without much skill in his business, without enterprise or knowledge.

It soon occurred to him, however, that this marvel of a boy

could be made more productive to him than a mortgaged farm; and, accordingly, he took him to a neighboring town, where a court was in session, and thence to Montpelier, where the legislature was assembled. There, in the presence of judges, lawyers, and legislators, the boy performed such astounding feats in mental arithmetic, that the report of his exploits was spread over the world. During this first year of his exhibition he solved such questions as the following, in periods of time varying from three seconds to one minute:—

"How many seconds are there in 2,000 years?" Answer: 63,072,000,000.

"How many strokes will a clock strike in 2,000 years?" Answer: 113,880,000.

"What is the product of 12,225, multiplied by 1,223?" Answer: 14,951,175.

"What is the square of 1,449?" Answer: 2,099,601.

"In seven acres of corn, with 17 rows to each acre, 64 hills to each row, 8 ears to each hill, and 150 kernels to each ear, how many kernels are there?" Answer: 9,139,200.

Practice gave him greater facility. The next year he performed such problems as these:—

"How many hours are there in 1,811 years?" Answer (in twenty seconds): 15,864,360.

"How many seconds in 11 years?" Answer (in four seconds): 346,896,000.

"What sum, multiplied by itself, will produce 998,001?" Answer (in three seconds): 999.

"How many hours in 38 years 2 months and 7 days?" Answer (in six seconds): 334,488.

Besides performing these calculations, the boy showed equal quickness in detecting arithmetical tricks and puzzles, such as the following:—

"Which is the most, twice twenty-five or twice five and twenty ($2 \times 5 + 20$)?" Answer (in a moment): Twice twenty-five.

"Which is the most, six dozen dozen or half a dozen dozen?" Answer: Six dozen dozen.

"How many black beans will make five white ones?" "Five," said the boy, "if you skin them."

The astonishment everywhere excited by this prodigy, our aged readers may still recollect. Some people thought him a conjurer. A woman came to him one day, saying that twenty years ago she had had some spoons stolen, and asked him where they were. One good lady said that, in her opinion, God had endowed the child with a miraculous gift in order that he might explain the mysterious numbers of the prophecies. Some people manifested a certain degree of terror in his presence, as though he were possessed of the devil. What added to the marvel was, that the boy was totally unable to explain the processes by which he effected his calculations.

"God put it into my head," he said, one day, to an inquisitive lady, "but I cannot put it into yours."

Some gentlemen of Boston offered to undertake the education of the boy, that this wonderful talent might be cultivated. But the foolish father, thinking he could gain more by exhibiting his son, refused the offer. The public, disapproving this selfish conduct, were less inclined than before to attend the exhibitions; and therefore, after an unprofitable tour in the South, Abia Colburn took his son to England.

In London, where he was exhibited for two or three years, his performances were almost incredibly difficult. Princes, nobles, philosophers, teachers, and the public were equally astounded. He gave, in less than half a minute, the number of seconds that had elapsed since the Christian era. He extracted the square root of numbers consisting of six figures, and the cube root of numbers consisting of nine figures, in less time than the result could be put down on paper. He was asked one day the factors of 171,395. There are seven pairs of factors by which that number can be produced, and only seven; the boy named them all as rapidly as they could be recorded. He was required to name the factors of 36,083. "There are none," was his instantaneous reply; and he was right. Again, the number, 4,294,967,297, was proposed to him to find the factors. Now, certain French mathematicians had asserted that this was a prime number; but the German, Euler, had discovered that its factors are 641 and 6,700,417. This wonderful boy, then aged eight years, by the mere operation of his mind, named the factors in

about twenty seconds. He was once requested to multiply 999,999 by itself. At first he said he could not do it. But, in looking at the number again, he perceived that multiplying 37,037, by 37,037, and the product twice by 27, was just the same as multiplying 999,999 by 999,999. How he discovered this is a mystery, but he soon gave the correct answer: 999,998,000,001. Then he said he could multiply that by 49, which he immediately did, and the product by 25, producing at length the enormous result of 60,024,879,950,060,025. He could raise numbers consisting of one figure to the sixteenth power in less than a minute.

Though these exploits excited universal wonder in England, the exhibition of the boy, owing to the great expenses attending it, were not very profitable and gradually became less so. At length the benevolent Earl of Bristol engaged to undertake the education of the child at Westminster school, agreeing to pay seven hundred and fifty dollars a year for eight years. But Zerah showed no remarkable aptitude for study, not even in arithmetic and geometry. Meanwhile the father lived in poverty. Thinking still to make a profit from the boy, he took him away from school and carried him to France, where he was again exhibited, but without success. Some gentlemen of Paris procured from Napoleon his admission to a military school; but the meddling father again interfered and returned with him to London. The patience of their English friends being then exhausted, they sunk into extreme poverty. Colburn then urged his son to go upon the stage as an actor, and he had still influence enough to procure for the youth instruction from no less a person than Charles Kemble. For a year or two Zerah led the life of a strolling actor, playing in tragedy and comedy, writing plays which no manager would accept, and living always in great poverty. Then he opened a small school, and gained a little money by performing calculations for an astronomer. At length, being relieved of the incubus of his worthless father, who died, the liberality of the Earl of Bristol enabled him to return to America, where he found his mother still living upon her farm. He was then twenty-one years of age. After spending a short time in teaching, he became a Methodist preacher,

and remained in that vocation till his death. He died in Vermont in 1839, aged 34 years. Neither as a preacher nor as a man did he display even average ability. He was, in fact, a very dull preacher, and a very ordinary person in every respect.

As he grew older his calculating power diminished ; but this was merely from want of practice. Doubtless, he could have retained his ability if he had continued to use it.

He was able, during the later years of his youth, to explain the processes by which he performed his calculations, some of which were so simple that they have since been employed in the New England schools. We have seen a class of boys, not more than twelve years of age, multiply six figures by six figures, without slate and pencil, by the method of Zerah Colburn. His mode of extracting the square root, also, can be acquired by boys quick at figures. But this does not lessen our astonishment that a boy of seven years, wholly untaught, should have discovered methods in calculation that had escaped the vigilance of mathematicians, from the days of Euclid to our own time.

JOHN ADAMS.

PEOPLE are mistaken who suppose that we have in America no old families. We have perhaps as many as other countries, only the torrent of emigration, and the suddenness with which new fortunes are made and lost, conceal the fact from our observation. The Adams family, for example, which descended from Thomas Adams, one of the first proprietors of Massachusetts, has gone on steadily increasing in wealth and numbers from 1620 to the present time, and the family estate still comprises the lands originally bought by the Adams who was grandfather to the second President of the United States. John Adams died worth one hundred thousand dollars. His son, John Quincy Adams, left, it is said, twice as much; and *his* son, Charles Francis Adams, now minister to London, is supposed to be worth two millions.

John Adams was born October 19, 1735. His father, who was also named John, was a farmer in good circumstances; and, following the custom of such in Massachusetts, he resolved to bring up one of his sons to the ministry, and sent him to Harvard College. In those days distinction of rank was so universally recognized that the students at Harvard or Yale were recorded and arranged according to the rank and dignity of their parents. I suppose the son of the governor would have taken precedence of all the rest, unless there chanced to be in the college a scion of the English aristocracy. John Adams, in a class of twenty-four, ranked fourteenth. On state occasions, when the class entered a room, he would have gone in fourteenth. His grandson tells us, that he would not have held even as high a rank as this, but that his mother's ancestors were persons of greater consequence than his father's. This custom of arranging the students

in accordance with the supposed social importance of their parents prevailed at Harvard until the year 1769, after which the alphabetical order was substituted.

Upon leaving college, he did what almost all poor students did at that day, kept school for awhile before entering upon the studies preparatory to his profession. He tells us, in his diary, that on commencement day he attracted some attention by his speech, which led to his being appointed Latin master to the grammar school of Worcester, and that three weeks after, when he was not yet twenty years of age, a horse was sent for him and a man to attend him.

"We made the journey," he says, "about sixty miles, in one day, and I entered on my office."

When the time came for him finally to choose a profession, he discovered in his mind a decided repugnance to that of the ministry.

"I saw," he tells us, "such a spirit of dogmatism and bigotry in clergy and laity, that if I should be a priest I must take my side and pronounce as positively as any of them, or never get a parish, or, getting it, must soon leave it. Very strong doubts arose in my mind whether I was made for a pulpit in such times, and I began to think of other professions. I perceived very clearly, as I thought, that the study of theology and the pursuit of it as a profession would involve me in endless altercations and make my life miserable, without any prospect of doing any good to my fellow-men."

The truth was that he had ceased to believe some of the doctrines of the orthodox church of New England, and had become what was then called a Deist, and what is now more politely termed a Unitarian; to which faith he ever after adhered.

His father had now done for him all that he could afford, and as it was a custom then for students and apprentices to pay a liberal fee to their instructors and masters, he was somewhat embarrassed in entering the profession of the law, which he had chosen. In his dilemma he went to one of the lawyers of Worcester, whose performances in court he had admired, stated his circumstances, and offered himself to him as his clerk and pupil. The lawyer replied, after considering the matter for a

few days, that he might board in his house for the sum allowed by the town, and that he should pay him a-fee of a hundred dollars whenever it might be convenient. The young man jumped at this offer and was soon established as school-master and law-student. In due time he was admitted to the bar, and, returning to his father's house, endeavored to set up in the practice of his profession.

His father lived then at Braintree, a small and obscure town fourteen miles from Boston, where there was very little chance for a young lawyer. For some years his gains were small and his anxieties severe. It was not until after his father's death that his circumstances were alleviated, and he was enabled to marry. His marriage was one of the most fortunate ever contracted in this world; for not only was the lady one of the most amiable and accomplished of women, but, being a member of a numerous and influential family, she brought to her husband a great increase of business. He was then twenty-nine years of age, full of energy and ambition, and gradually made his way to a profitable practice.

The first office the future President ever held was that of road-master to the town in which he lived. He was next intrusted with three offices at once, — namely, selectman, assessor, and overseer of the poor; the duties of all of which he discharged to the satisfaction of his neighbors. It was during the Stamp-Act agitation of 1765 that he began to emerge from the obscurity of a country lawyer. One of the odious and tyrannical measures of the royal government was to close all the courts in the colony, which put a sudden termination to the business of the lawyers.

"I was," says Adams in his Diary, "but just getting into my gears, just getting under sail, and an embargo is laid upon the ship! Thirty years of my life are passed in preparation for business. I have had poverty to struggle with; envy and jealousy and malice of enemies to encounter; no friends, or but few, to assist me; so that I had groped in dark obscurity till of late, and had but just become known and gained a small degree of reputation, when this execrable project was set on foot

for my ruin, as well as that of America in general, and of Great Britain !”

But, while he was indulging in these gloomy apprehensions, he was astonished to receive a letter from Boston, informing him that that town, by a unanimous vote, had appointed him one of its counsel to appear before the governor in support of the memorial praying that the courts be reopened. This measure of closing the courts of law was not long persisted in ; but the honor conferred upon John Adams, by so important a place as Boston, brought him into increased prominence, and opened the way to more valuable business than had previously fallen to his share. It led soon to his removal to Boston, where he continued to reside down to the period when he was called to the service of his country in the Revolutionary war.

One of the most honorable actions of his life was defending the British soldiers who participated in what is called the “Boston Massacre.” An altercation having arisen between the soldiers and some of the town’s people, it ended in the soldiers firing upon the crowd, as they alleged, in self-defence. Being put upon their trial for murder, John Adams braved the obloquy of defending them. It was honorable to the people of Boston that they should have recognized the right of those soldiers, odious as they were, to a fair trial, and respected the motives of their favorite in volunteering to defend them.

When the first Congress was summoned to meet at Philadelphia, John Adams was one of the five gentlemen elected to represent the Colony of Massachusetts. It was sorely against his will and his interest that he accepted the appointment. In the debate which preceded the Declaration of Independence, he is said, by Mr. Jefferson, to have excelled all his colleagues. There was a boldness, decision, and fire about his speeches which carried conviction to many wavering minds. When the great measure was passed on the 2d of July, 1776, he went home, and wrote that celebrated letter to his wife :—

“The day is passed. The 2d of July, 1776, will be the most memorable epoch in the history of America. I am apt to believe that it will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary festival. It ought to be commemorated

as the day of deliverance by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty. It ought to be solemnized with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires, and illuminations, from one end of this continent to the other, from this time forward for evermore.

"You will think me transported with enthusiasm, but I am not. I am well aware of the toil, and blood, and treasure that it will cost us to maintain this declaration and support and defend these States. Yet, through all the gloom, I can see the rays of ravishing light and glory. I can see that the end is more than worth all the means, and that posterity will triumph in that day's transaction, even although we should rue it, — which, I trust in God, we shall not."

The reader will observe that he speaks of the *second* day of July as the one which posterity would commemorate. It was indeed on that day that the great decision was made by Congress; but, as the Declaration of Independence was formally approved and signed on the *fourth* of July, that day has ever been observed as the birthday of the Republic.

With his services in promoting the Declaration of Independence, the *great* part of Mr. Adams' life ended. He was, soon after, appointed to go abroad as one of the ambassadors representing the infant nation at Paris; but never was there a man less at home in a court, or less adapted by nature for a diplomatist. He neither understood nor respected the people among whom he lived, and whom he was required to gratify and conciliate. At the same time he was curiously destitute of all that we call tact, while he was possessed with a vanity the most egregious that ever blinded a man of real worth and ability. He offended the French ministry; he perplexed Dr. Franklin, who was one of the greatest diplomatists that ever lived, as well as one of the most honest and simple; he excited the ridicule of the French people. In a word, he was out of place in France, and rendered his country little service there and less honor. Returning home some time after the conclusion of peace, he was called once more from his farm, at Quincy, to serve as Vice-President under the new Constitution. This office he filled with

credit and dignity for eight years, at the expiration of which he succeeded General Washington in the presidency.

The same qualities which made him a bad negotiator prevented his acquiring credit as the chief magistrate of the nation. He was a bad judge of men, and he was wedded to certain ancient and unpopular ideas which prevented his retaining the confidence of the masses. He was a kind of republican tory, at a time when the feeling of the nation was setting powerfully in the opposite direction. At the same time, his vanity, his quickness of temper, his total want of management, his blind trust in some men and his blind distrust of others, continually estranged from him those who would naturally have been his friends and supporters. After serving four years, he was whirled from his place by a tornado of democratic feeling.

Not to be once re-elected was then considered as a disgrace, and Mr. Adams was, for many years, regarded as a man who had been tried in a high place and found wanting. His grandson mentions that his letters, during the last year of his presidency, may be counted by thousands; while those of the next year averaged less than two a week! Gradually, however, as party passions subsided, the real and great merits of John Adams were once more recognized, and his errors and foibles were first forgiven, and then forgotten. During the last twenty-six years of his life he lived upon the product of two or three farms which he possessed, one of which was that of his own father and grandfather. Toward the close of his life he gave up one of his farms to his son, John Quincy, on condition of receiving from him an annuity for the rest of his life.

He lived to the great age of ninety years. He lived long enough to see his son President of the United States. He lived long enough to read the novels of Scott and Cooper, and the poetry of Byron. He lived long enough to hail the dawn of the Fourth of July, 1826. A few days before, a gentleman called upon him and asked him to give a toast, which should be presented at the Fourth of July banquet as coming from him. The old man said:—

"I will give you: INDEPENDENCE FOREVER!"

"Will you not add something to it?" asked his visitor.

"Not a word," was the reply.

The toast was presented at the banquet, where it was received with deafening cheers; and almost at that moment the soul of this great patriot passed away. Among the last words that could be gathered from his dying lips were these:—

"Thomas Jefferson still survives!"

But Thomas Jefferson did not survive. On the same Fourth of July, a few hours before, Jefferson also departed this life. Few events have ever occurred in the United States more thrilling to the people than the death, on the same anniversary of the nation's birth, of these two aged, venerable, and venerated public servants.

The remains of John Adams and his wife repose, side by side, in a church of the town in which they lived. Beneath a bust of the President, by Horatio Greenough, may be read the following inscription, written by John Quincy Adams:—

"Beneath these walls
Are deposited the mortal remains of
JOHN ADAMS,
Son of John and Susannah (Boylston) Adams,
Second President of the United States;
Born, 19 October, 1735.
On the Fourth of July, 1776,
He pledged his life, fortune, and sacred honor
To the Independence of his country.
On the third of September, 1783,
He affixed his seal to the definitive treaty with Great Britain,
Which acknowledged that independence
And consummated the redemption of his pledge.
On the Fourth of July, 1826,
He was summoned
To the Independence of Immortality,
And to the judgment of his God.
This house will bear witness to his piety;
This town, his birthplace, to his munificence;
History, to his patriotism;
Posterity, to the depth and compass of his mind.
At his side
Sleeps till the trump shall sound,
ABIGAIL,
His beloved and only wife,
Daughter of William and Elizabeth (Quincy) Smith;
In every relation of life a pattern

Of filial, conjugal, maternal and social virtues.

Born November the 11th, 1744,

Deceased 28 October, 1818,

Aged 74.

Married 25 October, 1764.

During an union of more than half a century

They survived in harmony of sentiment, principle and affection.

The tempests of civil commotion ;

Meeting undaunted, and surmounting

The terrors and trials of that revolution

Which secured the freedom of their country,

Improved the condition of their times,

And brightened the prospects of futurity

To the race of man upon earth.

Pilgrim,

From lives thus spent thy earthly duties learn ;

From fancy's dreams to active virtue turn ;

Let freedom, friendship, faith, thy soul engage,

And serve, like them, thy country and thy age."

JOHN ADAMS AND MRS. ADAMS AT THE COURT OF GEORGE III.

THERE was excitement in the great world of London on the 1st of June, 1785; for on that day a minister representing the United States was to be presented, for the first time, to a king of England. And who should that minister be but John Adams, the man who had taken the lead in urging on the revolted colonies to declare themselves an independent nation!

The old palace of St. James was filled with ministers, ambassadors, bishops, lords, and courtiers. When Mr. Adams entered the antechamber, attended by the master of ceremonies, all eyes were turned upon him. He was a stout, rather undersized man, somewhat awkward in his gait and movements, with a remarkably short face and a vast expanse of bald crown. Large whiskers, in the English style, gave still greater breadth to his countenance. As he stood there in his court dress, his ample coat adorned with lace, his legs clad in silk stockings, and his shoes surmounted with silver buckles, he looked like an English country gentleman, who had come up to court for the first time, and felt not quite at his ease. Some of the diplomatic corps, whom he had met in Holland and France, approached and conversed with him while he was waiting to be summoned to the king's closet.

In a few minutes the secretary of state came to conduct him to the king. The royal closet was merely an ordinary parlor. The king was seated in an arm-chair at the end opposite the door,—a portly gentleman, with a red face, white eyebrows and white hair, wearing upon his breast the star indicative of his rank. Upon entering the room, Mr. Adams bowed low to the king, then advancing to the middle of the room, he bowed a second time, and, upon reaching the immediate presence of the

king, he made a third deep reverence. This was the prescribed custom of the court at that day. The only persons present at the interview were the king, Mr. Adams, and the secretary of state, all of whom were visibly embarrassed. It was, indeed, a scene without a parallel in the whole history of diplomacy.

Mr. Adams was the least moved of them all, though he afterwards confessed that he was much agitated, and spoke with a voice that was sometimes tremulous. He had no bitterness toward England. His enemies accused him even of a secret preference for the English constitution, and a certain tenderness for the king, of whom he had once been a loyal subject.

Having completed the three reverences, he addressed the king in the following words : —

"SIR, —The United States of America have appointed me their minister plenipotentiary to your Majesty, and have directed me to deliver to your Majesty this letter which contains the evidence of it. It is in obedience to their express commands that I have the honor to assure your Majesty of their unanimous disposition and desire to cultivate the most friendly and liberal intercourse between your Majesty's subjects and their citizens, and of their best wishes for your Majesty's health and happiness, and for that of your royal family. The appointment of a minister from the United States to your Majesty's court will form an epoch in the history of England and of America. I think myself more fortunate than all my fellow-citizens in having the distinguished honor to be the first to stand in your Majesty's royal presence in a diplomatic character; and I shall esteem myself the happiest of men if I can be instrumental in recommending my country more and more to your Majesty's royal benevolence, and of restoring an entire esteem, confidence, and affection, or, in better words, the good old nature and the old good humor between people who, though separated by an ocean and under different governments, have the same language, a similar religion and kindred blood.

"I beg your Majesty's permission to add, that although I have sometimes before been entrusted by my country, it was never in my whole life in a manner so agreeable to myself."

The king seemed unprepared for a speech so pacific and complimentary. He listened to it with close attention and with evident emotion. In pronouncing his reply, he frequently hesitated, and there was a tremor of emotion in his voice. He addressed Mr. Adams in the following terms : —

"SIR, — The circumstances of this audience are so extraordinary, the language you have now held is so extremely proper, and the feelings you have discovered so justly adapted to the occasion, that I must say that I not only receive with pleasure the assurance of the friendly dispositions of the United States, but that I am very glad the choice has fallen upon you to be their minister. I wish you, sir, to believe, and that it may be understood in America, that I have done nothing in the late contest but what I thought myself indispensably bound to do by the duty which I owed to my people. I will be very frank with you. I was the last to consent to the separation ; but the separation having been made, and having become inevitable, I have always said, as I say now, that I would be the first to merit the friendship of the United States as an independent power ; the moment I see such sentiments and such language as yours prevail, and a disposition to give this country the preference, that moment I shall say, let the circumstances of language, religion, and blood have their natural and full effect."

Except the remark about "giving this country the *preference*," that is, the preference over France in commercial privileges, this speech was worthy the king of a great country. It was spoiled by such a broad allusion to disputed questions, and such a manifestation of desire to gain a *profit* from "the circumstances of language, religion, and blood."

When the speech was concluded, the king entered into conversation with Mr. Adams. He asked him whether he had came last from France. Mr. Adams replied that he had. The king then assuming a familiar manner said, laughing : —

"There is an opinion among some people that you are not the most attached of all your countrymen to the manners of France."

This was touching Mr. Adams upon a tender point; for, during his long residence in France, he had been recognized as the leader of the anti-French party, and had come into disagreeable collision with the French ministry, and with Dr. Franklin, on that account. He thought the king's remark, as he tells us, "an indiscretion and a departure from dignity." He was determined, however, not to deny the truth, and yet not allow the king to infer that he had any undue regard to England. So, throwing off as much of his gravity as he could, he said with a mixture of gayety and decision: —

"That opinion, sir, is not mistaken; I must avow to your Majesty that I have no attachment but to my own country."

The king instantly replied: —

"An honest man will never have any other."

The king said something in an undertone to the secretary of state, and then turning toward Mr. Adams, bowed to him, which was the sign that the interview was to close. Mr. Adams retired in the usual manner; that is, he bowed low, then stepped backwards to the middle of the room, where he bowed again, and then stepped backward to the door, bowed once more, and backed out. The master of ceremonies took him in charge, and conducted him through long lines of servants to his carriage, while the porters and under-porters, "roared out like thunder," as he tells us, "Mr. Adams' servants," "Mr. Adams' carriage."

A few days after, the American minister was presented to the queen, surrounded by her daughters and the ladies of her court. On this occasion, Mr. Adams indulged in a flight of eloquence which makes us smile when we remember that it was addressed to good, plain, simple Queen Charlotte. Our lady readers will, perhaps, be glad to read this curious effusion: —

"MADAM, — Among the many circumstances which have rendered my mission to his majesty desirable to me, I have ever considered it as a principal one, that I should have an opportunity of making my court to a great queen, whose royal virtues and talents have ever been acknowledged and admired in America, as well as in all the nations of Europe, as an example to princesses

and the glory of her sex. Permit me, madam, to recommend to your majesty's royal goodness a rising empire and an infant virgin world. Another Europe, madam, is rising in America. To a philosophical mind, like your majesty's, there cannot be a more pleasing contemplation than the prospect of doubling the human species, and augmenting, at the same time, their prosperity and happiness. It will in future ages be the glory of these kingdoms to have peopled that country, and to have sown there those seeds of science, of liberty, of virtue, and, permit me to add, madam, of piety, which alone constitute the prosperity of nations and the happiness of the human race.

"After venturing upon such high insinuations to your Majesty, it seems to be descending too far to ask, as I do, your Majesty's royal indulgence to a person who is indeed unqualified for courts, and who owes his elevation to this distinguished honor of standing before your Majesty, not to any circumstances of illustrious birth, fortune, or abilities, but merely to an ardent devotion to his native country, and some little industry and perseverance in her service."

To this lofty oration the good little queen replied in these words only :—

"I thank you, sir, for your civilities to me and my family, and am glad to see you in this country."

The queen then entered into conversation with Mr. Adams, and all the royal family spoke to him with marked friendliness.

He soon found, however, that all this civility of the court meant very little. He was not able to induce the British government to give up the western ports nor enter into just commercial arrangements. Several years elapsed before England showed any disposition to treat with the new republic on terms of equality and justice.

A few days after John Adams had been presented to George III. and Queen Charlotte, his wife and daughter were obliged, by the established etiquette, to take part in a similar ceremony.

Mr. Adams had an advantage over almost all the revolution-

ary fathers in possessing a wife who was fully his equal in understanding. The wives of Washington and Franklin were most estimable ladies; but they had no intellectual tastes, and would hardly have held their ground in a conversation upon literature or science. Mrs. Adams, however, was really a very superior woman. Besides having an ample share of Yankee sense and shrewdness, besides being an excellent manager and house-keeper, she was fond of books, possessed considerable knowledge, and wrote letters quite as sprightly and entertaining, and much more sensible and instructive, than those of Madame de Sévigné or Lady Mary Wortley Montague, who are so famous for their letters. When we read her excellent epistles, we can hardly believe, what is nevertheless true, that she was born and bred in a country parsonage in New England, and never went to school one day in her life. She owed her excellent education wholly to her parents and relations, and to her own remarkable quickness of mind.

And now, in June, 1785, after having filled with grace and dignity the various stations to which her husband's advancement had successively called her, she was to represent her countrywomen at the court of the King of England, where, recently her grandson, Charles Francis Adams, has represented the people of the United States, and baffled, as best he could, the intrigues of domestic treason and foreign enmity.

When ladies are going to court, the question of costume assumes an awful importance. To approach the presence of majesty becomingly, it is supposed necessary to dress in the most splendid and costly attire that taste can devise and money procure; and, what adds to the burthen, no lady can appear twice at court in the same dress. Ladies of high rank usually attend in a blaze of diamonds, and clad in the rarest silks and laces. Mrs. Adams, the daughter of a country minister and the wife of a Boston lawyer, was unblessed with diamonds or laces, and was resolved not to shine in hired jewelry or borrowed plumes. Calling to her aid one of the court mantua-makers, she ordered her to prepare for her an elegant dress, but just as devoid of ornament as the custom of the court would

permit. She wished merely to avoid being disagreeably conspicuous either for the plainness or the splendor of her attire.

Accordingly, on the morning of the great day, she wore a dress of white lutestring (plain, thick silk), profusely trimmed with white crape, and festooned with lilac ribbons and white imitation lace. In those days, hoops were as fashionable as they are now; but the hoop skirt, undulating to the figure, was not then known. Mrs. Adams, like all the court dames on that occasion, wore a veritable *hoop*, made of wood, and placed near the bottom of the skirt; so that a lady in full dress resembled a round Chinese pavilion; and this the more as the waist was high up near the arm-pits. A train three yards in length, caught up into a ribbon at the left side, added to the stateliness of her appearance. She wore on her wrists large lace cuffs and ruffles. Her hair, elaborately dressed in the lofty fashion of the day, was surmounted by an extensive lace cap, with two long lappels hanging behind, and two white plumes nodding overhead. Pearl ear-rings, a pearl necklace, and two pearl pins in her hair, completed what she called her "rigging." If this was the plainest dress allowed at court, what must the most splendid have been?

When Mrs. Adams had finished her toilet, and while her daughter was still under the hands of the hair-dresser, she sat down and began a long letter to her sister in America, in which she related the great events of the day down to the moment of their leaving for the palace, intending to finish the story on her return. We may infer from this that she was not seriously flustered at the prospect of an interview with royalty. Soon after one o'clock both ladies were ready. The young lady, like her mother, was dressed in white silk, but differently trimmed; and, instead of a dress cap, she wore upon her head a kind of hat adorned with three large feathers, and, instead of pearls, she had upon her hair a wreath of flowers, and a bunch of flowers upon her bosom. Thus equipped, the two ladies, as Mrs. Adams thought, presented a very creditable appearance.

Upon arriving at the palace, they were conducted through several rooms, all lined with spectators, to the Queen's Drawing Room,—an apartment not unlike, in size and general appearance,

the well-known East Room in the President's house at Washington. Here they found a large and brilliant company assembled. There were courtiers and other noblemen in magnificent costume, wearing orders and ribbons, and glittering with gems. There were young ladies, daughters of noblemen, who were to be presented to the royal family for the first time; these were dressed in white and flowers, and wore no jewelry. There were their mothers in gorgeous dress and all ablaze with jewels. There were ambassadors clad in the sumptuousness of continental courts, their breasts covered with orders and medals. There, also, were John Adams and his secretary of legation, in their plain court dress, with their swords at their sides.

As the moment approached for the entrance of the royal family, the company arranged themselves along the sides of the room, leaving an open space in the middle. A door at the end of the apartment opened, and the king entered, followed by the queen and two of her daughters, each attended by a lady who carried her train. At a levee in Washington, the President takes his stand, and all the company file past him, each individual shaking hands with him; he, as a rule, not speaking to anyone. Even this simple ceremony is very fatiguing. Far more laborious is the task of the King of England on public days. On this occasion, the king, on entering the room, turned to the right, the queen and princesses to the left, and both made the complete circuit of the apartment, holding a short conversation in a low tone with almost every individual present. A master of ceremonies went before the king to announce the names of the company. We need hardly say, that no one presumes to shake hands with a king.

As there were two hundred persons present, it required four mortal hours for the king and queen to get round the room; during which every one remained silent except when addressed by king, queen, or princess. All were standing; to sit down in the presence of a monarch were a breach of etiquette of the most unheard of atrocity.

At length the king approached the American ladies.

"Mrs. Adams," said the lord in waiting.

The lady thus announced took off the glove of her right

hand; but the king, according to the usage, kissed her left cheek. The following profound and interesting conversation took place between the king and Mrs. Adams.

The King. — "Have you taken a walk to-day?"

Mrs. Adams. — (Half inclined to tell his majesty that she had been busy all the morning getting ready to go to court) "No, sir."

The King. — "Why, don't you love walking?"

Mrs. Adams. — "I am rather indolent, sir, in that respect."

The king then bowed, and passed on. The ladies remained standing two hours longer; when the queen and princesses drew near. The queen, a plain little body, dressed in purple and silver, appeared embarrassed when the name of Mrs. Adams was announced to her.

"Have you got into your new house?" she asked; "and pray how do you like the situation of it?"

Mrs. Adams satisfied the queen on these points, and the queen resumed her progress. The princess royal followed, who asked Mrs. Adams whether she was not tired; and further remarked, that it was a very full drawing-room that day. Next came the Princess Augusta, who asked Mrs. Adams whether she had ever been in England before. "Yes." "How long ago?" Mrs. Adams answered the question, and was again left to herself. She was much pleased with the easy and cordial manners of these young ladies. They were very pretty, she says, and were both dressed in "black and silver silk, with a silver netting upon their coat, and their heads full of diamond pins." As to the other ladies present, she declares that most of them were "very plain, ill-shaped, and ugly." Nor did she conceive a very high opinion of the intellectual calibre of his gracious Majesty, George III.

In truth, Mrs. Adams was the farthest possible from being dazzled either by the court or the nobility of England. In France, she wrote, you sometimes find people of the highest rank extremely polite and well-bred. If they are proud, they know, at least, how to hide it. But in England she found ladies of title very arrogant, ignorant, shallow, and vulgar, full

of a ridiculous dislike of "their better-behaved neighbors," the French.

Our readers will relish a few sentences from a letter written by Mrs. Adams when she had been six weeks in London :—

"I would recommend to this nation a little more liberality and discernment; their contracted sentiments lead them to despise all other nations. . . . I give America the preference over all these old European nations. In the cultivation of the arts and improvement in manufactures they greatly excel us; but we have native genius, capacity, and ingenuity equal to all their improvements, and much more general knowledge diffused among us. You can scarcely form an idea how much superior our common people, as they are termed, are to those of the same rank in this country. Neither have we that servility of manners which the distinction between nobility and citizens gives to the people of this country. We tremble not either at the sight or name of majesty. I own that I never felt myself in a more contemptible situation than when I stood four hours together for a gracious smile from majesty, a witness to the *anxious solicitude* of those around me for the same mighty *boon*."

Mrs. Adams, it appears, was not a favorite at the English court. The queen was never more than barely civil to her, and Mrs. Adams had no great liking for the queen. A dislike is apt to be mutual. This plain-spoken, republican lady, whom rank and magnificence could not dazzle, who calmly surveyed and coolly judged the little great of the world in which she lived, was out of place at court. We have since had American ladies at the palace of St. James who were more welcome there, because they were less mindful of what was due to the principles and institutions of their own country.

INAUGURATION OF JOHN ADAMS.

PRESIDENT WASHINGTON had announced his intention to retire. The withdrawal of that august and commanding name threw the great prize open to competition, and all the fierce passions of party were enlisted in the strife. The Federal candidates were Adams and Pinckney; the Republican, Jefferson and Burr. After a very animated contest, John Adams was elected to the presidency by a majority of one electoral vote; and Jefferson, having received next to the highest number, was elected vice-president. Neither party, therefore, had won a complete triumph; for, though the Federalists elected their president, the Republicans were partially consoled by placing their favorite in the second office.

It devolved upon Mr. Adams, as vice-president, sitting in the chair of the Senate, to declare the result of the election. On that morning (February 8, 1797) his gifted wife wrote to him from their farm in Massachusetts:—

“My thoughts and my meditations are with you, though personally absent; and my petitions to Heaven are, that the things which make for peace may not be hidden from your eyes. My feelings are not those of pride and ostentation upon the occasion. They are solemnized by a sense of the obligations, the important trusts and numerous duties connected with it. That you may be enabled to discharge them with honor to yourself, with justice and impartiality to your country, and with satisfaction to this great people, shall be the daily prayer of your

“A. A.”

If we may judge from the diary of Mr. Adams, his vanity

was a good deal elated by his elevation to the presidency, as he quotes in it several of the flattering opinions expressed in his hearing upon the occasion, or to his friends. Here is one short paragraph from his diary, written about the time when the result of the election was known:—

"Giles [Member of Congress] says, 'the point is settled. The vice-president will be president. He is, undoubtedly, chosen. The old man will make a good president too.' (There's for you.) 'But we shall have to check him a little now and then. That will be all.' Thus Mr. Giles."

There are several entries of this kind, showing that the president-elect was fully alive to the honor conferred upon him.

A few days after announcing the result of the election to the Senate, Mr. Adams vacated the chair which he had filled for eight years, and pronounced a speech of farewell to the body over which he had presided. General Washington, meanwhile, was joyfully anticipating his release from the anxieties and toils of office. On the day before his retirement he wrote to his old friend, General Knox:—

"To the wearied traveller who sees a resting-place, and is bending his body to lean thereon, I now compare myself. . . . Although the prospect of retirement is most grateful to my soul, and I have not a wish to mix again in the great world, or to partake in its politics; yet I am not without my regrets at parting with (perhaps never more to meet) the few intimates whom I lose, and among these, be assured, you are one. . . . The remainder of my life—which, in the course of nature, cannot be long—will be occupied in rural amusements; and though I shall seclude myself as much as possible from the noisy and bustling world, none would more than myself be regaled by the company of those I esteem at Mount Vernon, more than twenty miles from which, after I arrive there, it is not likely that I shall ever be."

On the last day of his official life he gave a parting dinner

to his associates and most intimate friends. The president-elect, the vice-president-elect, the foreign ministers, the bishop of the Episcopal Church, and other noted personages, were present on this interesting occasion. The guests, we are told, were very merry during the repast; until, the cloth being removed, the general filled his glass, and gave the following toast:—

“Ladies and Gentlemen:—This is the last time I shall drink your health as a public man; I do it with sincerity, wishing you all possible happiness.”

The mirth of the company instantly ceased, and the wife of the British minister, Mr. Irving records, was so much affected that tears streamed down her cheeks.

On the morning of the 4th of March, a great multitude gathered about the hall in Philadelphia, in which Congress sat, and the chamber of the House of Representatives was so crowded that many members resigned their chairs to ladies. At eleven o'clock, Mr. Jefferson reached the Senate chamber, and, having been sworn into office, occupied the chair of the Senate for a moment, and then marched at the head of that body to the chamber of the House, where places had been reserved for them. A few minutes after, loud cheers were heard without, and soon the noble form of the retiring president was descried. Instantly the whole of the vast assembly rose to their feet, and saluted him with the most enthusiastic cheers, acclamations, and the waving of handkerchiefs. On this last public appearance of Washington, the warmth of his welcome seemed to show that his popularity had been in no degree lessened by the partisan violence to which he had been subjected during the whole of his second term. Washington bowed to the people with his usual grace, and took the seat assigned him on the speaker's platform.

Mr. Adams entered next. The audience rose to receive him also, and cheered him most cordially, but not with the enthusiasm which had marked the greeting of Washington. On this occasion, if on no other, the retiring president was a more important and valued personage than the one just coming into power. After the oath had been taken, Mr. Adams advanced

and pronounced his inaugural address, in which, while making the usual announcement of his own purposes and principles, he pronounced an eulogium upon his predecessor, — "who," said he, "by a long course of great actions, regulated by prudence, justice, temperance, and fortitude, — conducting a people inspired with the same virtues, and animated with the same ardent patriotism and love of liberty, to independence and peace, to increasing wealth and unexampled prosperity, — has merited the gratitude of his fellow-citizens, commanded the highest praises of foreign nations, and secured immortal glory with posterity."

The great audience soon after dispersed, and the rest of the day was passed in festivity. We have a highly interesting account of the occasion in a letter which Mr. Adams wrote the next day to his wife, which is characteristic of the man, and reveals something both of his strength and his weakness : —

"Your dearest friend," wrote the president, "never had a more trying day than yesterday. A solemn scene it was, indeed; and it was made more affecting to me by the presence of the general, whose countenance was as serene and unclouded as the day. He seemed to me to enjoy a triumph over me. Methought I heard him say: 'Ay! I am fairly out, and you fairly in! See which of us will be happiest!'

"When the ceremony was over he came and made me a visit, and cordially congratulated me, and wished my administration might be happy, successful, and honorable.

"In the chamber of the House of Representatives was a multitude as great as the space could contain, and I believe scarcely a dry eye but Washington's. The sight of the sun setting full-orbed, and another rising, though less splendid, was a novelty. Chief-Justice Ellsworth administered the oath, and with great energy. Judges Cushing, Wilson, and Iredell were present, Many ladies. I had not slept well the night before, and did not sleep well the night after. I was unwell, and did not know whether I should get through or not. I did, however. How the business was received, I know not, only I have been told that Mason, the treaty-publisher, said we should lose

nothing by the change, for he never heard such a speech in public in his life.

"All agree that, taken altogether, it was the sublimest thing ever exhibited in America."

Such was the peaceful and auspicious beginning of the stormy administration of John Adams.

STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.

IN the autumn of the year 1833, at the town of Winchester, in Illinois, there was to be a great auction sale of property, which drew to the place a large concourse of people from the neighboring country. When the sale was about to begin, the auctioneer was still unprovided with a clerk to enter the goods as they were sold, and he looked about for a person to perform that indispensable labor. At that moment he noticed on the outskirts of the crowd a pale, short, sickly-looking young man, with his coat upon his arm, apparently about nineteen, a stranger in the vicinity, who looked as though he might be able to write and keep accounts well enough for the purpose. He hailed him and offered him the place of clerk, at two dollars a day.

It so happened that this young man was in very pressing need of employment, for he had recently arrived in the State, and having walked into Winchester that morning with all his worldly effects upon his person, including a few cents in his pocket, — and but a few, — he was anxious how he should get through the week. He had not a friend within a thousand miles of the spot, and his entire property would not have brought under the hammer five dollars.

He accepted the clerkship, and mounted to his place near the auctioneer. As the sale went on, he exhibited an aptitude for the duties he had undertaken. His entries were made with promptitude and correctness, and in his intercourse with the buyers and with the crowd he showed that mixture of urbanity and familiarity which the western people like. His repartees were ready, if a little rough, and he kept everybody in good humor. The sale lasted three days, and when it was over he had six dollars in his pocket, and had gained the warm good-will of





L. A. Douglas



the people of Winchester. Some of the leading men, thinking it would be a pity for so valuable a youth to trudge on any further in quest of fortune, and still a greater pity for Winchester to lose him, bestirred themselves in his behalf, and secured his appointment as teacher to the winter school, which he gladly accepted.

Stephen A. Douglas was the name of this popular young man, and thus it was that he began his career in Illinois, which he afterwards represented in Congress for so many years and with so much distinction.

His father was a respectable physician, practising in Rutland County, Vermont, and there Stephen was born, in 1813. When the boy was two months old, Dr. Douglas, while holding him in his arms, dropped dead from apoplexy, and his widow, inheriting little from her husband, went to live upon a farm of which she was half owner. Douglas, therefore, began life as most of the eminent men of America had begun it, by hoeing corn, chopping wood, and "doing chores" upon a farm, attending the district school during the winter. He was a reading, ambitious boy, not disposed to spend his days in manual labor. There seemed, however, no other destiny in store for him, since his mother could not then afford to continue his education. At fifteen he apprenticed himself to a carpenter, worked at the trade two years, and was then obliged to abandon it from a failure of his health. I am not surprised to learn that Douglas used to say that the happiest days of his life were those spent in the carpenter's shop. His speeches show that he had a mathematical head; and he had a decided turn for constructing and planning. No doubt there was an excellent carpenter lost to the country when he took off his apron.

From his seventeenth year to his twentieth he was enabled, by his mother's aid, to attend academies and study law, in the States of Vermont and New York; and it was early in the year 1833 that he turned his steps westward in search of fortune. Starting with a considerable sum of money in his pocket,—a hundred dollars or so,—all went well with him until he reached Cleveland, in Ohio, where he fell sick, and was detained almost all the summer. When he recovered he pushed on, with his

purse sadly reduced, to Cincinnati, and so on to St. Louis, and round to Jacksonville, in Illinois, which he reached with thirty-seven and a half cents in his pocket. He appears to have been hard to please in the matter of a residence. Seeing no opening for a young man at Jacksonville, he walked on to Winchester, sixteen miles distant, and arrived, as we have seen, all but penniless, with his coat on his arm. There, I suppose, he must have stopped from the failure of his supplies. The accident of his catching the eye of the auctioneer supplied him with a capital upon which to begin his life there, and the favor of the people did the rest.

School-master Douglas was successful with his school. He had forty pupils that winter, who paid him three dollars each per quarter; and he had leisure in the evenings to continue his legal studies, and on Saturdays to conduct petty cases before justices of the peace. He did so well that, early in the spring (March, 1834), when he had taught his school just three months, he gave it up, opened an office, and began the practice of the law. He was then twenty-one years of age. There was something about this young lawyer that was extremely pleasing to western people, and he appears to have instantly obtained wide celebrity at the bar; for before he had been practising a year, and before he was twenty-two years old, the legislature of the State elected him attorney-general. Next year he was himself a member of the legislature, — the youngest man in either house, — and two years after, President Van Buren appointed him to the profitable office of Register of the Land Office at Springfield, where Abraham Lincoln, that very spring, had established himself as a lawyer.

Such rapid and unbroken success was remarkable, and was itself a cause of further triumph. The next event, however, in his public life was a failure; but that failure did more for him, as a politician, than any ordinary success could have done. Before he had attained the legal age — twenty-five — he was nominated for member of Congress in the most populous district of Illinois, — nay, the most populous one in the whole country, — there being in it nearly forty thousand voters. Douglas, according to the western fashion, mounted the stump, and spoke daily

to multitudes of people. Seldom has any district been more thoroughly canvassed, and seldom have the minds of men been more inflamed with party zeal. Douglas lost his election by five votes; but when it was known that enough votes had been rejected because his name was spelled upon the tickets with double s at the end of it, every one felt that his failure was a triumph.

In 1840 there was another signal defeat of the Democratic party, which to him, personally, was a splendid success. Every one who is old enough remembers the presidential election of that year, when General Harrison and Mr. Van Buren were the candidates, and log cabins were built in every town, and much bad cider was drunk in them to the success of "Tippecanoe and Tyler too." Every State in the Union, except two or three, gave its vote for General Harrison. Illinois remained true to the Democratic party, and this was chiefly due to the wonderful exertions of Stephen A. Douglas, then but twenty-seven years of age. For seven months he gave himself wholly up to the business of canvassing the State, in the course of which he made two hundred and thirteen speeches. It was the policy of Andrew Jackson, adopted and continued by Martin Van Buren, that was on trial during that summer of excitement. The young orator supported that policy without reserve. Illinois, then an agricultural State almost exclusively, had suffered from the financial policy of the government as much as the eastern States, but it had recovered faster, and the young orator dwelt chiefly upon the good and great things done by General Jackson. It was admitted by friend and opponent that it was the "Little Giant" that kept Illinois from joining the movement that swept the other States irresistibly away.

Nor was it his free and easy style of oratory alone that held the State to its old allegiance. Douglas, as before observed, had a mathematical head. He was a great manager and contriver. I have sometimes thought that if he had had a military education, and had had a chance to develop his talents by active service, he would have been a good, and perhaps a great general. He possessed three qualities of a general, — a power of attach-

ing men to his person, a rare organizing faculty, and plenty of audacity.

His position in Illinois was now such as placed any of its political honors within his easy reach. After serving a short time as its secretary of state, he was appointed judge of its Supreme Court, in which capacity he served three years, and was then, against his will, nominated for representative in Congress. Elected to Congress by the small majority of four hundred, he was re-elected by a majority of nineteen hundred, again re-elected by a majority of three thousand, and at about the same time, he was elected a senator of the United States. March 4th, 1847, being then thirty-six years of age, he took his seat in the Senate, and continued to represent Illinois in that body to the close of his life.

His career in Congress presents a strange mixture of good and evil. I believe that he was an incorruptible man, though no one ever had more or better chances to gain money unlawfully. Once, when he was confined to his room by an abscess, he was waited upon by a millionaire, who offered to give him a deed for two and a half millions of acres of land, now worth twenty millions of dollars, if he would merely give up a certain document.

"I jumped for my crutches," Douglas used to say in telling the story; "he ran from the room, and I gave him a parting blow upon the head."

In these days, when there is so much corruption in politics, and so many rings among politicians and others, it is a pleasure to read a story like this.

At the same time, he was a remarkably expert and successful manager. If any man could get a bill through Congress, he could. He did not care much to shine as a speaker, and, indeed, he did not excel as a speaker in Congress. What he prided himself upon was his skill and success in getting a troublesome measure passed, and in effecting this, he was quite willing that others should have all the glory of openly advocating it. He has been known to spend two years in engineering a bill, devoting most of his time to it, and yet never once speaking

upon it. This was the case with the long series of measures which resulted in the Illinois Central Railroad.

His faults were great and lamentable. Like so many other public men who spend their winters in Washington, he lived too freely and drank too much. If he was a skilful politician; he was sometimes an unscrupulous one, and supported measures for party reasons; which he ought to have opposed for humane and patriotic ones. He said himself that President Polk committed the gigantic crime of "precipitating the country into the Mexican war to avoid the ruin of the Democratic party," and knowing this, he supported him in it. His rapid and uniform success as a politician inflamed his ambition, and he made push after push for the presidency, and finally permitted his party to be divided rather than postpone his hopes. He was in too much of a hurry to be president.

I have been much interested lately in reading his own account of the celebrated scene in Chicago, when he, who had been the favorite of Illinois for twenty years, was hooted for four or five hours for having procured the repeal of the Missouri Compromise. On his way home from Washington he received letters from friends, warning him that if he appeared in Chicago he would be killed. He went, nevertheless, and soon announced his intention to address his fellow-citizens in front of a well-known public hall.

"When the day arrived," said he, "the flags were hung at half-mast on the shipping in the harbor, and for several hours before the time appointed all the church-bells in the city were tolled, at which signal the mob assembled in a force of about ten thousand. I had forty or fifty men who pretended to be with me *privately*, but not half a dozen were so *openly*; they were all afraid. At the appointed hour I repaired to the meeting and went upon the stand, and was greeted by that unearthly yell taught and practised in the Know-Nothing lodges, a howl no man can imitate. I stood and looked at the mob until the howling ceased. When they ceased I commenced by saying:—
" 'I appear before you to-night for the purpose of vindicating the provisions of the Kansas-Nebraska Act.'

"Before the sentence was ended the howl began again. When

it ceased I would begin, and as soon as I commenced it was renewed. At times I appealed to their pride, as the champions of free speech, for a hearing; the howling was renewed; at other times I would denounce them as a set of cowards who came armed with bowie-knives and pistols to put down one man, — unarmed, — afraid to hear the truth spoken, lest there might be some honest men amongst them who would be convinced. At one time I got a hearing for ten or fifteen minutes, and was evidently making an impression upon the crowd, when there marched in from the outside a body of three or four hundred men with red shirts, dressed as sailors, and thoroughly armed, who moved through the crowd immediately in front of the stand, and then peremptorily ordered me to leave it. I stood and looked at them until they ceased yelling, and then denounced them and put them at defiance, and dared them to shoot at an unarmed man. The pistols began to fire all around the outside of the crowd, evidently into the air; eggs and stones were thrown at the stand, several of them hitting men that were near me, and for several hours this wild confusion and fury continued. The wonder is that amid that vast excited crowd no one was so far excited or maddened as to fire a ball at me. The stand was crowded with my enemies, reporters, and newspaper men, and this was undoubtedly my best protection. I stood upon the front of the stand, in the midst of that confusion, from eight o'clock in the evening until a quarter past twelve at night, when I suddenly drew my watch from my pocket and looked at it, in front of the crowd, and in a distinct tone of voice said, at an interval of silence, 'It is now Sunday morning, — I'll go to church, and you may go to hell!' and I retired amidst the uproar, got into my carriage, and rode to my hotel. The crowd followed the carriage, and came near throwing it off the bridge into the river as we crossed; they had seized it for that purpose, and lifted it, but the driver whipped his horses violently, and dashed through and over them, and went to the Tremont House, where I retired to my room. The mob, at least five thousand, followed, and commenced their howls in Lake Street, fronting my room. The landlord begged me to leave the house, fearing they would burn it up, whereupon I raised my window, walked

out on the balcony, took a good look at them, and told them that *the day would come when they would hear me*, and then bade them good-night."

It is impossible not to feel some admiration for such nerve as this. The time did come when the people heard him. During the last years of his life he regained much of his former popularity; and when, on the breaking out of the rebellion in 1861, he gave his hand to Abraham Lincoln, and engaged to stand by him in his efforts to save the country, all his errors were instantly forgiven. But his days were numbered. During his herculean labors of the previous year he had sustained himself by deep draughts of whiskey; and his constitution gave way at the very time when a new and nobler career opened up before him.

Douglas grew stout as he advanced in life. When I saw him first, he was standing on the balcony of the Metropolitan Hotel in New York, with his hands in his pockets, a cigar in his mouth, a battered soft hat on his head, and his large face as red as fire. He was the very picture of a western bar-room politician. But when afterwards I saw him nicely dressed, in the Senate Chamber, bustling about among the members, with his papers in his hand, he looked like a gentleman and a man of business.

NICHOLAS COPERNICUS.

COPERNICUS, the son of a Prussian surgeon, was born in 1473, ten years before the birth of Luther, and thirteen years before the discovery of America. Great men appear to come in groups. About the same time were born the man who revolutionized science, the man who reformed religion, the man who added another continent to the known world, and the man who invented printing. So, in later times, Watt, the improver of the steam-engine, Hargrave and Arkwright, the inventors of the spinning machinery, began their experiments almost in the same year.

Of the early years of Copernicus, we only know that he studied his father's profession of medicine, and that he exhibited a singular love of mathematics, which led him naturally to the study of astronomy.

Our word, *mathematics*, is derived from a Greek word which signifies *knowledge*; implying that the truths of mathematics are certainties, while the results of other inquiries are questionable; indicating, also, that mathematics is the basis of all the sciences, geography, astronomy, chemistry, and even of history and politics. From its difficulty, as well as from its importance, it has some claim to be considered as knowledge, *par excellence*. It is the key to knowledge and the test of knowledge; so that nothing in science can be considered established, till it is demonstrated mathematically.

Carlyle says that the best indication in a boy of a superior understanding is a turn for mathematics. When a boy in addition to a decided mathematical gift, possesses also a natural dexterity in handling tools, and an inclination to observe nature,

there is ground for believing that, if properly aided, he will become a man of science.

We were led to these remarks by observing that the four men of modern times who did most to increase the sum of knowledge — Copernicus, Columbus, Galileo, and Newton — were all natural mathematicians and owed their discoveries directly to mathematics. All of them, also, possessed that manual dexterity, and that love of observing nature of which we have spoken. They were alike in other respects; all of them were endowed with an amazing patience. All of them were men of childlike simplicity of character. All of them were good citizens, as well as sublime geniuses. All of them, but Columbus, perhaps, were even sound men of business, — prudent and successful in the management of their private affairs.

In the days of Copernicus, when all books were in manuscript, and a book cost as much as a house, if a man had a thirst for knowledge, he had to go to some one who possessed knowledge, and get it from his mouth. When Copernicus, at the age of twenty-three, had graduated as a doctor of medicine, and when he had learned all of mathematics and astronomy which his native country could teach him, he was attracted by the great fame of an Italian mathematician, named Regiomontanus. Fired with enthusiasm, he could not sit down at home and quietly practise the healing art. Nothing could content him but a pilgrimage to Rome, to sit at the feet of this learned professor; and, in order to have the means of living there, he became proficient in drawing and painting. The journey across the Alps was long, perilous, and expensive. He arrived in safety, however, and was cordially received by the great man, who freely imparted to him all his stores of knowledge, and admitted him to his friendship.

At Rome he won all hearts by the gentleness of his manners, and his ardor in the pursuit of knowledge. He was appointed, ere long, to a professorship of mathematics, in which he acquired so much distinction that his fame reached his native land.

He had an uncle who was bishop of a German diocese. This good man, hearing such great things of his nephew, procured

for him the office of canon in his bishopric, the income of which was sufficient to maintain a scholar, while the duties were so light as to leave him the use of most of his time. Returning to Germany, he found his claim to the canonry disputed, and he was involved in a most vexatious litigation. But Copernicus, like Newton and like all strong men, was tenacious of his rights, and he bore himself in this affair with such a happy mixture of firmness and prudence, that he conquered all opposition, and entered into the peaceful possession of a place which enabled him to spend his life in the study of nature.

He now divided his time into three equal parts. One third he devoted to his ecclesiastical duties; one third to giving medical advice to the poor gratuitously; and one third to study. Occasionally, however, he was called upon to manage the financial affairs of the diocese, and to defend it against the turbulent and unscrupulous German nobility. In discharging these duties, he displayed wonderful skill, courage, and constancy. He had a surprising power in allaying animosities, and in carrying his point against powerful opposition. He reminds us, in these particulars, of our own good-tempered and sagacious Franklin.

His heart, however, was in the study of astronomy. Having mastered all that previous astronomers had learned and conjectured, he was more and more dissatisfied with their explanations of the celestial phenomena. The prevailing opinion, that the sun revolved round the earth, seemed to be supported by the words of the Bible, which expressly declared that at the command of Joshua, the sun stood still. This was, for a century or more, a great stumbling-block in the path of science. But, by degrees, the grand truth disclosed itself to the mind of Copernicus, — that the sun was the centre of our planetary system, around which all the planets moved. At first, this sublime truth was only a dim conjecture; and it was not till after more than thirty years of patient, laborious calculation, that he felt himself in a position to reveal his system to the world.

But that was a great and dangerous difficulty for a canon of the church. He managed it, however, with a curious blending of boldness and caution. Surrounded with priests of every order, of whom he had been, at many a crisis, the valiant and

skilful champion, and by whom he was held in the highest esteem, he began by communicating his discoveries to them in conversation, — explaining away objections, and enlisting in behalf of his system, their pride as members of his own body. For years he delayed the publication of his work, until priests, abbots, bishops, and cardinals joined in urging him to let it appear. Still he held it back, fearing to be caught in the toils of the Inquisition. At length, a young professor of mathematics visited Copernicus in the disguise of a student, and having learned the substance of his discoveries, published an account of them in a pamphlet. As this pamphlet excited no opposition or controversy, he was emboldened to publish his work.

He was now as audacious as he had before seemed timid; for he dedicated his book to no less a personage than the Pope himself. In his dedication, he sought to disarm opposition by anticipating it. "Should there be," he said, "any babblers, who, ignorant of all mathematics, presume to judge of these things on account of some passage of Scripture wrested to their own purpose, and dare to blame and cavil at my work, I will not scruple to hold their judgment in contempt." He assured his Holiness that his discoveries tended "to the honor of religion, and to the prosperity of the ecclesiastical republic over which your Holiness presides."

At the same time, he was known to be an opponent of the new doctrines of Luther. In his own diocese, the abuses which Luther denounced were probably not formidable, and Copernicus regarded him with honest aversion, as a disturber of the peace of the church. Copernicus, moreover, was a man constitutionally opposed to *all* violent measures and language, such as Luther delighted in. It may be, too, that he manifested more zeal against Luther than he otherwise would, with a view to secure the reception of his own heresies in science.

These measures succeeded. His work was received with general applause, and no one scented heresy in it. This is the more remarkable since, a century after, the Inquisition pursued with the utmost severity, those who merely reasserted what Copernicus had published with perfect impunity. But times had changed in the sixteenth century, when the rapid progress of

Protestantism had roused the Inquisition to a new and deadly activity. Nevertheless, it was chiefly owing to the prudent management of Copernicus that he escaped the censures of the church.

He lived just long enough to see and touch his book. One of his pupils had superintended the printing of it in a distant town, and sent the first copy to the author, then seventy years of age. A few days before its arrival Copernicus had been stricken with paralysis, which deprived him of memory and almost of understanding. A few hours before he breathed his last the volume reached his house, and it was placed in the hands of the dying philosopher. He revived a little, looked at the book, seemed (so the bystanders thought) to know what it was; but, after regarding it a moment, he relapsed into a state of insensibility, and died a few hours after. Like a mother who loses her own life in giving life to another, he died after only once caressing his darling, — the fruit of a lifetime's travail.

The house in which he lived, studied, wrote, and died is still standing at Allenstein. The holes which he made in the wall of his chamber, for the more convenient observation of the heavens, are still shown, as well as the remains of a hydraulic machine which he invented for supplying a neighboring town with water. As a citizen, he was full of public spirit and benevolence, discharging the common duties of life with as much fidelity as though such duties were his only employment. We take pleasure in repeating this fact, because there are those who think that the possession of superior talents exempts a man from ordinary obligations. The truly great have never thought so. Men truly great, have always been greatly good.

CHAUNCEY JEROME.

SIXTY-EIGHT years ago, a good family clock cost from seventy-five to one hundred and fifty dollars, and the cheapest clocks made were twenty-five dollars each. These last were small clocks hung to a nail in the wall, and were wound up by pulling a string. At that time the State of Connecticut already took the lead in the business of clock-making, and we find it mentioned, as a great wonder, that, in 1804, three hundred and fifty clocks were made in Connecticut. The business was done in a very simple and primitive manner. A man would get a few clocks finished, then strap four or five on a horse's back, and go off into an adjacent county to sell them, offering them from door to door. At a later date, some makers got on so far as to employ one or more agents to travel for them.

At the present time, Connecticut makes six hundred thousand clocks per annum, and sells most of them at less than five dollars each. Before the war, some makers sold their cheapest clocks, wholesale, at fifty cents each, their good clocks at two dollars, and their best at about four. The marvellous cheapness and excellence of these time-keepers have spread them over the whole earth. Go where you will, in Europe, Asia, Africa, or America, and you will be pretty sure to come upon Yankee clocks. To England they go by the shipload. Germany, France, Russia, Spain, Italy, all take large quantities. Many have been sent to China, and to the East Indies. At Jerusalem, Connecticut clocks tick on many a shelf, and travellers have found them far up the Nile, in Guinea, at the Cape of Good Hope, and in all the accessible places of South America.

The founder of this branch of manufacture was Chauncey Jerome, born at Canaan, Connecticut, in 1793. He it was who

invented the cheap brass clock, as now made. He it was who invented the ingenious machinery by the use of which those clocks can be manufactured for a tenth of the sum for which they could be produced by hand. He it was who first sent Yankee clocks to foreign countries. He it was who first made these clocks at anything like the present rate of speed or on anything like the present scale. During the fifty years that he has been in the business, he has superintended the manufacture of perhaps, ten millions of clocks, and he has brought the machinery for making them to such a point that six men can make the wheels for one thousand clocks in ten hours !

Sad is the lot of inventors, and sad it must generally be ; for the man who has ideas seldom has much talent for business. Chauncey Jerome, the creator of this great branch of American manufacture, which has enriched his native State, is now, at the age of seventy-three, far from his home, without property, and working for wages. I saw him, the other day, near Chicago, with his honorable gray hairs, and his still more honorable white apron, earning his living by faithful labor for others, after having had hundreds of men in factories of his own. Nor does he repine at the change. He never repined, except during a short time after his failure, when he feared to be compelled to eat the bread of dependence.

His father was a farmer, blacksmith, and nailmaker. At that time all nails were wrought by hand. The boy was brought up, as most boys were then, to work, and to work hard. As soon as he was old enough to handle a hoe or tie up a bundle of grain, he was set at work on the farm, and when he had reached the age of nine years, his father took him into his shop to learn to make nails. For two years he hammered away steadily in the nailshop, when the sudden death of his father broke up the household, and sent forth the forlorn and broken-hearted boy of eleven to seek a home among strangers. As there was scarcely any manufacturing done then in country places, there was nothing for him but to let himself out to a farmer, and work hard for only his subsistence. Farmers were poor then, and the little they had was wrung from the soil by constant labor. Incessant toil for scanty returns hardens the heart, and it was rare at

that time in Connecticut for the farmers to take an interest in the happiness of poor orphans who worked for them. Chauncey, Jerome has to this day a painful remembrance of the dreariness and solitude of his lot as a farmer's boy. Once in two weeks his heartless taskmaker let him go to church, and that was all the joy he had. It was the greatest relief to him to see so many people together, and have a little chat with acquaintances.

At fifteen he was bound apprentice to a carpenter, and was soon able to do a man's work at the business. Apprentices at that day were not much indulged. Chauncey Jerome, when he visited his mother, had to walk all night, so as not to use his master's time, and he had sometimes to trudge a whole summer's day on foot, with his tools on his back, in order to get to the work he had to do. Several times during his apprenticeship he carried his tools thirty miles in one day. There were few vehicles then except farmer's wagons.

From an early age, this boy had had a particular desire to learn how to make a clock, and as soon as his guardian began to talk of apprenticing him, he had expressed a decided preference for clock-making. His guardian replied that so many people were then making clocks in Connecticut, that the whole country would soon be full of them, and in two or three years the business would be good for nothing. One man was then making two hundred clocks a year, and all the *wise* men about shook their heads, and wondered at his folly in glutting the market. So the boy was apprenticed to a carpenter.

As years went on, the apprentice observed that no matter how many clocks his neighbors made, they were all sold. In 1811, when he was eighteen years of age, he proposed to his master an arrangement by which he could try his hand at this mysterious and fascinating business. He said he would undertake to clothe himself if he could have five months of each winter to work on his own account. As the winter was the dull season, his master willingly consented, and the youth walked cheerfully away to Waterbury, where he hired himself to a man who was making clock-dials for the manufacturers of clocks. In this humble way was introduced to the business the man who was to

revolutionize it, and who was destined to make two hundred thousand clocks a year.

After working a while at the dials, he started with two others on a tour to New Jersey, — they to sell the works of clocks, and he to make the cases for them. They travelled in a lumber-wagon, and carried their own provisions. By this time the clockmakers of Connecticut had so systematized their business that they could sell a pretty good clock, that stood seven feet high, for forty dollars. Chauncey Jerome worked fifteen hours a day that winter at case-making, and returned in the spring to his carpenter's shop in Connecticut, with a little money in his pocket. He well remembers passing through New York, and seeing the crowds of people walking rapidly up and down Chat-ham Street, stopping a man to ask him what was the matter. At New Haven, where he afterwards lived in a splendid mansion, he walked about the streets eating bread and cheese, and carrying his clothes in a bundle.

At twenty-one, being his own master, he set up for himself as a carpenter, and a year after married. So poorly was his labor compensated in the hard times after the war, that for eighty-seven dollars he finished the whole interior of a three-story house, including twenty-seven doors and an oak floor, nothing being found for him but the timber. The same work would now cost not far from a thousand dollars. Such was his economy, however, that, even while working at such low rates, he bought a small house and began to pay for it. As the winter of 1816 approached, being out of work, and having a payment to make upon his house in the spring, he was preparing to go to Baltimore in search of employment. Before setting out, he heard that a man in a neighboring town was fitting up a clock factory, and he walked over to it, thinking it just possible he could get employment there. To his unbounded joy, he succeeded, and from that time forward, for fifty years, he was never anything but a clock-maker. His employer was Mr. Eli Terry, who had just invented the wooden clock so long in use by our fathers, which he sold at the astonishingly low price of fifteen dollars. This cheapness so increased the sale of clocks that Mr. Terry was soon making six thousand clocks a year.

Mr. Jerome, after working only one winter in this flourishing establishment, determined to begin the making of clocks on his own account. At first he bought the works ready made, put them together, made the cases, and as soon as he had finished three or four, carried them about for sale. By slow degrees his business increased, until one day he received an order so large that it almost made him dizzy. It was for twelve wooden clocks at twelve dollars each, for a dealer in South Carolina. When he finished the clocks, and was conveying them to the appointed place in a farmer's wagon, he was perfectly bewildered at the idea of having so immense a sum as one hundred and forty-four dollars all at once, and all his own. He could not believe that such good fortune was in store for him. He thought something would be sure to happen to prevent his receiving the money. But no; his customer was ready, and slowly counted out the sum in silver, and the clockmaker took it with trembling hands, and carried it home, dreading lest some robbers might have heard of his vast wealth, and were in ambush to rob and murder him.

His progress was now more rapid, and he soon had his little house paid for. He sold his house, and took his pay in clock-works. He bought some land, and paid for it in clocks. He began to buy timber in large quantities, and instead of selling the clocks from house to house himself, sold them to peddlers and to storekeepers. Soon he invented labor-saving machinery, got up new and elegant patterns for cases, took in partners, and thus rapidly extended his business. He began, ere long, to send consignments of wooden clocks to the southern cities, and this it was that led to the discarding of wood for the works of Yankee clocks. On the voyage the wood would swell sometimes, and spoil them. One night, when Jerome was depressed from a temporary lull in the business, and much troubled with this new difficulty, the idea darted into his mind that possibly a clock could be made of brass as cheaply as of wood. He sprang out of bed and fell to ciphering. He found it could be done. He did it.

This discovery, and the wonderfully ingenious machinery which he invented to carry it out, are the basis of the clock

business of the United States, as it exists to-day. Never have I seen more original and startling mechanical effects than are produced by Jerome's clock-making machinery. Think of one man and one boy sawing veneers enough in one day for three hundred clock cases. Think of six men making brass wheels enough in a day for one thousand clocks. Think of a factory of twenty-five persons producing two thousand clocks a week. Think of a clock being made for forty cents. All this is chiefly due to the patience and genius of Chauncey Jerome.

Well, he made a large fortune — several large fortunes — and had retired from active business, though still being at the head of the Jerome Clockmaking Company of New Haven. The management of this company was left wholly and absolutely to partners, and they, by a course of injudicious management, brought the company into an embarrassed financial condition. Their attempts to escape from it only sunk them deeper in difficulty. In 1860 the well-known bankruptcy occurred which reduced Chauncey Jerome to beggary, and drove him from his princely abode to a hired cottage, the rent of which he could scarcely pay. So guilelessly honest is he by nature, that he did not save from the wreck money enough to maintain his family during the next winter. The catastrophe came upon him like a clap of thunder out of a clear sky. He did not know the company was in trouble, and during all its struggles he never once saw the man who was endorsing its paper.

Mr. Jerome, however, has found an honorable asylum in his old age. The new Clock Company of Chicago has engaged him at a liberal salary to superintend its manufactory, and there he now is, busy in supplying the great North-west with his own clocks. He is now seventy-eight years of age. Few living men have been more useful to their countrymen than he, and no old man is worthier of our respect.

CHARLES GOODYEAR.

ONE day, in the year 1833, a Philadelphia merchant, who was stopping a few days in New York on business, chanced to pass the store of the Roxbury India Rubber Company, in the lower part of the city. Seeing the words *India Rubber* on the sign, reminded him of the life-preservers of that material, which had been much spoken of in the newspapers as a new article of great utility. Being a natural lover of improvements, he went into the store to examine them, and the result was that he bought one and took it home with him to Philadelphia.

The name of this inquisitive person was Charles Goodyear, of the firm of A. Goodyear and Sons, hardware merchants. Prosperous merchants they had been for several years, with a factory in Connecticut, their native State, and an extensive establishment in Philadelphia for the sale of their products; but, at this time, they were involved in debt and difficulty. Having failed in 1830, they had compromised with their creditors, and were striving bravely to extricate themselves. But all their efforts proved fruitless, and they were compelled, at length, to give up all they possessed, and withdraw from business, still burthened with heavy obligations. This calamity occurred soon after the time when Charles Goodyear made his purchase of the India Rubber life-preserver, and when he was already thinking of turning his attention to some other branch of business.

On examining his life-preserver, an improvement in the tube by which it was inflated occurred to him; and, the next time he was in New York, he showed it to the agent of the Roxbury Company, and offered to sell the improvement. The agent acknowledged the value of the idea, and proceeded to lay open to the inventor the state of the India Rubber manufacture in the

United States, and the condition of the great Roxbury Company, in order to account for the improbability of the Company's buying the tube invention.

There had been an India Rubber mania in New England, like that of petroleum during the late war; of which mania this Roxbury Company, with a capital of three hundred thousand dollars, was the most remarkable result. The first pair of India Rubber shoes ever seen in the United States were brought here, in 1820. They were gilt, and were pointed like the slippers of the Chinese mandarin. This pair, which were handed about as a curiosity, were followed, in 1823, by an importation of five hundred pairs, which, rough and ill-shaped as they were, were eagerly bought at high prices; and, from that time onward, there was a regular importation of India Rubber shoes from South America, of five thousand pairs per annum. It was the high prices which these shoes commanded, as compared with the extreme cheapness of the raw material, that caused the expectation of such enormous profits from their manufacture at home. Hence the rage of 1832 for India Rubber stocks. Hence the formation of the Roxbury Company, and the extravagant expectations of its stockholders.

The agent of that company, however, had but a sorry tale to tell Charles Goodyear in 1833. He told him that the material had presented unexpected difficulties. Shoes made in winter melted as soon as the summer came. When exposed to the cold, they grew as hard as stone; but a temperature of one hundred degrees reduced a case of shoes to a mass of gum. And, what was worse, no one could tell of the winter-made shoes, whether they would stand the summer heats or not. The Company feared to manufacture a large quantity, since the first hot week in June would melt the product of eight months' labor, as readily as a single pair of shoes. In short, the agent said, unless a way could be discovered of hardening or curing this singular substance, and that very soon, the Roxbury Company would be obliged to wind up its affairs from the exhaustion, at once, of its patience and its capital. This catastrophe, in fact, soon after happened, to the ruin of a large number of the people of Massachusetts. With it died all interest in the home manu-

fracture of India Rubber, except in the mind of a single individual — Charles Goodyear.

On his return to Philadelphia he began to study and experiment with India Rubber. He bought a few pounds. He melted it, kneaded it, rolled it, read about it, talked of it with professors and physicians, pondered it by night and day. He even made a few pairs of shoes, which were very pretty to look at; but they would stick together as soon as they were brought into a warm room. He mixed magnesia, alcohol, turpentine, with the melted gum, and tried in every way he could conceive to render it a manageable substance. Still baffled, he bought a quantity of the sap as it comes from the India Rubber tree, and experimented with that. Coming to his shop one morning, an Irishman in his employ met him at the door in high spirits, saying that he had found out the great secret and beaten a Yankee, pointing to his trousers, which he had dipped into one of the barrels of sap. They were so nicely coated over with the glistening gum, that for a moment, Mr. Goodyear thought that perhaps Jerry had blundered into the secret. The man sat down to his work on the top of a cask. On attempting to rise, a few minutes after, he found himself glued to his seat, and his legs stuck tight together. He had to be cut out of his trousers, amid the laughter of the bystanders. Another time Mr. Goodyear thought he had succeeded in curing India Rubber, by mixing it with quicklime. He made some specimens of India Rubber cloth, which had an elegant appearance; but, after enjoying his triumph a few days, he found, to his dismay, that the weakest acid, such as apple-juice, orange-juice, or vinegar and water, dropped upon his cloth, dissolved it into soft gum again.

But Charles Goodyear was a man who, having undertaken a thing, could not give it up. He struggled on for five years, — in debt, with a family, and exposed to the derision or reproaches of his friends. Several times he was in the debtor's prison. He sold his effects, he pawned his trinkets, he borrowed from his acquaintances, he reduced himself and his young family to the severest straits. When he could no longer buy wood to melt his rubber with, his children used to go out into the fields and pick up sticks for the purpose. Always supposing himself

to be on the point of succeeding, he thought the quickest way to get his family out of their misery was to stick to India Rubber.

In the fifth year of his investigations a glorious success rewarded him. He made one of the simplest, and yet one of the most useful, discoveries which has ever been made in the United States. It was this: Take a piece of common, sticky India Rubber, sprinkle upon it powdered sulphur, put it into an oven heated to 275 degrees, bake it a short time, and it comes out a new material, which has all the good properties of India Rubber, without that liability to harden in cold weather and dissolve in warm, which had hitherto baffled all his endeavors to turn it to useful account. It was found, by subsequent experiments, that, by varying the proportions and the heat, he could make it as soft or as hard as he chose. He could make the softest cloth or the hardest ivory. He could make it as flexible as whalebone or as rigid as flint. In short, he had produced not merely a new material, but a new class of materials, applicable to a thousand uses.

Overjoyed with his success, he thought his troubles were over. Never was a poor inventor more mistaken. By this time, he had utterly tired out all his friends and acquaintances. He was thought to be India Rubber mad. As soon as he opened his mouth to speak of India Rubber, his friends manifested such signs of repugnance, pity, or incredulity, that he was abashed and ashamed to continue. As to mere acquaintances, they laughed at him. One of them, being asked one day how Mr. Goodyear could be recognized in the street, replied:—

"If you see a man with an India Rubber cap, an India Rubber coat, India Rubber shoes, and an India Rubber purse in his pocket, with not a cent in it, that is Charles Goodyear."

He used to say, in after times, that two years passed, after he had made his discovery, before he could get one man to believe him. During that period he endured everything that a man can endure and live. Very often he knew not how to get the next loaf for his children. Very often, in the coldest day of a New England winter, he had neither food nor fire. Once he had a dead child in his house, and no means with which to

bury it. He was denounced as a man who neglected his family to pursue a ridiculous idea, which could never be of the slightest use to any one.

In New York, at length, he found a man who had faith enough in his discovery to enter into partnership with him for bringing the new material before the public. From that time his children, indeed, had enough to eat; but it was three or four years more before his patent began to bring him in any considerable return.

Any one but Charles Goodyear would then have stopped and quietly enjoyed the fruit of his labors. But *he*, we repeat, was an inventor. He saw that the application of India Rubber to the arts was still in its infancy, and he felt it a kind of religious duty to go on developing his discovery. Therefore, he never entered into the manufacture of India Rubber goods, but, selling rights to manufacture for a low per centage on the sales, he spent all the rest of his life in applying the varied forms of his material to new uses. Like all other inventors, he was tormented with litigation. His right to his discovery was unquestionable, yet men there were who infringed that right; and, though the courts sustained him, the defence of his rights cost him enormous sums.

The present condition of the India Rubber manufacture in the United States and Europe testifies to the ingenuity and devotion of this remarkable man. We are informed, by a gentleman engaged in the business, that a single firm in the city of New York sells two million dollars' worth of India Rubber belting and engine-packing every year; and this firm is only one out of forty engaged in the Rubber business in this city alone. By Goodyear's process one girl can make twenty pairs of India Rubber shoes in a day, — so easily is the material worked, — and yet the various branches of the trade give employment to fifty thousand persons in the United States. Take one item, — the new clothes-wringer made of India Rubber rollers, invented three years ago. The companies engaged in the manufacture of this article are now selling the astonishing number of two hundred thousand per annum in this country; and, recently, a whole shipload was sent to England. During the late war, more than a

million blankets of India Rubber were supplied to the armies.

Charles Goodyear died in July, 1860, in the sixty-first year of his age. He literally wore out his constitution in his zeal for developing his discovery. Though he had been for many years a sufferer from disease, his death was somewhat sudden and unexpected. Almost to his last day he was still employed in the work to which his life was devoted. It is not without a pang that we record, that, after all his toils and successes, he died insolvent, leaving his devoted and gifted wife, the faithful helpmeet and solace of his later years, and a family of six children, the youngest but two months old, without provision. Such is but the common fate of inventors. That very zeal and enthusiasm, which alone enable them to carry out their ideas, deprives them of the substantial reward which other men win by using their discoveries.

JOHN A. SUTTER,

AND THE DISCOVERY OF GOLD IN CALIFORNIA.

PEOPLE often say what they would do if they should find a gold mine; evidently supposing that a man who finds a gold mine is made rich of course. But this, it appears, is not always the case. Neither the man who discovered gold in California, nor the man upon whose land it was discovered, have been benefited by it. On the contrary, the discovery ruined them both, and both are to-day poor men.

John A. Sutter, the son of Swiss parents, was born in 1803, at Baden, where he was reared and expensively educated. In early life he obtained a commission in the French army, in which he rose to the rank of captain, and remained in the service until he was thirty years of age. A number of his Swiss friends and relations, in 1833, formed a company with a view to emigration to some part of the United States suited to wine-growing; and they selected Captain Sutter to go to America and choose a location for the colony. He arrived in New York, upon this errand, in July, 1834.

Proceeding to the State of Missouri, he chose a place for the colony in a region unpopulated, if, indeed, it had been explored, and he was making preparations for the coming of his friends, when a sad mishap frustrated the enterprise. Captain Sutter brought with him a considerable capital, with which he was to begin a settlement, erect buildings, and get a piece of land under cultivation. Unfortunately, a steamboat, loaded with implements and stores, timber and other materials, for the projected establishment, was sunk in the Mississippi river, and proved a total loss. Being thus compelled to postpone the scheme of colonization, and being of an adventurous turn of mind, he made a tour in New Mexico. There he met some

hunters and trappers who had visited Upper California, and they gave him such a captivating description of that beautiful and romantic country, that he determined to go thither himself.

In March, 1838, he joined a party of the American Fur Company, and travelled with them to the Rocky Mountains; and thence, with six mounted men, he crossed the range and made his way to Fort Vancouver, in Oregon. As there was no mode of getting down the coast to California, he took passage in a vessel bound to the Sandwich Islands. At Honolulu he waited five months, during which not a single vessel sailed for San Francisco. He then accepted a situation as supercargo in a vessel which was to land stores at Sitka, an island which forms part of what was till recently Russian America, but which, I presume, will soon rejoice in another name. From Sitka the vessel proceeded along the coast, and was driven into the port of San Francisco in distress.

Captain Sutter announced his intention to remain in the country to the Mexican governor, from whom he obtained a grant of land. After many adventures and tantalizing delays, he landed a schooner-load of effects on the Sacramento river, near the site of the present city of Sacramento, and there began to build the stockade afterwards so famous as Sutter's Fort. He was then thirty-six years of age, and had been in America five years. His colony consisted of six white men, adventurers from various parts of the world, and eight Indians. In the following year eight more white men straggled in and joined him, so that the population of the district consisted of fourteen white men, eight friendly Indians, and some hundreds of roving savages. Every season, however, brought in a few recruits.

The colony prospered. Besides cultivating the soil, Captain Sutter and his comrades sent hides to San Francisco, for exportation to the United States, and the port became a depot of furs purchased from the wandering trappers and hunters. The land granted to Captain Sutter consisted of eleven square leagues, and he named his settlement New Helvetia.

Many a worn and starving band of emigrants from the United States were relieved and entertained at Captain Sutter's. One example of this hospitality tells a terrible story of the sufferings

endured at that day in crossing the plains. A man came in one morning and reported that his comrades were some miles distant in the desert country, dying of starvation. Sutter instantly loaded a few of his best mules with provisions, and despatched them to the relief of the perishing band, under the guidance of two Indians. The starving party was so large that the supplies were insufficient. After consuming the provisions, they killed the mules and ate them; then they killed the two Indians and devoured them; and even after that, when some of their own number fell exhausted, they ate them. This is almost too much for belief. I relate it upon the authority of Mr. Edward E. Dunbar, President of the Travellers' Club of this city, who had the story from Captain Sutter himself, and who has recently published a work upon the discovery of gold in California, from which most of these particulars are derived.

The war with Mexico ended in our acquisition of California. As early as March, 1847, the flag of the United States floated over San Francisco, and troops of the United States garrisoned the town.

In 1848 Captain Sutter was the owner of eleven leagues of land, upon which he had erected various costly improvements. He had a flour-mill, supplied by a mill-race three miles long, which had cost twenty-five thousand dollars. He had expended ten thousand dollars in the erection of a saw-mill. One thousand acres of his land were verdant with young wheat. He owned eight thousand cattle, two thousand horses and mules, two thousand sheep, and one thousand hogs. Besides possessing all this property, he had been appointed alcalde of the district by Commodore Stockton, and Indian agent by General Kearney. He was monarch of all he surveyed, and was held in high respect, both by his colonists and by the United States officers stationed in the Territory. This was his position on the day gold was discovered on his land.

One of the men in his employment was James W. Marshall, a native of New Jersey, who, after long wanderings on the Pacific coast, had enlisted under Colonel Fremont, in the California battalion, from which, at the close of the war, he was honorably discharged. As he was an excellent mechanic,

he obtained employment from Captain Sutter. It was he who superintended the building of the saw-mill just mentioned, which was situated at a point forty miles east of Sutter's fort. In January, 1848, the mill being nearly complete, they had begun to saw timber, Marshall still being the superintendent.

In the evening of February 2, 1848, James Marshall suddenly rode into the fort, — his horse foaming, and both horse and rider spattered all over with mud. The man was laboring under wild excitement. Meeting Captain Sutter, he asked to be conducted to a room where they could converse alone. The astonished Sutter complied with his desire, and they entered a secluded apartment. Marshall closed the door, and asked Captain Sutter if he was certain they were safe from intrusion, and begged him to lock the door. The honest Sutter began to think the man was mad, and was a little alarmed at the idea of being locked in with a maniac. He assured Marshall that they were safe from interruption. Satisfied, at length, upon this point, he took from his pocket a pouch, from which he poured upon the table half a thimble-full of yellow grains of metal, with the exclamation that he thought they were gold.

"Where did you get it?" asked Captain Sutter.

Marshall replied, that, early that morning, the water being shut off from the mill-race, as usual, he noticed, in passing along, shining particles scattered about on the bottom. He picked up several, and, finding them to be metal, the thought had burst upon his mind that they might be gold. Having gathered about an ounce of them, he had mounted his horse and ridden forty miles to impart the momentous secret to his employer, and bring the yellow substance to some scientific test.

Captain Sutter was at first disposed to laugh at his excited friend. Among his stores, however, he happened to have a bottle of aqua-fortis, and the action of this powerful acid upon the yellow particles at once proved them to be pure gold!

The excitement of this moment can be imagined. Marshall proposed that Captain Sutter should immediately mount and ride back with him to the saw-mill; but, as it was raining hard, the night dark, and the mill forty miles distant, Captain

Sutter preferred to wait till daylight. Marshall, however could not be restrained. He set out immediately on his return. At the dawn of day, Sutter started; and, when he was within ten miles of the saw-mill, he saw before him, coming out of some bushes, a dark object which he took to be a grisly bear, but which proved to be James Marshall!

"What are you doing here?" asked Sutter.

Marshall replied that he had been to the saw-mill, but was so impatient to see the captain, that he had walked back ten miles to meet him. They went on together to the mill, and found all the laborers picking up the shining particles from the bottom of the race. Captain Sutter did not relish the prospect. He soon satisfied himself that gold, in considerable quantities, existed in the neighborhood, but as the harvest was coming on, and some of his improvements were unfinished, he feared lest his men should leave him in the lurch, and all go to gold-digging. Calling his men around him, he explained his situation, and they agreed to keep the matter a secret for six weeks, when the harvest would be gathered. But such a secret cannot be kept. A teamster, going from the mill to the fort, and wishing something to drink, went to a store and asked for a bottle of whiskey. As the teamster's credit was not high in the country, the store-keeper intimated that whiskey was a cash article. The man said he had plenty of money, and immediately showed some grains of the precious metal which he had brought from the saw-mill. The store-keeper, having satisfied himself that the yellow particles were indeed gold, supplied the whiskey, at the same time begging the man to tell where he had got it. The teamster, at first, refused to reveal the secret, but the whiskey soon unloosed his tongue, and he related the whole story.

The rush that followed is well known. All California hurried to the spot. Sutter's harvest was never gathered. His oxen, hogs, and sheep were stolen by hungry men and devoured. No hands could be procured to run the mills. His lands were squatted upon and dug over, and he wasted his remaining substance in fruitless litigation to recover it. To carry on the legal warfare he was compelled to sacrifice or mortgage the

parts of his estate not seized by the gold-diggers; until, little by little, his magnificent property melted away, and he is now, at the age of sixty-four, all but destitute. For one item he has paid, during the last ten years, in counsel fees and legal expenses, one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars.

As for poor Marshall (who claims to be a great grandson of a signer of the Declaration of Independence), he was one of the unsuccessful diggers. He was reduced to extreme poverty. Two or three years ago, however, he obtained a warrant for a tract of land in California, to which his services in the Mexican war entitled him, and upon which he began the culture of grapes. In this business he has had some success, and his prospects are fair for a secure and honorable old age. His little farm is situated not far from the spot where, nineteen years ago, he ruined himself by discovering a gold mine.

VALENTINE MOTT.

ON that Saturday morning, when the news of the assassination of President Lincoln struck horror and dismay to the minds of the people of New York, Dr. Valentine Mott, the most eminent surgeon America has produced, was seated in his dressing-room under the hands of his barber. He had reached the age of eighty years, but was still hale and vigorous. Though retired from practice, he was occasionally induced to perform an operation, and his hand appeared to have lost little of its steadiness or skill. Four times during the last winter he had operated for rigidity of the lower jaw; he had used the knife that very week, and was under an engagement to remove an enlarged cancer of the breast. The doctor was an unusually handsome old gentleman, of erect and finely developed frame, his countenance well defined and healthy-looking, and his hair as white as snow. As he appeared in the streets, clad in his suit of spotless black, his linen as snowy as his hair, he looked the very picture of that character which is so much admired, "a gentleman of the old school."

It has been a custom with barbers, from time immemorial, to discourse with their patrons of the news of the day. The barber of Dr. Mott at once began to speak of the awful news of that morning. The doctor, who had heard nothing of it, was overwhelmed with the intelligence. He turned as pale as death. Rising from his chair, he staggered to an adjoining room in search of his wife. "My dear," said he, "I have received such a shock, — President Lincoln has been murdered." Having uttered these words, he sat down, still deadly pale, and so feeble that he could scarcely keep his seat. He was soon seized with acute pains in the back, and appeared to be overtaken,

all at once, with the weakness usually attached to fourscore. From that time, he continued to grow feebler every hour, and, after lingering ten days, breathed his last,—a victim of the same blow that robbed the nation of its chief.

Dr. Mott was born at Glen Cove, on Long Island, in 1785, only fifteen months after the final ratification of the treaty which acknowledged the independence of the United States; so that he was almost as old as the nation. His father, Henry Mott, was also a physician, an old New York practitioner, who died at the age of eighty-three. After the usual course of medical study at Columbia College, he obtained his degree in his twenty-first year, and sailed for Europe to continue his studies. At that time, owing to the severity of the laws against body-snatching, and the intense hostility of the people to the dissection of the dead, it was impossible in New York to procure the requisite means of studying the human frame. Bodies were occasionally obtained from the prisons and almshouses, but even these were granted reluctantly, and, at that day, they were very few in number. Hence the necessity which compelled a young man, ambitious to rise high in his profession, to repair to the medical schools of Paris, London, and Edinburgh.

Dr. Mott spent three years abroad, and faithfully improved his time. A surgeon, however, like a poet, is born, not made. That firmness and dexterity of hand, that boldness and resolution, that perfect eyesight, that strength of muscle, that calmness of nerve, and power of enduring a long drain upon the vitality, which are requisite in great surgical operations, are nature's own gift. Study may make a man a physician, but no man can be a great surgeon unless he is born for that vocation. In the hospitals of Europe, while still little more than a youth, Dr. Mott gave evidence of possessing the surgeon's peculiar organization. He performed several leading operations with so much success, that he returned home famous, and was at once appointed Professor of Surgery in Columbia College. From that time to the day of his death, a period of fifty-six years, he was a Professor of Surgery in New York. He was the first teacher of his art in this country to deliver bedside lectures to students,—a method extremely disagreeable to the patient whose dis-

eased body furnishes the subject of the lecture, but highly beneficial to the students.

He used to tell a story of the desperate risks that had to be incurred, fifty years ago, in getting bodies for dissection. To be merely found in possession of a human limb subjected a student to a long term of imprisonment; and such was the fury of the people against dissection, that, if a man escaped the severity of the law, he would be likely to incur a worse fate at the hands of a mob. Nevertheless, one dark night, in 1815, Dr. Mott and a number of his students braved all the terrors of the law and of the mob in their efforts to procure a winter's supply of "subjects." Dressed in the coarse and well-worn clothes of a laborer, he mounted a cart, and drove alone to a burying-ground some distance out of town. A band of students had been at work within the enclosure, and, by the time the cart arrived, they were ready with the load designed for it. Eleven bodies were quickly placed in the cart, and covered over in such a way as to lead passers-by to suppose that it was loaded with country produce. That done, the young men vanished into the night, leaving their professor to drive his cart to the college in Barclay street. In the dead of night he drove down Broadway, and reached the college unchallenged, where the band of students were ready to receive him. The load was promptly transferred to the dissecting-room, and the cart returned to its owner.

To a late period of his life he was accustomed, before performing an important operation, to experiment upon the dead body.

A story is told of his readiness in the lecture-room. A mother brought into the amphitheatre, one morning, an extremely dirty, sickly, miserable-looking child, for the purpose of having a tumor removed. He exhibited the tumor to the class, but informed the mother that he could not operate upon the child without the consent of her husband. One of the students, in his eagerness to examine the tumor, jumped over into the little enclosure designed for the operator and his patients. Dr. Mott, observing this intrusion, turned to the student, and asked him, with the most innocent expression of countenance:

"Are you the father of this child?" Thunders of applause and laughter greeted this ingenious rebuke, during which the intruder returned to his place crestfallen.

His coolness in the very crisis of an operation was very remarkable. If he had occasion for another instrument, he never took it without a courteous bow and word to the assistant who handed it to him. There was never the slightest appearance of haste, tremor, anxiety, or excitement. He went calmly on, from the first incision to the last ligature, his touch always sure, and his judgment clear. He cut firmly and boldly, yet with a certain gentleness, too, that reduced the patient's sufferings to the minimum, and greatly facilitated the healing of the wounds. There was no chloroform, it must be remembered, during the first forty years of his practice, to keep the patient still and unconscious under the knife. The surgeon had to endure at every moment the consciousness that he was inflicting agony, and hear the shrieks of the sufferer lying bound upon the table, or held by strong men in the chair.

The first honors of surgery are awarded to those who are the first to perform difficult operations. Judged by this standard, Dr. Mott is entitled to the first rank among the surgeons of the world. In his thirty-third year, he placed a ligature around arteries within two inches of the heart,—an operation sufficient of itself to place him at the summit of his profession. In 1828, he performed what is universally allowed to be the most difficult feat ever attempted in surgery. A clergyman was afflicted with an enormous tumor in the neck, in which were embedded and twisted many of the great arteries. In removing this tumor, it was necessary to take out entire one of the collar-bones, to lay bare the membrane enclosing the lungs, to dissect around arteries displaced by the tumor and embedded in it, to apply forty ligatures, and remove an immense mass of diseased matter. All this was done without the aid of chloroform. The patient survived the operation, and is now living, and discharging the duties of his profession. Dr. Mott was the first to operate successfully for immovability of the lower jaw, and the first to entirely remove the lower jaw. He was the first to succeed in sewing up a slit in a large vein; and he did this in some cases

where a portion of the vein had been sliced away, — an operation of inconceivable delicacy. He once cut away two inches of the deep jugular vein, which was embedded in a tumor, and tied both ends of it. In the course of his long professional life he tied the carotid artery forty-six times; performed the operation for stone one hundred and sixty-five times; and amputated nearly a thousand limbs. Sir Astley Cooper truly remarked: "Dr. Mott has performed more of the great operations than any man living, or that ever did live."

A great surgeon is frequently tempted, by the mere love of his art, to perform an operation not strictly necessary. Dr. Mott held this practice in abhorrence. He used to relate an anecdote of his last visit to Paris, which shows that some surgeons are not so scrupulous. A celebrated Paris surgeon asked him one day if he would like to see him perform his original operation. "Nothing would give me more pleasure," replied Dr. Mott. The Frenchman mused a moment, and then said: "However, now I think of it, there is no patient in the hospital who has that malady. No matter, my dear friend, there is a poor devil in Ward No. —, who is of no use to himself or anybody else; and if you'll come to-morrow, I'll operate beautifully on him." It need not be said that Dr. Mott declined to witness the perpetration of a crime so atrocious.

The venerable doctor was an ardent patriot. At the beginning of the rebellion he gave a curious reply to a friend who asked him what he thought would be its result.

"Sir," said he, "I grant you that the body politic has been severely *lacerated*, and I doubt not that the wound will heal eventually; but it will be by the *second intention*. There will always be a scar to mark the union of the dissevered parts."

He was one of the eminent men commissioned by the government to examine the prisoners of war whom Jefferson Davis had starved and tortured at Andersonville, Salisbury, and Belle Isle. On his return, he was asked whether the newspaper reports of their condition were exaggerated.

"My dear boy," he exclaimed, with horror depicted on his countenance, "you can form no idea of the poor, shrivelled, wasted victims. In the whole course of my surgical experience,

not excepting the most painful operations on deformed limbs, I have never suffered so much in my life at the sight of anything, I care not what it is. It unnerved me. I felt sick."

This, remember, was the testimony of a man who, for a period of sixty-five years, had been in the constant habit of witnessing human suffering in every form; who had *lived* in the hospitals of the great cities; and who was a gentleman of unimpeachable veracity.

THEODORE R. TIMBY.

It is safe to say that not one in ten of the American people ever heard of the gentleman whose name stands at the head of this article. Still more certain is it that every American citizen is indebted to him for a service of the greatest importance.

It was remarkable, during the late war, that the news of the most thrilling events usually reached New York on Sunday. Who will ever forget that Sunday evening, in March, 1862, when an "Extra" horrified us all with the intelligence that the long-derided iron-clad monster, Merrimac, had "come out" at last, and sunk the Congress, captured and burnt the Cumberland, driven the Minnesota aground, thrown shot into the camp at Newport News, and only awaited the dawn of another day to continue her ravages. We were informed, too, that the heaviest cannon-balls glanced from her iron armor as harmlessly as hail-stones from a slate-covered roof. What was to prevent this new engine of war from raining destruction upon Fortress Monroe and upon General McClellan's army? Nay, what had we that could prevent her steaming up the Potomac, and destroying the city of Washington?

This was bad news to go to bed upon; but we were hardened to bad news then, and most of us, I suppose, slept our regular allowance. But oh, the relief, when we seized the paper next morning, and read the strange tale of the Monitor's interposition; how a "small raft with a cheese-box upon it" had come between the Merrimac and her helpless prey, the grounded Minnesota, and, after a four hours' fight, driven the monster off disabled!

If, on that day, I could have gone down town and pointed out to the crowd in Wall Street the man in whose brain the idea

of the Monitor originated, good heavens ! what would they have done with him ? Or, still better, if I could have taken him on board the rescued Minnesota, would it not have required all the spell of discipline to prevent the sailors from hugging him to within an inch of his life ?

I have the honor of presenting this gentleman to the reader : Theodore R. Timby is his name. He is a native of Dutchess County, in the State of New York, and now resides at Saratoga Springs, in the same State. His claim to the invention has been acknowledged by the government, and he has received, as owner of the patent, a certain sum upon every turreted vessel built since the Monitor demonstrated their utility. Strange to relate, this invention was twenty years old when the war broke out, and Mr. Timby's first patent had slumbered, useless and scarcely known, for a period of eighteen years. This arrow remained in the national quiver all that time, to be drawn forth at a critical moment, and used with an effect that astonished all the world.

Theodore R. Timby, born in 1822, a farmer's son, educated in the public schools of his native State, was an inventor almost from his childhood. At the age of sixteen he made one of the most brilliant inventions of our age, — that of the floating dry-dock. Readers in the country, perhaps, do not know what a floating dry-dock is. It is a huge wooden box, sunk to the bottom of the river by being filled with water. When it is desired to raise a ship out of water, for the purpose of repairing or coppering her bottom, she is floated over and fastened to this sunken box. The water is then pumped out of the box by steam pumps, which, of course, causes it to rise to the surface, carrying the ship up with it. By this simple contrivance I once saw a Cunard steamship, with all her freight and coal on board, lifted out of the water in about two hours. This exquisite invention was made by a boy of sixteen. Many persons still living saw his model and admired his idea ; but he was too young to pursue it, and his dock was subsequently re-invented, patented, and brought into general use by other parties.

His notion of a revolving turret was also a fancy of his boyhood. He has still in his possession a model of a revolving

tower, cut in ivory when he was nineteen years old. He designed his tower for use both on land and sea, and his first patent, dated January 18, 1843, specifies this twofold use. On shore, his invention would be a revolving, iron-clad fort; employed on the sea, it is a revolving, iron-clad, floating battery.

In the spring of 1843, having obtained his patent, the young inventor proceeded to construct a model of a revolving fortress, twenty-one feet in circumference. This model was made at Syracuse, and was afterwards brought to New York, where it was publicly exhibited, and described in the newspapers. When President Tyler passed through New York, in June of that year, it was shown to him in the Governor's Room of the City Hall. The invention was admired by all competent persons who inspected it; but no one, it appears, appreciated its importance. No iron-clad vessels having yet been built, and rifled cannon being unknown, the necessity of iron-clad forts was not apparent. The inventor was told, by the military authorities at Washington, that the forts already existing were sufficient for the defence of our harbors, and his invention was totally neglected by them.

As on a lovely day in summer it is difficult to realize that, ere many months have passed, the earth will be covered with snow, and wintry winds howling through the leafless trees, so, when peace has long blessed a country, it is not easy to believe that war will one day threaten and desolate its shores. I well remember walking over Governor's Island, in New York harbor, some years ago, and finding its principal fortification without a serviceable gun, and tenanted only by one woman. For many years before the outbreak of the late war, another island in the harbor, filled with warlike stores, was in the custody of one sergeant. In 1843 Mr. Timby could get no official person to urge the adoption of his invention, which he had expended several thousand dollars in completing. In 1848 he made such progress as to get a committee appointed to examine his plans and models. One member of this committee was Jefferson Davis. These gentlemen joined the Chief of Ordnance in reporting favorably upon the invention to Mr. Marcy, the Secretary of War; and there the matter rested. It would have

required, indeed, a very bold and far-seeing Secretary of War to have undertaken, in 1848, the erection of revolving iron-clad forts and floating batteries.

Mr. Timby then went to France, and submitted his plans to the government of Louis Napoleon. He had no better success at Paris than at Washington.

Never did he cease to meditate and improve upon his original conception, although compelled to direct his chief attention to other business. He made several valuable inventions, twenty of which were patented. When the war broke out, in 1861, he felt that the time had come to bring his favorite scheme to bear upon the defence of his country, and he immediately made a new model of his revolving tower, which combined all the improvements which eighteen years of reflection had suggested. This model he took to Washington, and placed it in a room of the Treasury Department, where it was seen by the members of the cabinet and the public. The value of the idea was not yet fully recognized. It was not until the immortal Monitor had done her glorious morning's work in Hampton Roads, a year later, that Mr. Timby's invention was hailed throughout the world as a most important addition to the art of war.

It is pleasant to record that the inventor of the iron-clad revolving turret, after waiting twenty-two years for his reward, obtained it at last, and without difficulty. His claim to the invention was not disputed, and could not be. A new patent was issued to him, covering all his late improvements. The gentlemen who had contracted to build Monitors for the government offered terms to the inventor, which he considered just, and which he accepted. His emoluments, of course, have not been as great as those of some enterprising sutlers, who sold whiskey and water to the troops at five dollars a bottle, but they have been such as satisfy a man of moderate desires and intellectual tastes.

The turret principle has not yet been applied to the construction of forts, and I know not whether such an application of it is in contemplation. One thing may be regarded as certain: no fort made of masonry can resist the ordnance now employed in the ravies of Great Britain, France, and the United States.

I believe that both France and England possess vessels that could run by the forts defending New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Charleston, and anchor off either of those cities, holding them at their mercy. The only safeguard our cities have is the fleet of turreted iron-clads, which originated in the ingenious brain of Theodore R. Timby. Whether these are sufficient, without the aid of iron-clad forts on land, is a question, the solution of which ought not to be deferred until we are again involved in war.

RECOLLECTIONS OF WINFIELD SCOTT.

THE first time I ever saw the late Lieutenant-General Scott, he was fifty years of age, and I was fourteen. He lived then at Elizabethtown, New Jersey, where he had a large, old, and dilapidated mansion, that stood in the midst of grounds worse kept than any others in the neighborhood. The general was seldom at home in those days, and, during his long absences, there was nobody in the house except the family in charge.

At that time, too, General Scott had little more than his pay and allowances as a major-general, and his family was an expensive one. Moreover, a general on distant service, or in active campaigning, has to maintain two establishments, both of which should be upon a scale of some liberality. His family have to be maintained at home, and his own tent in the field ought to be the scene of frequent hospitality. Some of our generals, during the late war, were compelled sometimes to keep up three establishments, — one at home, one in the field, and one at the head-quarters of their departments. This was frequently the case with General B. F. Butler, who spent, during the five years he was in the service, a little more than three times as much as he received. General Scott, for many years of his life, was constantly pinched to make his six thousand dollars a year last till the year was at an end, and hence the forlorn appearance of his house and grounds.

But his own appearance was most strikingly superb thirty years ago. I saw him as he was stepping on board a steamboat at Elizabethport, in undress uniform, with a magnificent blue cloak upon his shoulders, lined with red. His height, as I afterwards heard him say, was six feet four inches, and his form was finely developed, erect, and symmetrical. His dark hair



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General Scott, who was then about fifteen. He lived about a year after he had a large, old, and somewhat neglected house on the waste of ground, now occupied by the new school. The general was absent from home for long periods, and during his long absences, the house was left in charge of the wife.

As a family, the Scotts were more than his rank and title would warrant, and his family was an example to all. He was liberal on distant seeing, or in attendance at two establishments, both of some celebrity. His family enjoyed his own car in the field, and his open hospitality. Some of our war, were compelled sometimes to share — one at home, one in the field. As for their departments, this was the case with General B. B. Beane, who served with us. He was in the service, a little more than thirty years, he received General Scott, for many years, and was constantly kind to make his services and labor a year last till the year was at an end and he was the return appearance of his house and grounds.

But his own appearance was most strikingly superior. Fifty years ago, I saw him as he was stepping on board a steamer at Elizabethport, in undress uniform, with a magnificent belt of oak upon his shoulders, lined with red. His height, as I afterwards heard him say, was six feet four inches, and his form was fully developed, erect, and well-to-do. His dark hair



Engraved by J. B. Knapp

Winfield Scott

General of the Army



had not yet begun to turn gray. Take him for all in all, he was the most imposing person, at first sight, that I have ever beheld. As he walked down the plank of the steamboat, with his martial cloak around him, followed by a colored servant carrying a portmanteau, and saluted by every one whom he passed, the school-boy was thrilled and overwhelmed by the gorgeous apparition. There was something even about the portmanteau that was distinguished, and the black man who was carrying it was an object of interest, if not of veneration, to the assembled youth upon the wharf.

When next I saw General Scott, his head was white with the snows of seventy winters, and his giant form had lost much of its spring, though nothing of its erectness and majesty. It was in New York that I saw him, at his head-quarters in Twelfth Street; for the enmity and vituperation of Jefferson Davis, the Secretary of War, had induced him (as I always supposed) to transfer his official residence from Washington to New York. I was preparing then to write the life of Aaron Burr, and hearing that the general had known him, I called for the purpose of getting information.

His office was the back parlor of a private house, and visitors were shown into the front parlor; but as the door between was open, they could hear and see the general as he sat at his desk transacting the business of the little army of which he was the chief. Two or three aides-de-camp were lounging about, and occasionally assisting the general.

During the half hour that I had to wait, after sending in my card and letter of introduction, the only business of the commander-in-chief seemed to be the reading of requests for leaves of absence, and other letters respecting trifling details of army business. I remember thinking that a major-general mounted upon a fine bay charger, with a plume in his hat, was a much more picturesque and interesting object than a major-general seated at a desk in a back office, considering whether Lieutenant Jones ought, or ought not, to be allowed a leave of thirty days to attend his sister's wedding.

If the business was petty, it was soon over for the day, and I was admitted. There is an impression that General Scott

was haughty in his manner, and difficult of access. I did not find him so, either on this or any other occasion. His manners, on the contrary, were easy and quiet, and he was evidently desirous of obliging me. After reflecting a moment, he began in this manner:—

"I saw Aaron Burr four times in his life. The first time was just fifty years ago, at Richmond, on the day he first came into court on his trial for treason."

He then proceeded to give a minute and most interesting account of the scene and the man. Very much of that curious information respecting the lawyers, the judges, the court room, Burr's demeanor, and the scenes out of doors, given in my life of Aaron Burr (vol. ii., chap. xv.), was derived from the lips of General Scott. I never knew such a memory as his. He related those events of half a century ago with an exactness and fulness of detail that could not have been surpassed if they had occurred a week before. Afterwards, at Richmond, I had an opportunity of learning how correctly he had sketched the characters of the great lawyers and judges employed in the case, from Chief Justice Marshall, who presided, to lame "Jack Baker," the jester of the bar.

General Scott, among other things, set at rest the much-disputed question as to whether General Andrew Jackson remained Burr's friend after his arrest for treason. General Scott told me that he heard Jackson haranguing a crowd from the steps of a grocery store in Richmond, denouncing President Jefferson as Burr's *persecutor*, and defending Burr as the victim of political conspiracy. Jackson was exceedingly violent, both in his language and manner,—so much so that young Scott asked who it was. He was told that it was a "great black-guard from Tennessee, one Andrew Jackson."

General Jackson, I may add, never believed that Aaron Burr was a traitor; and when he was president he gave some very lucrative offices to Burr's friends, and secretly aided the late Samuel Houston, of Texas, to do part of what Burr meant to do. Burr's great object was to extirpate the Spanish power in North America, and he intended to begin by seizing Texas, which was then a Spanish province. From Texas he intended

to march upon Mexico, of which country he designed to make himself emperor, and reign over all the Spanish provinces to the Isthmus of Darien.

General Scott proceeded to relate the circumstances in which he next saw Aaron Burr. He said that during the war of 1812, after he had recovered from his wound received on the frontier, he lived for a short time at Albany, where he was much fêted by the leading inhabitants, and by none more cordially than by Martin Van Buren, then a lawyer in large practice. One morning a packet arrived from Washington, which proved to contain the young soldier's commission as brigadier-general. Full of joy at his promotion, he mentioned the fact to Mr. Van Buren, whom he chanced to meet. Mr. Van Buren congratulated him warmly, and added : —

"But, general, we must celebrate this happy event. Come to my house this evening; I'll invite a few friends, and we'll take a glass of wine and a few oysters together."

The new general accepted the invitation. But, suddenly, a thought seemed to occur to the cautious lawyer, — cautious for his friends as well as for himself, — and he appeared embarrassed.

"General," said he, "I forgot something which I ought to have mentioned before asking you to my house. Colonel Burr is stopping with me for a few days. Have you any objection to meet him?"

To which General Scott replied : —

"Any gentleman, Mr. Van Buren, whom you think proper to present me to, I shall be happy to know."

Colonel Burr, the reader is probably aware, had recently returned from Europe, where he had lived four years, and he was almost universally regarded by the public as a traitor who had escaped the penalty of treason only by the craft of his lawyers. Almost all his old friends had cut him, and the administration, under President Madison, who had just promoted General Scott, was supposed to be particularly hostile to him. Hence the hesitation of Mr. Van Buren about bringing together the young soldier and the old.

The evening came. The company consisted of four persons,

one of whom was the concise, polite, and courtly Burr. General Scott remembered him well, but forbore to make the most distant allusion to the trial at Richmond.

"Why," said the general to me, "I was so careful not to say anything that could excite painful recollections, that I actually checked myself as I was about to pronounce the word Virginia."

All at once, Colonel Burr, who was the general's partner at whist, fixed his piercing eyes upon his face, and said, in a perfectly nonchalant tone:—

"General Scott, I have seen you before."

The general blushed, and stammered out:—

"Have you, colonel? And where was it?"

Burr replied, in the most ordinary tone of conversation, as he put down a card:—

"At Richmond, in the court-room, at my trial. You stood on the lock of the door above the crowd; I noticed you at the time; it was on the first day."

All of which was true. The room being densely crowded, the young man had got up upon the massive lock, and, being so remarkably tall, he had caught the prisoner's eye. The general said that Burr's careless tone completely relieved him from his embarrassment, and they had a long and pleasant talk about Richmond and the Richmond people, the trial and its remarkable incidents,—Burr speaking precisely as though he had been a disinterested spectator. The party sat late, and had a very delightful evening. Colonel Burr made one remark on this occasion which General Scott long had occasion to remember. I forget the words employed, but they were something like these:—

"There is a man in Tennessee," said Burr, "to whom Jimmy Madison will not give a commission because he is a friend of mine; but he is equal to any service. I mean Andrew Jackson. If they give *him* a commission, things will go better in the western country."

I need not say that Jimmy Madison *did* give Andrew Jackson a commission, and that things *did* go better in the western country in consequence.

Speaking of Martin Van Buren, for whom General Scott had

a great regard, he alluded to the popular tradition that the ex-president was the son of Aaron Burr. He gave a decided denial to this scandal, and adduced convincing reasons for rejecting it.

The other two occasions upon which General Scott saw Aaron Burr were mere chance meetings in the street. The general remarked Burr's habit of glancing sideways at an approaching acquaintance to ascertain in time whether he meant to cut him; and if he did, Burr would prevent the slight by looking away.

General Scott's memory was full to overflowing of interesting recollections of the men and events of the past. If he could have written these recollections as well as he related them in conversation, his autobiography would have been one of the most interesting of books, instead of being one of the dullest ever published. In fact, I find that most persons, when they write, leave out the things that people most care to know.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

It is a question with English teachers, whether school-boys ought or ought not to be permitted to settle their quarrels by a fair fight with fists. In the great schools of Eton, Westminster, Harrow, and others, fighting is tacitly allowed; but in the smaller schools, especially those under the charge of dissenters, it is forbidden.

It is surprising that, in the course of this controversy, no one has brought forward the fact, that the greatness of Sir Isaac Newton dates from a fight which he had with one of his school-fellows when he was thirteen years of age. At that time, according to his own confession, he was very idle at school, and stood last in the lowest class but one. One morning, as he was going to school, the boy who was first in the same class kicked him in the stomach with so much violence as to cause him severe pain during the day. When the school was dismissed, he challenged the boy to fight him. The challenge being accepted, a ring was formed in the church-yard, the usual place of combat, and the fight begun. Newton, a weakly boy from his birth, was inferior to his antagonist in size and strength; but, smarting under a sense of the indignity he had received, he fought with so much spirit and resolution as to compel his adversary to cry, Enough. The school-master's son, who had been clapping one of them on the back and winking at the other, to urge on the contest, and who acted as a kind of umpire, informed the victor that it was necessary to crown his triumph by rubbing the other boy's nose against the wall. Little Newton seized him by the ears, thrust his face against the rough side of the church, and walked home exulting in his victory.

The next morning, however, he had again the mortification

of seeing his enemy at the head of the class, while he occupied his usual place at the foot. He began to reflect. Could he regard himself in the light of a victor while his foe lorded it over him in the school-room? The applauding shouts of his school-fellows had been grateful to his ears, but his enemy enjoyed the approval of the teacher. The laurels of the play-ground seemed to fade in comparison with the nobler triumphs of the mind. The result of his reflections was, that he determined to conquer his adversary again by getting to the head of his class. From that time he became as studious as he had before been idle, and soon attained the second place. A long and severe struggle ensued between him and his adversary for the first, in the course of which each triumphed in turn; but, at length, Isaac Newton remained permanently at the head. He never relapsed into idleness. He was a student thenceforth to the end of his life of nearly eighty-five years.

We do not offer this as an argument in favor of school-boy fighting. On the contrary, we think boys can arrange their little disputes in a better way than by pommelling one another with their fists, and rubbing one another's noses against a stone wall. We relate the incident merely because it started this great man in his career as a student; because it woke his dormant intellect, which never went to sleep again.

They still show, in a lovely vale of Lincolnshire, the small, stone, two-storied, peak-roofed manor house in which Sir Isaac Newton was born. A marble tablet has been affixed to the wall of one of the rooms, bearing this inscription:—

"Sir Isaac Newton, son of John Newton, Lord of the Manor of Woolstrophe, was born in this room on the 25th of December, 1642."

"Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night;
God said, 'Let Newton be,' and all was light."

The sun-dial made by him when he was a boy is still legible on the side of the house where he placed it two hundred years ago. The book-shelves made by him out of some packing-boxes are also preserved in the room in which he conned his lessons.

The school where the fight occurred, and the church against which he rubbed his antagonist's face, both exist, and the school is even more flourishing and important now than it was then. The English people have always had a way of making things, — not for a day, but for a very long time.

John Newton, the father of the philosopher, was a gentleman who possessed two small farms, the united revenue of which was about eighty pounds sterling per annum, — equal to four hundred dollars. But, at that day, eighty pounds would buy as much as four times that sum will at present. He died at the age of thirty-seven, a few months after his marriage, and a few months before the birth of his illustrious son. The infant, fatherless before its birth, and born prematurely, was of so diminutive a size, and so extremely feeble, that no one expected it to survive the first day of its life. So was it with Voltaire, Beecher, and many other distinguished persons who lived active lives and attained a great age.

Of the mother of Newton we have a curious anecdote, which shows, at least, that she was a woman of good repute in her parish. One Mr. Smith, a clergyman of the neighborhood, who had a good estate, having attained middle age, and being still a bachelor, one of his parishioners advised him to marry. He replied that he did not know where to get a good wife.

"The widow Newton," said his friend, "is an extraordinary good woman."

"But," said the clergyman, "how do I know she will have me? and I don't care to ask and be denied. But if you will go and ask her, I'll pay you for your day's work."

The gentleman having performed his errand, Mrs. Newton answered that she would be guided in the affair by the advice of her brother. Upon receiving this answer, the clergyman despatched him to the brother, with whom the marriage was arranged. Mrs. Newton, however, insisted upon one point, that one of her farms should be settled upon her son, then four years old; and this was done. Soon after the marriage, Isaac was consigned to the care of one of his aunts, with whom he resided until his fifteenth year, when the death of our wary clergyman united him once more to his mother, and they resided again in the manor-house.

From childhood Newton exhibited a remarkable talent for mechanics. His favorite playthings were little saws, hammers, chisels, and hatchets, with which he made many curious and ingenious machines. There was a windmill in course of erection near his home. He watched the workmen with the greatest interest, and constructed a small model of the mill, which, one of his friends said, was "as clean and curious a piece of workmanship as the original." He was dissatisfied, however, with his mill, because it would not work when there was no wind; and, therefore, he added to it a contrivance by which it could be kept in motion by a mouse. He made a water-clock, the motive power of which was the dropping of water upon a wheel. Every morning, on getting out of bed, the boy wound up his clock by supplying it with the water requisite to keep it running for twenty-four hours. The clock answered its purpose so well that the family habitually repaired to it to ascertain the time. The principal defect of it was that the small aperture through which the water dropped was liable to become clogged by the impurities of the fluid. He constructed also a four-wheeled carriage, propelled by the person sitting in it. To amuse his school-fellows, he made very ingenious kites, the tails of which he attached lanterns of crimped paper, which, being lighted by a candle and sent up in the evening, alarmed the rustics of the parish. Observing the shadows of the sun, he marked the hours and half-hours by driving in pegs on the side of the house, and, at length, perfected the sun-dial which is still shown. Without an instructor, he learned to draw so well as to adorn his room with portraits of his school-fellows and teachers, the frames of which were very elegantly made by his own hand. Besides these, he drew with charcoal, on the wall of his bedroom, many excellent pictures of ships, birds, beasts, and men, which were shown in good preservation when he was an old man. For the young ladies of his acquaintance he was never weary of making little tables, chairs, cupboards, dolls, and trinkets.

At fifteen, his mother, being again a widow, with three children by her second marriage to maintain, Isaac was taken from school to assist her in the management of her farm. But nature

claimed him for higher work. He could not be a farmer. Being sent to market, once a week, with an aged and faithful servant, no sooner were the horses put into the stable than he would shut himself up in a garret with his books, till the produce was sold and it was time to return. In summer, he would choose a shady nook on the road-side, out of town, and there await the return of the wagon. If he was sent to the fields to watch the sheep and cattle, he would be found, hours after, perched in a tree, absorbed in a book, or on the banks of a stream, eagerly watching the operation of a water-wheel; while the cattle, perhaps, were rioting in a corn-field, and the sheep were wandering down the road. On the day of Cromwell's death, when Newton was sixteen, a great storm raged all over England. He used to say, in his old age, that on that day he made his first purely scientific experiment. To ascertain the force of the wind, he first jumped with the wind and then against it; and, by comparing these distances with the extent of his own jump on a calm day, he was enabled to compute the force of the storm. When the wind blew, thereafter, he used to say it was so many feet strong.

Fortunately, his mother did not seriously need his services. She discovered, ere long, that her son was not formed by nature for the labors of a grazing farm, and she sent him back to school, with some view of his ultimately going to the university. At school he gave himself wholly up to study. A clergyman of the neighborhood, an uncle of the lad, having discovered him one day under a hedge, absorbed in the solution of a mathematical problem, strongly advised his mother to give him a university education; and accordingly, in due time, he was entered as a student of Trinity College, Cambridge. His mother was unable to defray the whole expense of his residence there. He was therefore entered as a "sizar," — a class of students who, by performing various menial services for their college, are enabled to earn part of the college fees. The sizars bring from the college kitchen or store-room, the "size," or allowance of food, which the other students are allowed to consume in their own apartments. The service, however, is little more than nominal, and does not interfere with their studies: the only in-

convenience attached to a sizarship is that it reduces a student to a lower social caste, and subjects him to the slights of the more vulgar of his comrades.

He was twenty when he entered college. On the day of his leaving school, his venerable teacher placed him on the platform, and with tears in his eyes pronounced a speech in his honor, holding him up to the assembled pupils as a worthy object of their love and imitation.

He had been a gentle, affectionate, ingenious, and thoughtful boy, honored by his instructors, beloved by his companions. Gentle as he was, we have seen he had the spirit to resent and the courage to punish an outrage, with nobleness enough not to content himself with a mere triumph of animal strength.

At twenty years of age, when Newton entered the University of Cambridge, he was a blooming, handsome young man, ardent in the pursuit of knowledge, but not averse to innocent gayety. A game at cards, a moderate repast at the tavern, a ramble in the country, were the recreations in which he indulged. At first, too, his studies were little more than amusements, and he appears to have pursued his own course, untrammelled by college regulations. He had so remarkable a talent for mathematics, that Euclid's Geometry seemed to him "a trifling book," and he wondered that any man should have taken the trouble to demonstrate propositions the truth of which was obvious to him at the first glance. But, on attempting to read the more abstruse Geometry of Descartes, without having mastered the elements of the science, he was baffled, and was glad to come back again to his Euclid. Mathematics and chemistry were his favorite studies. As his works were written in the Latin language, he must have devoted much time to the study of it; but there is no reason to suppose that he relished the beauties of ancient literature. He probably regarded Latin merely as the means by which science could be conveniently communicated to the learned men of Europe; for, at that time, all science was written in Latin.

He became more and more absorbed in study. A friend discovered him one day walking in the college grounds, solitary and dejected. Upon entering into conversation with him, he

learned that Newton was in trouble from the same cause as himself, — the riotous conduct of his room-mate. They agreed to discard their noisy companions and take rooms together. This friend records that, early in his college career, Newton would spend a whole night in the solution of a mathematical problem, and would greet him in the morning with a joyful salutation, seeming to be as much refreshed by his success as if he had spent the night in sleep. He would leave his dinner untasted on the table, hour after hour, while he brooded over some mathematical difficulty, and, at length, order the dishes to be removed, not being aware that he had had no dinner. Nature will not suspend her laws even in favor of her most illustrious interpreter. The bloom faded from his cheeks. His digestion became impaired, and a serious illness threatened his life. He took warning, as he remarked, and "learned to go to bed betimes."

The most glorious fact in the history of the University of Cambridge is, that she cherished this greatest of her students, and gave him the means of dedicating his life to study. First a scholarship, then a minor-fellowship, next a fellowship, aided his slender resources; until, in his twenty-seventh year, we see him permanently established at the university as a professor of mathematics. His duties were not arduous. He lectured, now and then, to the few students who chose to hear him; and it is recorded that very frequently he came to the lecture-room and found it empty. On such occasions he would remain fifteen minutes, and then, if no one came, return to his apartments. This is similar to the experience of Edmund Burke, one of the greatest orators of modern times, who sometimes fatigued and emptied the House of Commons.

Young men, it has been often remarked, do the greatest things. Newton was but twenty-three when he made his greatest discovery.

In the autumn of 1665, the college having been dismissed on account of the prevalence of the plague, he spent several weeks at home. Seated in his mother's orchard, one day, while the ripe fruit was falling from the trees, he fell into one of his profound meditations upon the nature of the force that caused

the apples to fall. To understand the course of his reflections and the nature of their result, it is necessary to know how far the science of astronomy had advanced before that memorable afternoon.

Until about the time of the discovery of America all mankind supposed, of course, that the sun moved round the earth. Copernicus, one of the greatest men that ever lived, discovered and proved, after thirty-six years of study, that the earth revolved round the sun, — a startling and splendid discovery, upon which all subsequent astronomy was founded. A century later, the illustrious Kepler demonstrated that the planets revolved round the sun, — not in circular, but in elliptical courses; and Galileo, who was the first to use the telescope in surveying the heavens, discovered that Jupiter and other planets had moons. Galileo also discovered the speed of falling bodies, and the precise ratio of their acceleration; how many feet they fall the first second, and how many the second, etc. He likewise made valuable discoveries respecting the law of attraction, — that force which causes large bodies to attract small ones, and which binds particles of matter together.

Bearing these things in mind, we shall know what Newton meant when, with his noble modesty, he said:—

"If I have seen farther than Descartes, it is by standing on the shoulders of giants."

In a corporeal sense, he was seated in his mother's orchard, but it was from the height to which Copernicus and Galileo had brought the science of astronomy that he contemplated the fall of the apples. The grand mystery that remained to be elucidated was: What is the force that *retains* the planets and the moons in their spheres? Why does not the moon fly off into space? Why does the earth approach the sun and never singe its beard, and recede millions of miles without ever failing to turn in its orbit at the right moment, and again approach the source of light and heat? With what an inconceivable whirl the earth must approach the bend of its orbit! But never does it go an inch beyond its accustomed course.

Those apples, dropping slowly from the trees, and falling at a speed visibly accelerating, led this wonderful being to the

solution of the mystery. The course of his reflections seems to have been something like the following:—

1. These apples fall in a direct line toward the centre of the earth. The same force causes a cannon ball to curve toward the same point. Everything in the world is drawn and held by it.

2. If these apples fell from a tree a half a mile high, they would not the less seek the earth's centre, and the law of acceleration would still hold good. If they fell from the top of the highest mountain, it would be the same.

3. Suppose an apple should fall from the moon,—then what?

It appears to have been at this point that the great CONJECTURE occurred to his mind: Perhaps the same force that draws the apples to the ground holds the moon in its orbit! Now, but for the labors of the giants who had preceded him, this mighty thought would have remained a conjecture. Those giants, however, had learned the magnitude of the moon, its distance from the earth, and the force of the earth's attraction at any distance. Newton could, therefore, at once put his conjecture to the test of arithmetic. He could ascertain two things with the greatest exactness: 1. How much force was required to keep the moon in its orbit; and, 2. With how much force the earth *did* attract the moon, supposing that the law of attraction, as established by Galileo, held good. If these two calculations agreed, his conjecture was a discovery.

He tried them. They did not agree. Busy with other investigations, he laid aside this inquiry for nineteen years. He then learned that he, in common with all the English astronomers, was in error as to the distance of the moon from the earth. This error being corrected, he repeated his calculations. When he had brought them so near to a conclusion that he was all but sure of the truth of his theory, he became so agitated that he was unable to go on, and he was obliged to ask a friend to complete them. When they were brought to a close, he saw that his youthful thought was indeed a sublime, demonstrated truth. Thus it was that the great law of the attraction of gravitation was discovered,—the most brilliant and valuable discovery ever achieved by a human mind.

The apple-tree under which the philosopher was seated in his mother's orchard stood until the year 1814, when it was blown down. The wood of it was preserved and made into various articles, and several trees still exist which were raised from the seeds of its fruit. It is a curious circumstance that the preservation of the apple anecdote is chiefly due to Voltaire, who heard it in 1727, from the lips of Madame Conduit, the wife of Newton's nephew and heir.

Newton resided at the University of Cambridge for thirty-three years, devoted to profound researches in chemistry and astronomy. His discoveries in the nature of light and color remain to this day the accepted system in all countries. He was accustomed to make his apparatus with his own hands, even to his brick furnaces and brass-work. He seemed to become, at length, all mind, spending his days in meditation, insensible to all that usually interests mankind. Nevertheless, he was pleasant and amiable in his demeanor, and exceedingly bountiful in gifts to his dependents and relatives. So little did he value the glory of his discoveries, that he was with difficulty induced to make them known to the world, having a mortal dread of being drawn into controversy. Some of his most brilliant discoveries remained unpublished for several years. And when, at last, his *Principia* had appeared, which contained the results of his studies, he had to be much persuaded before he would consent to issue a second edition.

He was not, however, so dead to the world as to be unmindful of his duties as a citizen in a great national crisis. When James II. was endeavoring to render England a Catholic country, Newton exerted himself so strenuously against it that the University elected him to Parliament, in which he sat for eighteen months, a silent but useful member.

At the age of fifty-three, he was called by the government to an office in the Royal Mint, of which he was finally appointed governor. Transferred to London, and enjoying a handsome income, he now lived liberally, kept a carriage, and entertained company. The duties of his office were performed by him with signal ability and purity. He was offered, on one occasion, a bonus of six thousand pounds for a contract for the coinage of

copper money. Sir Isaac refused the offer on the ground that it was a bribe in disguise. The agent argued the matter with him without effect, and said, at length, that the offer came from "a great duchess." The philosopher roughly replied, —

. "I desire you to tell the lady that if she was here herself, and had made me this offer, I would have desired her to go out of my house; and so I desire you, or you shall be turned out."

He was twice in love. The beautiful daughter of a physician, who resided near his school, won his boyish affections, and he paid court to her by making dolls and doll-furniture for her and her companions. His affection was returned by the young lady, and nothing prevented their early marriage but Newton's poverty. For several years his income was derived from a college fellowship, which would cease on the day of his marriage; and later, when he was appointed professor, his income was still insufficient to maintain a family. It is interesting to know, that, during the ten years when he made his greatest discoveries, he was so poor, that the two shillings a week which he paid as a member of the Royal Society was a serious burthen to him, and some of his friends wished to get him excused from the payment. But this he would not permit.

His poverty was doubtless one of the reasons why he made and repaired his brick furnaces and all his apparatus, without calling in the aid of workmen. When, at length, he was in better circumstances, the object of his youthful love was married, and he himself was wedded to science. Never, however, did he return to the home of his fathers without visiting the lady; and when both had reached fourscore he had the pleasure of relieving the necessities of her old age.

He appeared to have thought no more of love or marriage till he was sixty. Rich and famous then, he aspired to the hand of Lady Norris, the widow of a baronet, and he wrote her a quaint and curious love-letter. He began by remonstrating with her upon her excessive grief for the loss of her husband, telling her, that "to be always thinking on the dead is to live a melancholy life among sepulchres." He asks her if she can resolve to spend the rest of her days in grief and sickness, and wear forever a widow's weeds, a costume "less acceptable to company," and

keeping her always in mind of her loss. "The proper remedy for all these griefs and mischiefs," he adds, "is a new husband," whose estate, added to her own, would enable her to live more at ease. He says in conclusion: "I doubt not, but in a little time, to have notice of your ladyship's inclinations to marry; at least that you will give me leave to discourse with you about it."

The lady's answer has not been preserved; but as the marriage never took place, we may presume that the great Sir Isaac Newton had to figure in the character of a rejected lover. The experiments of the greatest philosophers do not always succeed.

He was, nevertheless, a grand and noble-looking gentleman at sixty. His more active life in London had given fulness to his countenance and figure; and, though at thirty his hair began to turn gray, and at sixty was as white as silver, the long curling wig, then in fashion, concealed his gray locks, and added something of majesty to his aspect. His later portraits show that he had lost the look of the student, and assumed the appearance and bearing of a gentleman of the great world.

We have the evidence that, both at school and at college, Newton loved the pleasures natural to youth. Two of his school-boy memorandum books were preserved, kept when he was seventeen, which contain entries of his expenses. From these we learn that he indulged, occasionally, in cherries, tarts, bottled beer, custards, cake, milk, and similar dainties. We notice also that he was a prodigious lender of money. On one page of a memorandum-book he enters fourteen loans, varying in amount from a few pence to a pound. We have one of his college memorandum-books, of his twenty-third year, which is highly interesting. The following are some of the entries: "Drills, gravers, a hone, a hammer, and a mandril, 5s.;" "a magnet, 16s.;" "compasses, 2s.;" "glass bubbles, 4s.;" "at the tavern several other times, £1;" "spent on my cousin, 12s.;" "on other acquaintance, 10s.;" "Philosophical Intelligences, 9s. 6d.;" "lost at cards twice, 15s.;" "at the tavern twice, 3s. 6d.;" "to three prisms, £3;" "four ounces of putty, 1s. 4d.;" "Bacon's Miscellanies, 1s. 6d.;" "a bible binding, 3s.;" "for oranges to my sister, 4s. 2d.;" "for aquafortis, sublimate, oyle

pink, fine silver, antimony, vinegar, spirit of wine, white lead, salt of tartar, £2;" "Theatrum chemicum, £1 8s."

He was always a very exact man in pecuniary matters, abhorring debt, and, though bountifully liberal in gifts, strict in requiring from others the performance of their engagements. He was not a man to be imposed upon. If a tenant did not keep his farm in the stipulated repair, Sir Isaac was after him with a sharp reminder. And, though he cared little for the credit of his discoveries, he was much offended if any one attempted to rob him of that credit and confer it upon another. His sense of justice, as a man, was offended at such conduct more than his pride, as a philosopher.

Who would have thought to find Newton an alchemist? It is a fact, that for several years this great man was intensely occupied in endeavoring to discover a way of changing the baser metals into gold. This is, perhaps, the reason why he added little to our knowledge of chemistry, though he seems to have labored at this science a longer time and with more pleasure than at any other. Being in pursuit of a chimera, he lost his time. There were periods when his furnace fires were not allowed to go out for six weeks; he and his secretary sitting up alternate nights to replenish them. This is recorded by the secretary himself, who had not the least notion of the object of his master's experiments.

His most intimate friend at the university was a foreign chemist of much note and skill. Newton enjoyed his conversation exceedingly, until, one day, the Italian told him "a loose story of a nun," which so much offended his sense of decency that he would never associate with him again.

The gentleman who served him five years as secretary, relates that in all that time he never saw him laugh but once. Newton had lent a copy of Euclid's Geometry to a friend, and, meeting him some time after, he asked him what progress he had made in the work, and how he liked it. His friend replied by asking of what use such a study as that would be to him in life; "upon which Sir Isaac was very merry."

Several anecdotes are preserved of his absence of mind. On one occasion, when he was giving a dinner to some friends at

the university, he left the table to get them a bottle of wine; but, on his way to the cellar, he fell into reflection, forgot his errand and his company, went to his chamber, put on his surplice, and proceeded to the chapel. Sometimes he would go into the street half dressed, and, on discovering his condition, run back in great haste, much abashed. Often, while strolling in his garden, he would suddenly stop, and then run rapidly to his room, and begin to write, standing, on the first piece of paper that presented itself. Intending to dine in the public hall, he would go out in a brown study, take the wrong turn, walk awhile, and then return to his room, having totally forgotten the dinner. Once having dismounted from his horse to lead him up a hill, the horse slipped his head out of the bridle; but Newton, oblivious, never discovered it, till, on reaching a toll-gate at the top of the hill, he turned to remount, he perceived that the bridle which he held in his hand had no horse attached to it. His secretary records that his forgetfulness of his dinner was an excellent thing for his old house-keeper, who "sometimes found both dinner and supper scarcely tasted of, which the old woman has very pleasantly and mumpingly gone away with." On getting out of bed in the morning, he has been observed to sit on his bed-side for hours, without dressing himself, utterly absorbed in thought.

Buffon said: Genius is patience. Stephenson, the inventor of the locomotive, declared that he surpassed the majority of mankind only in patience. Newton also ascribed his success in interpreting nature solely to his patience. Being asked, one day, how he had discovered the law of gravitation, he replied:—

"By incessantly thinking about it."

Again, on being told that he had discovered so much that nothing remained to be discovered by others, he said:—

"Beat the bushes well and you will start plenty of game."

A short time before his death, he made that sublime observation which has been so often quoted:—

"I do not know what I may appear to the world, but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the seashore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a prettier shell

than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me."

It is related that, entertaining at dinner in London the French ambassador, when some of the English guests were in doubt which ought to be toasted first, the King of England or the King of France, Sir Isaac solved the difficulty thus:—

"Let us drink," said he, "the health of all honest persons, to whatever country they belong. We are all friends, because we unanimously aim at the only object worthy of man, which is the knowledge of truth. We are all also of the same religion, since, leading a simple life, we conform ourselves to what is right, and we endeavor sincerely to give to the Supreme Being that worship, which, according to our feeble lights, we are persuaded will please him most."

In the days of his poverty at the university, he was often urged to increase his income by taking orders in the church. He steadily refused, on the ground that his religious opinions were not in conformity with those of the Church of England. He was a Unitarian. He expressly says, in his articles of religious belief, that worship should be addressed only to God, the Father. If he had lived in our day, we should style him a Unitarian of the Channing and Everett school.

In 1789, when the news reached him that his mother was dangerously ill of a malignant fever, he abandoned his studies and hurried home to attend her. He sat up with her night after night, administering her medicines with his own hands, and dressed her blisters with admirable tenderness and dexterity. She sunk under the disease, despite his skill and care.

The story of his dog Diamond throwing down a lighted candle among his papers, by which the labors of years were consumed, and of Newton's calmly saying, "O Diamond, Diamond! thou little knowest the mischief thou hast done," is not true. The candle was left by his own carelessness in such a position, that it set fire to the papers without the intervention of a dog, an animal he never kept. Nor did he contemplate his loss with the slightest approach to philosophic calmness. On the contrary, it almost drove him out of his senses, and it was a month before he had regained his tranquillity. The story, also,

of his using his wife's finger, in a fit of absence of mind, to press down the tobacco in his pipe, is liable to two slight objections : 1. He never had a wife. 2. He never smoked. Being once asked why he never smoked or took snuff, he answered : —

"I will not make to myself any necessities."

Gentle as his temper usually was, he was capable of honest anger. Being accused one day of having robbed another astronomer of the credit of his researches, he flew into a downright passion, and called his impudent accuser many hard names, "puppy being the most innocent of them."

His salary, as Master of the Mint, was a thousand pounds a year, or five thousand dollars, — a very handsome income for that day. Before his death he gave away two considerable landed estates to poor relations, and his whole life was strewn with benefactions. But, owing to his excellent management of his affairs, he died worth thirty-two thousand pounds, equal to three or four times that sum in the present currency of England. It was all divided by will among his relations and dependants. The British government marked its respect for his memory by bestowing his office in the mint upon his nephew.

The final biography of this illustrious man remains to be written. The *Life of Newton*, by Sir David Brewster, is a chaos which serves rather to conceal than to exhibit the greatness of his understanding, and the childlike loveliness of his character. Carlyle had been better employed on such a subject than in laboriously distilling the court gossip of Prussia.

Sir Isaac Newton died March 20th, 1727, in the eighty-fifth year of his age. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, with all the pomp and ceremony due to the remains of the most eminent philosopher of his time. The monument erected to his memory in the abbey bears an inscription in Latin, of which the following is a translation : —

Here lies
SIR ISAAC NEWTON, KNIGHT,
Who, by a vigor of mind almost supernatural,
First demonstrated
The motions and figures of the planets,
The paths of the comets, and the tides of the ocean.

He diligently investigated
The different refrangibilities of the rays of light,
And the properties of the colors to which they give rise.
An assiduous, sagacious, and faithful interpreter
Of Nature, Antiquity, and the Holy Scriptures,
He asserted in his philosophy the majesty of God,
And exhibited in his conduct the simplicity of the Gospel.

Let mortals rejoice
That there has existed such and so great
An ornament of the human race.

Born 25th Dec., 1642. Died 20th March, 1727.

GALILEO.



OF late years, editors, hard pushed for a comment on passing events, have fallen into the practice of saying, "The world moves." I propose to relate the origin of the saying.

In the winter of 1633, a venerable man, enfeebled by disease and borne down by the weight of sixty-nine years, was travelling from Florence to Rome, a toilsome, horseback journey of a hundred and forty-six miles. He had been summoned from his home in this inclement season by that dread tribunal, the Inquisition, whose displeasure he had provoked. The Inquisition was then in the plenitude of its power. In no land that acknowledged the papal supremacy was there any escape from its omnipresent eye, and its omnipotent arm; for it wielded, at once, all the spiritual authority of the church and all the temporal power of the state.

It was the great Galileo who was journeying toward Rome to submit to the questionings of the Inquisition. His offence was that he knew more than the doctors of the Inquisition knew. He had spent his life in the laborious study of nature. The son of a poor Italian musician, he had exhibited in his youth that aptitude for mechanics which we observe in the boyhood of Newton, as well as a passionate love of literature and music which Newton never possessed. His father, besides being poor, had a family of six children to maintain, and could therefore afford his son very little aid in his studies. Galileo, however, made up in zeal and diligence what he lacked in advantages. Besides mastering the Latin authors, he became really proficient in drawing, and learned to play on several instruments with so much facility and taste, that he was urged to devote his life to music. At the age of eighteen, he showed

so many and such remarkable proofs of genius, that his father determined, at all hazards, to give him a university education, and he was accordingly entered as a student of medicine at the University of Pisa. But he was not destined to be a physician. Full of curiosity upon all subjects, and, finally, fascinated by the study of mathematics, he won so much distinction as to be appointed professor of mathematics at Pisa before he had completed his twenty-fifth year.

He had scarcely entered the university before he made one of his most important inventions. As the fall of apples from a tree led Newton to the theory of gravitation, so the slow and uniform swinging of a lamp, suspended from the roof of the Pisa cathedral, suggested to Galileo the idea of the pendulum as a measurer of time and as a motive-power of clocks. It was fifty years later, however, before he actually constructed a pendulum clock. We cannot, of course, dwell upon the details of the career of this great man. He had but two objects in his life: to acquire knowledge, and to communicate knowledge. Never has there been a more earnest student or a more successful teacher. For his pupils he wrote many excellent treatises upon science far in advance of his age. For the state he constructed several machines of public utility. He invented the thermometer and improved the compass. Hearing one day, by chance, that some one in Holland had invented a contrivance by which distant objects could be seen as though they were near, he entered upon a course of experiments which, in a few days, resulted in the construction of a telescope. At once he began to use the new instrument in the study of the heavens. To his boundless wonder and delight, he discovered that the moon, like the earth, had her mountains and her valleys; that the planet Jupiter went his round accompanied by four moons; that the milky way was composed of innumerable stars; and that there were spots upon the sun.

It had been well for Galileo if he had had a little of the caution and management of Copernicus, who, a century before, had demolished the ancient astronomy without drawing down upon himself or his book the thunders of Rome. Galileo was a bolder man. Overjoyed at his discoveries, he hastened to pub-

lish them to the world, and thus called attention anew to the great truths, demonstrated by Copernicus, that the sun is the centre of our system, and that around him all the planets revolve. The Inquisition awoke to the importance of these heresies, denounced the Copernican system as contrary to Scripture, and summoned Galileo to Rome to answer for the crime of supporting it.

Arriving in Rome on the 10th of February, 1633, he was at once placed under arrest in the palace of an ambassador, and, a few days after, he appeared before an assembly of cardinals and inquisitors, where he was permitted to speak in his defence. He began to demonstrate the truth of the Copernican system, as he had been wont to do at the university. His accusers, ignorant of all science, could not comprehend his reasoning. Then he endeavored to explain himself in simpler language, and strove with all his powers to get a notion of the true astronomy into those obtuse and obstinate minds. "But, unfortunately for me," he says, in one of his letters, "my proofs were not apprehended, and, notwithstanding all the pains I took, I could not succeed in making myself understood." They broke in upon his arguments with loud outcries, accusing him of bringing scandal upon the church, and repeating, over and over, the passage of the Bible which declares that Joshua commanded the sun and moon to stand still, and they obeyed him.

In vain Galileo reminded them that the Bible also says that the heavens are solid and are polished like a mirror of brass. In vain he pointed out that the language of the Bible is invariably conformed to the state of science at the time when it was written. The assembled priests only shrugged their shoulders at his reasoning, or interrupted him with derisive and contemptuous shouts.

For seven weeks longer he remained at Rome, under arrest, awaiting the sentence of the Inquisition. On the 22d of June he was again brought before the tribunal, to hear his doom. He was pronounced guilty of heresy, in maintaining, contrary to the express declarations of Scripture, that the sun did not move from east to west, as it seemed to do, and that the earth, which appeared motionless, did move round the sun. It was further

declared in his sentence, that the holding of such opinions had rendered him liable to the penalty of death by burning. "From which," continued the sentence, "it is our pleasure that you be absolved, provided that, first, with a sincere heart and unfeigned faith, in our presence, you abjure, curse, and detest the said errors and heresies." Nevertheless, even in that case, he was sentenced to be imprisoned during the pleasure of the court, and to recite once a week, for three years, the seven penitential psalms.

Galileo was thus compelled to choose between a solemn denial of demonstrated truth or the most agonizing of deaths. What he *ought* to have done in these circumstances is a question in morals which has been discussed for two hundred years without result; since it is a question which every one decides according to his own character. He decided to recant. On his knees, with one hand upon the Gospel, he pronounced the form of words required: "I abjure, curse, and detest the error and heresy of the motion of the earth, and promise that I will never more teach, verbally or in writing, that the sun is the centre of the universe, and immovable, and that the earth is not the centre of the universe and movable."

Rising from his knees, indignant at the outrage done to truth through him, he muttered between his teeth the words, which will never be forgotten:—

"THE EARTH MOVES, NOTWITHSTANDING!"

After his recantation, he was confined for seven months in a spacious house in Rome, and he was allowed to walk at will in its extensive gardens. He was then permitted to return to the neighborhood of Florence, under the surveillance of the Inquisition, and to visit the city when his infirmities permitted.

These events saddened his old age, but he continued to labor at his favorite pursuits with unabated ardor. He wrote a treatise on the motion and resistance of solid bodies, but, fearing to encounter new persecutions, he only thought to have the manuscript preserved from destruction. Confounded and afflicted," he wrote to a friend, "at the bad success of my other works, and having resolved to publish nothing more, I have wished at

least to place in sure hands some copy of my works ; and as the particular affection with which you have honored me will certainly make you desirous to preserve them, I have chosen to confide these to you." It was this very work which enabled Newton to deduce the attraction of gravitation from the fall of the apples.

He lived nine years after his recantation, surrounded by affectionate pupils and admiring disciples. Such was his devotion to the study of astronomy, that, at the age of seventy-four, he became totally blind. He survived the loss of sight four years, and died January 9, 1642, aged seventy-eight. On Christmas day of the same year was born the illustrious Newton, who, inheriting the great discoveries of Galileo, added to them the crowning truth that the principle of attraction is not confined in its operation to the earth, but controls the universe.

Galileo was remarkable for the variety of his knowledge. His Latin style was so pure and elegant that Hume ranks his writings with the classics of antiquity ; and he was so fond of Italian poetry that he could repeat the whole of Ariosto's longest poem. One of his favorite amusements, all his life, was playing upon the lute, in which he excelled most amateurs. He took great pleasure in cultivating a garden. His manners were exceedingly amiable, and his conversation full of vivacity and grace. Like Newton, he was never married ; but, unlike Newton, he left a son and two daughters. After his death, both of his daughters entered a convent and took the veil. He was buried in one of the churches of Florence, where, a century later, a costly and imposing monument was erected over his remains. The complete edition of his works, published at Milan in 1811, is in eleven volumes octavo.

VASCO DA GAMA.

VASCO DA GAMA ranks next to Columbus among the great discoverers of his time. It was he who first sailed from Europe to the East Indies, and thus opened the way for that lucrative commerce which has enriched, by turns, several nations. Although this achievement was inferior in importance to the discovery of a new continent, it was more difficult, and demanded for its accomplishment far more resolution and courage than Columbus ever displayed. In two months and eight days after leaving Spain, Columbus saw land, and had accomplished his great work. Ten months and nine days elapsed, full of strange perils and difficulties, before Vasco da Gama reached the shores of India.

Bartholomew Dias in 1487 had discovered the Cape of Good Hope, and sailed a short distance around it along the eastern coast of Africa. Compelled to return by the murmurs of his crew, Dias would have probably renewed his endeavors, but for the death, soon after, of the King of Portugal, his master. Ten years rolled away before Portugal was prepared to send forth a new expedition, during which the mighty exploit of Columbus had filled the world with his renown, and given a new impulse to the enthusiasm for discovery. In 1497, Manuel, King of Portugal, an able and enlightened monarch, resolved to make another attempt to reach India by sea.

Never was an expedition more carefully equipped than this. Four vessels were built for the purpose in the strongest possible manner, the largest of which was of one hundred and twenty tons burthen, and the others of one hundred tons each, or less. Each ship was provided with three sets of sails, fastenings, and cordage, and the very wine-barrels and oil-barrels, say the old

chroniclers, were bound with three times as many iron hoops as usual. The ships were packed full of provisions and ammunition, and they were armed with the best artillery that could then be made. The seaport towns of Portugal were searched for the best sailors and pilots. One hundred and sixty picked men composed the crew of the fleet.

But no matter what pains may be taken in the preparation of a difficult enterprise, its success usually depends absolutely upon the man who commands it. King Manuel, says a Portuguese historian, was sitting one day at a window of his palace, which overlooked a court-yard, lost in thought upon this expedition, which was still without a commander. It so chanced that Vasco da Gama, an officer in the king's household, who had sailed often to the coast of Africa, crossed the court-yard in view of the thoughtful monarch.

"That is the man," said the king.

And that *was* the man. He was one of those stick-at-nothing people who, fixing their minds upon their object, and shutting their eyes to all things else, push forward unrelentingly, and trample down all that opposes them. The king knew him well enough to be sure that no clamors of a disheartened crew, and no other obstacle capable of being overcome by human resolution, would stop Vasco da Gama until he had reached his goal.

July the 8th, 1497, the fleet set sail. A little chapel was afterwards built to mark the spot last trodden by these brave seamen, and this humble edifice was subsequently replaced by a magnificent convent, which still stands.

Touching at the Portuguese islands on the coast of Africa, separated sometimes by fogs, damaged by storms, drenched by fierce, continual rains, the fleet made its way, in three months and twenty-six days, to a little bay called the Bay of St. Helena, near the Cape of Good Hope. There Gama and his men went on shore, to see if they could get some information of the natives as to where they were, and which way they were to go. They found a race of men very ignorant and savage, from whom nothing valuable could be learned. Gama treated them handsomely, but one of his men happening to stray off alone, they seized him and would not give him up. Gama attacked them.

They hurled upon the Portuguese a shower of stones and javelins, and it was not until Gama himself and four of his crew were wounded, that they succeeded in rescuing the imprudent sailor.

This was only a beginning of trouble. After an eight days' stay in the Bay of St. Helena, Gama resumed his voyage, and was soon buffeting the storms that rage, almost without ceasing, at that season, around the Cape of Good Hope. The further they advanced, the more fierce was the tempest, and at length the courage of many of the crew was exhausted, and the men began to murmur against the further prosecution of the voyage. Gama held no parley with these men. He simply had the leaders of the discontent put in irons, and held on his way in the wild, tempestuous sea. After wrestling nine days with the storm, he had rounded the terrible Cape, and came to anchor on the other side of it, in the Bay of St. Braz. There he made a stay of thirteen days, repairing damages, bending new sails, and taking rest. There, too, he unloaded a transport laden with provisions, divided her cargo among his other ships, and sent her back to Portugal. It was at this part of the African coast that Europeans first heard of the existence of the elephant, though they did not see a specimen of the race until they reached Asia. After leaving this bay Gama would begin his career as a discoverer, for this was the farthest point hitherto reached by the navigators of Europe. He paused, as it were, to take breath and gird up his loins, before the final plunge into the vast Unknown.

Setting sail from the Bay of St. Braz on the 8th of December, the fleet made its way to the large island of Natal, which it reached on Christmas day, sadly battered by the storms. A month later, he again touched the African shore; where a most important event occurred, — an event, indeed, which almost secured the final success of the voyage. While part of the crew were on shore, they fell in with two men, richly dressed, who were evidently of a different race from the natives, and of a much higher order of civilization. They proved to be two Mahometan merchants, who lived by selling to the Caffres the rich fabrics of India. Gama contrived, by means of native interpreters, to enter into conversation with these men; and he

learned from them that he really was upon the road to India. They described to him the position of the great island of Madagascar, which stretches along the southern coast of Africa at a distance from it of seven hundred miles. India, they told him, lay beyond the island, far to the north of it, two thousand miles from the nearest point of the African continent. They advised him to sail northward along the coast of Africa, and then cross to the shores of India where the transit was shortest. This intelligence, which would have been discouraging enough to some men, filled Gama with such joy and confidence that he named a river which emptied near by the River of Good Signs. From this time Gama felt an inward assurance that he should accomplish the object of the expedition.

Fourteen days of pleasant sailing brought him to Mozambique, then first trodden by Europeans; the natives of which overwhelmed him with presents and offers of service. Both parties, it soon appeared, were laboring under a mistake. When the Portuguese saw on shore the spires and minarets of a city, they at once concluded that they had reached, at last, a country inhabited by Christians; and the Mahometans of Mozambique, when first they saw the light-complexioned Portuguese, supposed them to be, of course, Mahometans. Before the error was discovered Gama obtained from them a pilot, whom he retained, and who proved to be of great use to him. As soon, however, as the Mahometans found out their mistake, their friendship was changed into active hostility. They lay in ambush for the Christians at the watering-places; they sent them false pilots to guide the ships into dangerous places; and it required all of Gama's skill and prudence to save the expedition from their wiles. One of the pilots he tied up and whipped, as a lesson in navigation to the others.

Aided by native pilots, he anchored, on Good Friday, 1498, in the fine harbor of Melinda, a town on the coast of Africa, just under the equator, and about two thousand miles, in a straight line, from the southern extremity of India. From this point he determined to strike across to the country of which he was in quest; and for two centuries navigators followed his example. Melinda became, in consequence, an important and

wealthy Portuguese town, and the ruins of churches and warehouses may still be seen there. Having received from the hospitable King of Melinda a skilful and faithful pilot, who really knew the way to India, Gama left the African coast on the 28th of April, and directed his prow once more into the broad ocean.

Favorable winds wafted them swiftly on their course, and the pilot did his duty nobly. On Sunday, May 17, 1498, — nineteen days after leaving Melinda, and ten months and nine days after leaving Portugal, — Vasco da Gama saw the shores of India, and the next day came to anchor in a harbor six miles south of the once important town of Calicut. Much to his surprise, he found the port of Calicut crowded with ships from Arabia, and he beheld everywhere indications of an extensive commerce and prodigious wealth. The new-comers, indeed, found themselves to be of small account there, and it was not without some difficulty that their chief obtained an audience of the rajah of the country. No one approaches an oriental potentate without bringing him presents, and those presents must be proportioned in value to the rank and importance of the personage to whom they are offered. Vasco da Gama possessed nothing worthy the acceptance of this great rajah, and the gifts which he did offer him excited the disdain of the court and the derision of the town. Ignorant, too, of the customs of the country, and especially ignorant of the system of castes, he came into collision with the people, and had a world of trouble with them. After endeavoring in vain, for four or five months, to gain a footing in the country, he solemnly took possession of it in the name of the King of Portugal, and set sail for home.

The return voyage was more difficult and eventful than the voyage out. Agonizing calms prolonged it; the scurvy raged among the crews; bloody conflicts with the natives occurred; storms tossed and shook the worn-out ships. So many men died that one of the ships had to be abandoned, because there were not sailors enough left to work three vessels. At last, early in September, 1499, after an absence of two years and two months, Vasco da Gama reached Lisbon, and related to his grateful king the wondrous story of his adventures. Titles, money, power, the homage of a kingdom, and the admiration of Europe,

rewarded this determined man for the fatigues and dangers he had undergone.

Named by the king Admiral of the Indies, he sailed again for India that very year, in command of a powerful fleet of fifteen ships, strongly manned. He laid the foundation of the Portuguese power in India, and opened that commerce which for many a year poured wealth into the coffers of both the king and people of Portugal. Venice declined, and Portugal supplied Europe with the products of Asia. He brought his fleet back to Portugal almost entire. Appointed Governor of the Indies, he reached that country once more, and there died, after holding the governorship only a few months.

Gama was a short and exceedingly fat man, subject to fearful explosions of anger, but usually mild and courteous in his demeanor. He was a person of much learning, a devoted Catholic, and full of resources in times of danger and difficulty. A man less gifted or less determined than he would never have found the way to India in the infancy of the art of navigation.

DR. HAHNEMANN,

THE FOUNDER OF HOMŒOPATHY.

SAMUEL CHRISTIAN FREDERICK HAHNEMANN was born in Germany, in 1755. His father was a porcelain painter in limited circumstances, who, however, gave his son all the advantages of education which his native province furnished. The boy was precocious, diligent, serious, and full of curiosity. When his father wished to take him from school and apprentice him to a trade, the rector of the academy which he attended opposed the scheme, and offered to support the youth at school if his father would permit him to embrace a learned profession. This offer was accepted, and Hahnemann continued his studies.

At twenty years of age he went to the university of Leipzig to study medicine. As the bounty of the school-master ceased when the student left the academy, and Hahnemann had no resources of his own, he was compelled to gain his livelihood by translating medical works from English into German. With this double labor to perform, — namely, to acquire his profession and earn his living, — he was compelled to put forth the most extraordinary exertions. He declares that, for some years, he slept only every other night.

In his twenty-third year he went to Vienna, where he was so fortunate as to obtain the place of physician and librarian to a wealthy nobleman, and thus, for the first time in his life, accumulated a little money. He soon, however, returned to his native place; and, after many removals, he settled at Dresden, a married man, thirty years of age.

At Dresden he had considerable success as a physician. During the sickness of the principal doctor of the town he performed the duties of physician-in-chief to the public

hospitals, and he enjoyed also a respectable private practice. Suddenly, to the astonishment of his friends and the consternation of his family, he abandoned his patients and his rising prospects at Dresden, and repaired again to Leipsic, where he lived in solitude, employing his time in study and translation, as of old. The reason of this strange proceeding was his dissatisfaction with the practice and theory of medicine which then prevailed.

"It was," wrote he, to one of his friends, "always a torture to me to walk in darkness when I had to attend the sick. My conscience bitterly reproached me for treating the unknown diseases of my brethren by medicines equally unknown, which, being active substances, could kill the sick or produce new and worse diseases. To become thus the murderer of my fellow-beings was for me an idea so frightful and so overwhelming, that I renounced medicine."

He now devoted himself to investigations in chemistry, in which he made some important acquisitions. He invented a plan of discovering adulterations in wine, and of detecting the presence of arsenic in the dead body. Recalled to the practice of medicine by the dangerous illness of his children, he was tormented by the necessity in which he found himself of giving them medicines in which he had lost confidence, without having discovered better.

"I cannot believe," he wrote to a friend, "that the sovereign and paternal goodness of Him whom no name designates in a manner worthy of him, who provides largely for the needs even of the imperceptible animalcules, who spreads with profusion life and happiness throughout all creation, has devoted his dearest creature to the torments of remediless disease; and I am persuaded that nature must have placed within reach of man some simple and infallible means of cure. We have not searched for those means aright, else they would long since have been discovered."

At this period of his life he continued to earn his livelihood by the translation of English works. One day, when he was translating a passage descriptive of the various effects of Peruvian bark, in its usual form of quinine, he was struck with the

ignorance displayed by the writer in his attempts to explain why this medicine was so efficacious in the cure of fevers. He perceived that the author knew no more of the matter than he did himself. It had occurred to him some time before that perhaps the best way of studying the effects of medicines would be to try them on persons in good health, and he resolved now to make such an experiment with quinine. Accordingly, he took for several days in succession as large a dose of this powerful medicine as he had been accustomed formerly to prescribe to patients afflicted with intermittent fever. The effect was truly remarkable: the medicine which cured intermittent fever *produced* intermittent fever. He repeated the experiment upon some of his friends interested in medical science, and in every case with the same result. He soon began to suspect that quinine cured the fever precisely *because* it had the property of producing a fever. In other words, he began to see afar off the great fundamental principle of homœopathy, which is, that *like cures like*. He proceeded to try other medicines, and he says that in every case he found that the medicine which could cure a disease could also produce it.

He next experimented upon the best mode of administering medicines; which resulted, at length, in his adoption of infinitesimal doses. He discovered, or thought he discovered, that infinitesimal doses of active drugs have more effect upon the cure of disease than the quantities usually given. Whether his theory upon this point is a valuable truth or a ridiculous fallacy, I am not competent to decide. Every reader of these lines is either a homœopathist or an allopathist, and has formed his own opinion on the subject. For my part, I never take any medicine, and should be perfectly willing to be treated for any disease by a competent nurse. Believing that drugs may be dispensed with, and are generally injurious, I rejoice in the spread of homœopathy, because a homœopathic dose of medicine is the nearest thing to no medicine at all.

Having now a system of medicine in which he believed, Dr. Hahnemann returned to its practice, and very soon found a hornet's nest about his ears. While practising his new system in a hospital near Brunswick, the apothecaries of the place

formed a league against the doctor, who made his own medicines, and whose system threatened their business with ruin. They discovered an ancient law which forbade physicians to prescribe medicines not made by a regular apothecary, and Hahnemann was compelled to leave the place. He removed successively to three other towns, from each of which he was in turn driven by the apothecaries. He then fixed his residence at Leipsic, where he had his first eminent and undeniable success. It was in 1813, when, in consequence of the presence of two large armies, a malignant typhus fever raged, and the sick became so numerous that it was necessary to divide them among the city physicians. Seventy-three cases fell to the share of Dr. Hahnemann, all of whom he treated on the homœopathic system, and all of whom recovered, except one old man. This striking success, while it increased the number of his disciples, inflamed the fury of his enemies, and he could not go into the streets without being hooted at and insulted. Compelled again to take flight, he found refuge at the obscure capital of one of his disciples, the Duke of Anhalt. But even there he was not safe from persecution. Several times the windows of his house were broken, and he seldom ventured out of doors.

Meanwhile, his writings and the fame of his success brought him such multitudes of patients, that the little town in which he lived acquired an importance it had never before known, and derived so much advantage from the concourse of patients that a reaction in his favor set in, and he became in time the most popular man in the town. After practising fifteen years under the protection of the Duke of Anhalt, a curious circumstance drew him away from his seclusion. He was then a widower of eighty years, though still possessed of much of the alertness and sprightliness of youth. A young French lady, who had come to consult him, became his enthusiastic admirer, and their acquaintance soon ended in marriage. His young wife induced him to remove to Paris. So popular had he become, and so necessary to the prosperity of the little town, that it was deemed best for him to take his departure secretly in the night, for fear the people might forcibly detain him.

At Paris he again encountered the opposition of the

physicians and apothecaries. It was on this occasion that M. Guizot, then minister of public instruction, made his celebrated reply to the members of the Academy of Medicine, who came to ask him to refuse Dr. Hahnemann permission to exercise his profession in France.

"Either," said M. Guizot, "homœopathy is a chimera, or it is not. If it is, it will fall of itself; if it is not, it will remain in spite of all the measures which can be taken to retard its development."

In Paris he had wonderful success. His waiting-rooms were crowded with patients. He devoted himself to the practice of his art, to the propagation of his doctrines, and to the instruction of his pupils with an energy and ardor seldom equalled in a man of fourscore. For a period of eight years he was the fashionable physician of Paris. Until within a few weeks of his death he continued to enjoy excellent health, and died in 1843, aged eighty-eight years, leaving behind him in every country of Christendom a considerable number of ardent disciples. Besides his labors as a physician, he published books enough for a small library. Including his translations, he gave the world about a hundred volumes upon medicine and chemistry.

Hahnemann was one of the most active, vehement, sincere, and persevering of mortals. Whether his doctrine be true or false, he has done immense good in the world by exciting inquiry, and by assisting to deliver the sick from those pernicious and violent remedies which killed more people than they cured, and aggravated disease as often as they relieved it. Bleeding, blistering, and mercury, — how can we be too grateful to a man who put them out of fashion? And how we ought to bless the memory of him who delivered little children from those appalling doses of salts, castor-oil, and rhubarb with which they used to be terrified and gripped.

ALFONSE I., OF PORTUGAL.

THE other day, a writer began a satirical article by telling a story of a general, who, before leading his troops to battle, addressed them thus : —

“Soldiers, remember that you are Portuguese !”

Here the reader was expected to laugh, — the writer evidently supposing that the idea of a native of Portugal having national pride was ridiculous in the highest degree. How little he knew the people or the history of that country ! The Portuguese are proud of their native land, even to bigotry ; and the time has been when Portugal gave law to vast regions of the earth, and when the Portuguese uniform was a passport to respect in Europe, and to homage in Asia. The navigators of Portugal preceded and inspired Columbus himself. It was Portugal that first made the East Indies tributary to Europe, and Portugal that gave the great impulse to the commerce which has enriched, by turns, Holland and England.

This little kingdom owed its greatness to one man, Alfonse, — the first who bore the title of King of Portugal.

In the year 1086, when the Moors still possessed the largest and best portion of the whole Spanish peninsula, the King of Castile, apprehending the invasion of his states by the Moorish host, sent to the King of France, and to the Duke of Burgundy, for help. A gallant band of French and Burgundian knights and men-at-arms responded to this demand, and spent three years in the Peninsula, fighting the Moors, and extending the area of Christian rule. Among the provinces wrested by their aid from the Infidels, was one which forms part of the modern kingdom of Portugal.

The prince who commanded the Burgundian portion of the

allied army was Henry, brother of the reigning Duke of Burgundy. To him, as a reward for his services, the King of Spain gave in marriage his illegitimate daughter, Theresa, and assigned for their maintenance the province just mentioned, naming his son-in-law Count of Portugal, and rendering him master and lord of the country, — him and his heirs forever. Thus it was that Portugal became an independent power. The new count fixed his residence north of the Douro, where the ruins of his castle are still to be seen. He passed his life in warring upon the Moors, performing great exploits, and died in 1112, after reigning seventeen years, leaving his son, Alfonse, three years old, and appointing his wife regent of the country and guardian of his boy.

Theresa, a weak and foolish woman, surrounded with flatterers, and ruled by favorites, governed the province so badly, that Alfonse, when he was sixteen years of age, yielding to the entreaties of the nobles and the clamor of the people, seized the supreme authority, and expelled his mother and her favorites from the palace. She raised the standard of resistance, and gathered an army about her. The youthful count led his forces against her, defeated her in battle, took her prisoner, and kept her in close confinement until her death, which occurred three years after. The young King of Castile was nephew of Theresa, and led an army to her deliverance. The Count of Portugal defeated him also, and remained thenceforth the undisputed ruler of the country.

He grew to the stature of a giant. In a small Portuguese city, near the ruins of the castle in which he was born, a suit of his armor is preserved, which proves that he must have been six feet and ten inches in height. Notwithstanding his excessive tallness, he was wonderfully strong, graceful, and alert. As he attained mature age, he gave every indication of possessing both excellent talents and a lofty character. He was, indeed, one of the very ablest and best of modern rulers; he is esteemed by the Portuguese as the English esteem their King Alfred. In Portugal, to this day, Alfonse I. is another name for all that is high, noble, wise and chivalric.

The grand object of the Christian princes in the peninsula, for

eight hundred years, was to expell the Moors. Eight hundred years of almost continuous war! The reason why this contest lasted so long was that neither party was united in itself. The Moors were divided into a multitude of communities, each governed by its own petty chieftain, so that it was only on great occasions, under the influence of great terror or confident hopes, that they acted in concert; and when, by their momentary union, signal advantages had been won, they soon fell to quarrelling among themselves. It was so with the Christians also. Alfonse, as we have seen, had no sooner grasped the reins of power, than he was involved in war with his own mother. When she was overthrown, her cause was espoused by a neighboring king, which led to another war, in which both Castile and Portugal suffered terrible disasters, each being in turn overrun and devastated by the other. Nothing ended this contest but the terror of a new invasion by the Moors, which threatened the destruction of both belligerents. In view of this great peril, the Pope interposed, and induced each of them to give up all his conquests from the other, and join against the common foe.

The Moors invaded Portugal with a prodigious army. Portuguese historians say that it consisted of two hundred thousand men, commanded by five infidel kings, and that Count Alfonse could only muster a force of thirteen thousand Christian troops with which to oppose them. But, they add, God showed himself clearly on the side of his chosen servants. They relate that when Alfonse saw the mighty host of the infidels, and considered the insignificance of his own army, he faltered, and was half inclined to avoid a battle. Suddenly a holy hermit, who dwelt and prayed in the neighboring forest, appeared before him, and bade him be of good cheer.

"Go forth to the combat in the morning," he said, "when you hear the bell ring for early mass, and turn to the east."

He obeyed the heavenly mandate. "As he was wheeling his troops into line," continued the Portuguese narrators, "he beheld in the sky the image of Christ on the cross, and he heard a voice proceeding from it, assuring him of victory, and promising him a kingly crown, which should be worn by sixteen of

his descendants." All the histories written in that age abound in marvels of this kind.

Alfonse attacked the foe ; the battle was long and bloody ; the towering form of the Christian commander was seen wherever the fight was hottest. His troops, inspired by his brilliant and inexhaustible valor, did not forget that "they were Portuguese," and fought with a constancy equal to his own. The five Moorish kings were slain, and a vast number of their immediate followers ; the Moorish host was broken, at length, and fled in wild panic back to their own provinces, leaving Count Alfonse master of extended frontiers. At the close of this great day the victorious soldiers gathered round their giant-chief and proclaimed him King of Portugal. He accepted the title ; and to this day the Portuguese look upon the plain in which this battle was fought as the birth-place of the monarchy. The plain of Ourique is the Bunker Hill of Portugal.

No sooner was Alfonse delivered from this danger, than he was involved in another war with one of his Christian neighbors, in the course of which he was badly wounded, and once defeated. While he was still in the dominions of his Christian foe, news reached him that the Moors were again advancing toward the frontiers of Portugal. Compelled by this intelligence to return home, he fought the Moors with varying fortune, until, in 1145, he again won over them a signal victory, which enlarged his dominions, and gave him a short interval of peace.

During this respite from the toils of war, being then thirty-seven years of age, King Alfonse married Matilda, daughter of one of the Christian princes of the peninsula. She was a woman worthy to be the wife of such a king, and well fitted to govern his kingdom while he was absent defending it. Three sons and three daughters were born to them, whom they educated in a manner far beyond the customs of the age in which they lived. These parents succeeded in impressing their characters upon their offspring, who continued, for several generations, to walk in the footsteps of their ancestors. To this fact, as much as to the personal virtues of Alfonse, the subsequent greatness of Portugal was due.

At the time of his marriage, Lisbon, the present capital of

Portugal, was still a Moorish city. Soon after his honeymoon, he began preparations for its reduction, and in the course of the following year he led an army against it and laid siege to it. Strongly fortified, and numerous defended, Lisbon long resisted his utmost exertions, and at last it was but an accident which enabled him to carry it. A fleet of adventurers, French, English, and Flemings, bound for the Holy Land, chanced to anchor at the mouth of the Tagus. The King of Portugal besought their aid.

"You are going to fight the Infidels of Palestine," said he; "there are Infidels in yonder city."

The crusaders were easily persuaded to lend him their aid, and Lisbon was quickly reduced and added to the possessions of Alfonse. This important conquest brought troops of other crusaders to his assistance. Within a few months, twelve other Moorish strongholds were captured by him.

The reign of this valiant king lasted just sixty years, during which he scarcely enjoyed five years, in all, of peace. Now he warred with the Moors, now with Christians; sometimes with both at once. When he was seventy years of age he was still active in the field against one of his own sons-in-law, by whom he was taken prisoner, but soon after honorably released.

His long reign began and ended in victory. In the seventy-fifth year of his age, the Moors made one more mighty effort to dislodge him from his little kingdom, and win back the provinces of which he had despoiled them. To the Moors of Spain were added vast numbers from Africa, and a countless host swept over the Christian provinces, led on by the king of Morocco himself. Nothing stopped them but one of Alfonse's strongholds, which he had fortified against the day of need. When the Moors had exhausted themselves in vain assaults upon this fortress, Alfonse fell upon them, and gave them a defeat as signal as that which had won him a crown. A year after, the founder of the kingdom of Portugal died, aged seventy-six, leaving to his son, Sancho, tranquil and prosperous dominions, which he governed in the spirit and manner of his father.

Alfonse found Portugal a province, and left it a nation. He defended it by his sword, and founded the institutions by vir

tue of which it became great. His death interrupted not the advance of his kingdom, because he had known how to rear a son who was but another Alfonse. Strength and courage he exhibited in a high degree, and these are usually sufficient for a great personal success. But to found a family, — to be the progenitor of a line of noble kings, — a man must be wise and virtuous, and both in an eminent degree. How many men there are among us to to-day who have made a great fortune ; but how few of them have succeeded in the infinitely more difficult task of rearing a son worthy to inherit and able to use it !

BARTHOLOMEW DIAS.

ALL sailors and geographers, I repeat, should pronounce with respect the word, *Portugal*; for it was that little kingdom which led the way in navigating the ocean. But for Portugal, Columbus had never discovered America. It was the example of Portuguese navigators that gave him courage to undertake his great voyage; and it was while living in Portugal and exercising his vocation of map-maker that the conviction grew in his mind of the existence of land in the western hemisphere. Alfonse, the first and greatest King of Portugal, was, as I have said, the progenitor of a noble line of kings, who raised one of the smallest of kingdoms to a rank and importance in Europe scarcely inferior to that of the largest.

The first of the series of events which ended in the discovery of a new world was the introduction of the Mariner's Compass, without which it had never been safe to venture out of sight of land. No one knows who invented this sublime instrument. We only know that it was first used in navigating the seas about the year 1420, — seventy years before Columbus sailed.

The whole of that period of seventy years was filled with events of the highest interest to navigators. Then it was that the science of navigation began to exist. In the court of a Portuguese king the compass was first seriously studied. There, too, were constructed the first tables of the sun's declinations, for sailors' use; and there was first disclosed the modern mode of taking observations of the sun. By Portuguese navigators the islands lying off the African coast — the Azores, Madeiras, Cape Verdes, and others — were discovered. Portuguese sailors first ventured down along the coast of Africa; first visited the negro in his native home; first saw the elephant; first brought

to Europe pepper, ivory, and gold dust, from the shores of Guinea; first planted the cross upon those distant coasts; first saw that remote headland which was afterwards named the Cape of Good Hope; first doubled the cape, and so reached by sea the East Indies. These were great achievements, second in importance only to the discovery of a new continent, and surpassing even that in difficulty and danger.

Of the Portuguese navigators who preceded Columbus, Bartholomew Dias was the most famous and successful. It was in 1486 — six years before the discovery of America — that Dias made the voyage which immortalizes his name. At that time, the principal islands off the northern coast of Africa were paying tribute to the Portuguese king, and the coast itself had been explored to a point within 1,100 miles of the southern extremity of the continent. Beyond that point all was as yet unknown. But there existed then in Portugal such an enthusiasm for explorations and discoveries, that no sooner had one navigator returned and related his adventures than plans were entertained for new attempts. This was the case in 1486. A ship returned in that year which had sailed up the river Congo, and brought home a chief of the country to be baptized a Christian. Religious zeal, the desire of gain and national pride, all concurred to induce the King of Portugal to fit out a new expedition, to ascertain, if possible, how far Africa extended, and what there was at the end of it. They had been working at Africa for many a year. Great and strange things had been discovered; but they had not yet reached the bottom of the mystery.

Two vessels, each of fifty tons burthen, were equipped and armed, and placed under the command of Dias, a man of rank and a member of the king's household. The little vessels put to sea, followed by the ardent wishes of all Portugal. Columbus was not upon the shore to see them off; for, one year before, after having long endeavored to obtain the patronage of the King of Portugal, he had left that country and offered his services to the King of Spain. How bitterly the King of Portugal regretted this six years after!

The two ships sped away before favorable gales, and quickly reached the southernmost point attained by previous navigators.

Beyond latitude twenty-two degrees nothing was known; and Dias had no guide but the line of the coast. This, however, proved to be a very deceptive guide; for sometimes it stretched away toward the west, then indented eastward; so that, in attempting to make short cuts, he often lost the land, sailed many days out of his course, and was then obliged to retrace his steps and grope about, as it were, until he found the continent again. As the ships advanced toward the south, the astonishment of the navigators was unbounded when they found the weather daily growing colder. This was contrary to all past experience. No European had ever before gone far enough south of the equator to discover that the temperature lowers as you go south of the equator in the same proportion as when you go north of it. This fact was the first great discovery of Dias and his followers.

Sailing along the coast, he saw at length the lofty promontory, a thousand feet above the level of the sea, which terminates the continent. He had accomplished his mission, but he knew it not. Still hugging the shore, he soon observed that the line of coast now tended northward; whence he gradually concluded that he had doubled the southern extremity of Africa.

It is much to the credit of Dias and of the enlightened king whom he served, that, in obedience to his orders, he treated the natives of Africa with all possible kindness. Four negro women, beguiled from their home by previous explorers, he carried back to their country, loaded with presents. He exchanged gifts, also, with the chiefs whose dominions he visited, and treated them with great consideration. They reciprocated his kindness and supplied him with provisions. On one occasion, however, he encountered a hostile tribe. Soon after rounding the great cape, he had occasion to land for a supply of water. On reaching the spring, he found a great assemblage of natives, who attempted to drive away the sailors by a shower of stones, hurled from slings. Dias ordered up one of those enormous bow-guns in use at that time; by means of which a large stone was thrown into the crowd of howling savages, stretched one of them lifeless upon the ground, and put the rest to flight.

This encounter completed the discouragement of his men. Dias wished to push on, in quest of the rich shores of India;

but nothing could overcome the unwillingness of his crew to proceed farther, and he saw himself, at length, obliged to yield. Ordering the crews of both ships ashore, he set up, with imposing ceremonial, a wooden cross, rudely fashioned by a ship's carpenter, which bore also the royal arms of Portugal. Beneath this cross mass was said, and the communion administered. When these services were concluded, and Dias was about to return to his ship and sail for home, his heart was overcome with the bitterness of his regrets. The thought that he had come so far only to set up a cross, and that he was turning back just when complete success seemed within his grasp, shook his frame with emotion. It was long before he could tear himself from the spot. "You would have thought," said one of his comrades afterwards, "that he was taking leave of an only son exiled forever to that distant shore."

It was not till Dias had again doubled the cape, that he knew for a certainty that it was indeed the end of the continent. He named it the Cape of Storms.

One strange and melancholy incident occurred on the voyage home. Dias had stationed a small store-ship in one of the bays on the coast of Guinea, which he left in charge of a purser and a small crew. During his long absence, disease had reduced the number of this little band, until none remained but the purser and two or three sick, despairing sailors. When, at last, the purser saw in the distance the well-known vessel of his commander, such was the shock of his joy that he fell dead upon the deck of his vessel.

The return of the expedition was hailed with delight by king and people. John II., comprehending the importance of the discovery, and foreseeing all its probable consequences, would not permit the cape to retain the name given to it by Dias. He called it the Cape of Good Hope, which it has ever since retained. He meant by this appellation to express the feeling that now there was Good Hope of reaching India by sea; Good Hope of Portugal sharing in the commerce which had enriched Venice; Good Hope of making up for the small territory of Portugal by great possessions on another continent; and, not least, Good Hope of adding to the realm of the cross countless

hosts of heathen. All these Good Hopes were abundantly realized ere many years had gone by.

For some reason unknown, Dias did not receive either the honors or the rewards due to so eminent a service. He was never again in command of an expedition, though he lived long enough to see the results of his discovery.

In the year 1500, a fleet of twelve Portuguese ships was voyaging toward India. Dias, who had never yet set foot on the land to which he had shown the way, was in command of one of those vessels. One clear, still afternoon in May, when the fleet was coursing gently along in close company, a hurricane suddenly struck them. The fleet was dispersed, and four of the vessels immediately filled and sunk. Not a man on board of them was rescued. One of the four ships thus engulfed was commanded by Bartholomew Dias.

EARLY LIFE OF LORD BYRON.

It is difficult for an American citizen to realize what it is in England to be a lord. Common people can hardly stand upright or command their organs of speech in the presence of a man who has the legal right to place that little word, *lord*, before his name. One reason is, I suppose, that there are only four or five hundred lords in the whole British empire, so that many people never have a chance to see that a lord is, after all, only a man. Another reason is, that lords are almost always exceedingly rich, live in enormous castles or splendid mansions, and ride about in grand carriages. Then, too, most of them have names and titles which are met with in history, and in Shakespeare, and ignorant people suppose that when they see the Duke of Buckingham, they are looking upon a descendant of "my lord of Buckingham," whose head was cut off by Richard III. at Salisbury. In addition to all this, a lord sits in the House of Lords, and holds a rank in the commonwealth similar to that of senator in the United States.

Of course, the adulation which lords receive, even from their childhood, has an effect upon themselves, — since they are but men, no better and no worse than others. It is apt to make them think that they are composed of a superior clay to that out of which common people are formed. All the foolish part of them fully believe that they differ from ordinary mortals as fine porcelain differs from the red material of flower-pots.

Byron, with all his genius, was infatuated with this ridiculous notion, and the more because the title came to him suddenly, when he was just old enough to be spoiled by it. He was a school-boy, ten years old at the time, living in Scotland with his mother, who had an income of one hundred and thirty-five





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From the above, we can see that the \mathcal{H}_2 norm of the system is the square root of the sum of the squares of the singular values of the system matrix. The \mathcal{H}_2 norm of the system is a measure of the system's energy. The \mathcal{H}_2 norm of the system is a measure of the system's energy. The \mathcal{H}_2 norm of the system is a measure of the system's energy.



pounds a year, equal to about twenty-five dollars a week in our present currency. All at once came news that Lord Byron, the grand-uncle of the boy, was dead, leaving no heirs to his title and estates except this poor widow's son. Imagine the effect upon a forward, sensitive, bashful, imaginative boy, — painfully ashamed because he had a lame foot. It seems that he was puzzled at first with his new lordship. The day after the news arrived, he ran up to his mother, and said : —

"Mother, do you see any difference in me since I became a lord? I see none."

The next morning, when the roll was called at school, the teacher, instead of calling out his name, George Byron, as he had always done before, gave it with the title prefixed in Latin. thus : —

"Dominus George Byron."

The boy could not utter the usual response, "Adsum" (I am present), so paralyzed was he by his emotions. Pale and speechless he stood, with the eyes of the whole school upon him, until he found relief in a gush of tears. The time never came when he could take a rational view of this imaginary honor. His friend and biographer, Thomas Moore, tells us that, in the height of his celebrity, he was more proud of his descent from the Byrons who came over from Normandy with William the Conqueror, than of being the most admired poet of his time.

Yet his ancestors were not people to be very proud of. To the immense estates granted them by William and his successors, Henry VIII. added others from the spoils of the church; which made the family one of the richest in England. Extravagance and dissipation so reduced its wealth, that the estate which little Byron inherited was small and encumbered with debt, — small, I mean, for a lord. A great number of Byrons, however, fought bravely in the ancient wars; there were as many as seven brothers of the name in the battle of Edgehill, during the civil wars, and it was for services rendered in that long contest, that Charles I. ennobled the head of the house, conferring the title which the poet inherited.

Captain Byron, the poet's father, possessed the worst quality of his race. He was most recklessly dissolute and extravagant

Having squandered his own fortune and that of his first wife, and incurred immense debts, he cast his eyes upon Miss Catherine Gordon, a silly, romantic, Scotch girl of ancient family and large fortune, and openly avowed his intention to marry her for the sole purpose of paying off his debts. In money, stocks, and land, the young lady possessed property equal to about a quarter of a million of our dollars; all of which, with her hand and heart, she bestowed upon this handsome, fascinating, and despicable debauchee. Before the honeymoon was over, a crowd of creditors came upon the husband of this fine estate. First, all the ready money was paid away,—three thousand pounds. Next went the bank stock and fishery shares,—a thousand pounds more. Then, fifteen hundred pounds' worth of timber was cut from the estate and sold. Next, eight thousand pounds were raised by a mortgage on the estate, and all paid to creditors. Finally, when they had been married less than two years, the estate was sold, and all the money which it yielded was poured into the bottomless pit of Captain Byron's debts, except a small sum necessary to secure Mrs. Byron the annual pittance named above. When he had wrung from her all that she possessed, and even made away with part of her little annuity, he abandoned her and went off to the continent, leaving to her care their only son, a boy three years of age. Such was the meanness of this contemptible animal, and such the infatuation of his foolish wife, that he actually squeezed out of her slender means the money that paid his expenses to the continent; and when he died, soon after, she had to pay more than a hundred pounds of small debts incurred by him just before his departure. She loved him to the last. When the news came of his death, she threw herself into such a passion of grief that her shrieks could be heard by the passers-by in the street below.

With all these facts before him, the poet could still be proud that he was a Byron. It was because he was himself a Byron.

Soon after his accession to the title and estate of his grand uncle, his mother sold the furniture of her two or three rooms in Aberdeen for seventy-four pounds, and removed with her boy to Newstead Abbey, a fine old mansion in Nottinghamshire.

which Henry VIII. had given to the family when he broke up the abbeyes and monasteries, two hundred and sixty years before.

From this time he lived the usual life of a young lord. He was a wilful, active, inquisitive, affectionate boy, a great reader, an irregular student, and exceedingly ambitious to excel in the sports of the play-ground. Three times before he was fifteen he thought himself in love. When first he imagined himself the victim of the tender passion he was only eight years of age, and he cherished so fond a recollection of his infant flame, that when, at the age of sixteen, his mother carelessly told him that his "old sweetheart, Mary Duff," was married, he was nearly thrown into convulsions, which so alarmed his mother that she avoided mentioning the subject to him ever after. At twelve he thought himself madly in love with a beautiful cousin. "I could not sleep — I could not eat — I could not rest," he afterwards wrote. The last of his boyish passions, which siezed him when he was fifteen, before it was possible for him to have been really in love, was not so violent as his first; but he always spoke of it as something exceedingly serious. The lady was much older than himself, and very properly regarded and treated him as a school-boy.

The worst enemy he ever had was his mother. She was an ignorant, foolish woman, disagreeable in her appearance, very fat and awkward, capricious, and of a violent temper. She indulged him most injuriously, often permitting him to absent himself from school for a week at a time, and when she was angry with him, her rage was such as to render her helpless, and the boy would run away from her and laugh at her. At last Dr. Glennie, the master of his school, appealed to Lord Carlisle, the legal guardian of the boy, and besought him to interfere. Supported by the guardian's authority, he denied him the privilege of going home on Saturday; whereupon Mrs. Byron, indignant at being deprived of the society of her son, would go to the school, and pour out such a storm of invective in the doctor's parlor, that the boys in the school-room would hear her, to the great shame of the young lord. The school-master once overheard a boy say to him:—

"Byron, your mother is a fool."

"I know it," was his sad reply.

When we think of this fatherless boy, with the blood of the Byrons in his veins, subjected to the fondness and violence of this foolish mother, we ought to wonder, not that he was so wild and ignoble a man, but that there was any good in him at all. There was much good in him. One of his school-fellows at Harrow was the great Sir Robert Peel, who used to relate an anecdote of Byron that does him much honor. A great bully was tormenting little Peel most cruelly one day, by inflicting blows with a stick upon the inside flesh of one of his arms, which the brute twisted round for the purpose. Byron chanced to see his little friend writhing under the torture, and was half convulsed with rage and pity. Unable to fight the tormentor, he came up to him, with tears rolling down his face, red with fury, and said in a low, humble tone:—

"How many stripes do you mean to inflict?"

"Why, you little rascal," roared the bully, "what is that to you?"

"Because, if you please," said Byron, holding up his arm. "I will take half."

He was, like his mother, apt to be violent in all things, even in his attachment to other school-boys. We have one of his school letters, in which he reproaches one of his friends for beginning his last letter "My dear Byron," instead of "My dearest Byron." In the defence of his friends he was a very valiant champion. One of them being weak from a recent sickness, was ill fitted to fight his way in a great concourse of rough boys, and Byron said to him:—

"Harness, if any one bullies you, tell me, and I'll thrash him if I can."

He kept his word, and the two boys remained fast friends for many years.

At college he was still a desultory student, an omniverous reader, an ardent friend, and a devotee of active sports. He became, through incessant practice, an excellent shot, an expert boatman, and one of the best swimmers in Europe, and, as he grew to manhood, he became exceedingly handsome. His col-

lege friendships were more like the romantic passion of a youth for a lovely girl than an attachment between persons of the same sex. At college, too, his old habit of writing verses grew upon him to such a degree that by the time he was eighteen he had enough poems in his desk for a volume. His youthful poetry was pleasing enough, and generally creditable to him, though the fire and audacity of his later productions do not appear in it. As a specimen, the following lines may be given, written when he was about seventeen, on discovering that a tree that he had planted was dying : —

“Young Oak, when I planted thee deep in the ground,
I hoped that thy days would be longer than mine, —
That thy dark, waving branches would flourish around,
And ivy thy trunk with its mantle entwine.

“Such, such was my hope when, in infancy’s years,
On the land of my fathers I reared thee with pride.
They are past, and I water thy stem with my tears, —
Thy decay, not the weeds that surround thee can hide.”

There was no harm in such mild verses as these, and there was some promise of better things.

On leaving college, he again resided with his mother, whose furious temper age had not subdued. In her paroxysms of anger, she would throw at him the poker and tongs, and not unfrequently he had to fly from the house before her. At the age of nineteen his first volume of verses appeared, entitled : —

“Hours of Idleness. A Series of Poems, original and translated. By George Gordon — Lord Byron — a minor. New-ark, 1807.”

In his long and egotistical preface, he said that this, his first publication, would also be his last, as it was not at all likely that a man of his rank and expectations would pursue literature any farther. The volume had some success, received some praise in the press, and all was going well with it, until the first day of the year 1808, when that number of the “Edinburgh Review” appeared, which contained the celebrated article that stung the poet so cruelly.

“The poesy of this young lord,” began the reviewer, “be-

longs to the class which neither gods nor men are said to permit. . . . His effusions are spread over a dead flat, and can no more get above or below the level than if they were so much stagnant water." And so on for three bantering pages, interspersed with specimens of the noble "minor's" stanzas.

This stinging satire, which would have crushed some young writers of verses, fixed Lord Byron in the career of letters. Promptly and vigorously he retorted in his poem, "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," in which he sung thus of the editor of the "Edinburgh Review":—

"Health to immortal Jeffrey! Once, in name,
England could boast a judge almost the same,
In soul so like, so merciful and just,
Some think that Satan has resigned his trust,
And given the spirit to the world again,
To sentence letters, as he sentenced men.
With hand less mighty, but with heart as black,
With voice as willing to decree the rack;
Bred in the courts, betimes, though all that law
As yet hath taught him is to find a flaw."

He proceeds to say that perhaps, if the whigs come into power, Jeffrey may become a judge, and if so, Jeffries, his predecessor on the bench, might greet him thus, while presenting him with a rope:—

"Hear to my virtues! man of equal mind!
Skilled to condemn as to traduce mankind,
This cord receive — for thee reserved with care —
To wield with judgment, and at length to wear."

This witty poem, in which all the noted authors of Scotland were remorselessly lashed, ran through many editions, and sufficiently consoled the wounded self-love of the young poet. The fame, however, of Lord Byron, dates from his twenty-fourth year, when the publication of the first cantos of *Childe Harold* revealed to England the full splendor of his talents.

"I awoke one morning," said he, "and found myself famous."

Such was his popularity at one time, that ten thousand copies

of one of his poems were sold on the day of its publication at a price equal to nearly ten dollars each. But his errors as a man soon lost him the esteem of his countrymen ; he was almost as extravagant as his father, and quite as dissolute, and, like his father, he squandered the fortune of his wife after he had ceased to be a husband to her.

FERNANDO MAGALHAENS.

THIS name, Magalhaens, appears on our maps as Magellan. Every school-boy knows Magellan's Straits and Magellan's Archipelago, so named in honor of their heroic and ill-fated discoverer. They were not so named by himself, however. Good Catholic as he was, he called the passage between Patagonia and Terra del Fuego the Strait of the Eleven Thousand Virgins. But this appellation was more pious than convenient, and, after the tragic death of Magalhaens, navigators called the strait by the name it now bears.

Fernando Magalhaens, a native of Portugal, was a boy about twelve years of age when the news of Columbus' great discovery and safe return reached Oporto, the city of his birth and education. At that time, Portugal, under the rule of an enterprising and fortunate king, was far more powerful and important than she is at present. It was a Portuguese fleet that first found the way to the East Indies by the Cape of Good Hope; and this led to a great and profitable trade with the Indies, which for many years enabled Portugal to take a leading part in the discovery and exploration of the western world. When Magalhaens came upon the stage of action, the King of Portugal had a numerous fleet, a great revenue, an imposing name, and extensive possessions in Asia. Such was his importance, that the Pope, in deciding rival claims to the newly found lands and islands, gave one-half to Spain and one-half to Portugal.

Magalhaens entered the Portuguese navy at an early age, and served in it with distinction for many years. He was in that famous expedition of the renowned Admiral Albuquerque, which ravaged the coasts of Africa and Asia for five years, and captured an enormous booty. Magalhaens took part in the siege and

sack of Malacca, where Albuquerque took such a quantity of treasure that the king's share, which was one-fifth, amounted to five millions of dollars. In the division of this vast plunder, the leaders of the expedition quarrelled. Magalhaens, conceiving that he was defrauded of his proper share, threw up his commission, and never sailed again under the flag of his native country.

He made his way to the court of Charles V., then the first monarch in Europe, and offered his services to him. He now appears as the enemy of his own king. The great object of desire, on the part of the King of Spain and the King of Portugal, was the possession of the Spice Islands; and it was uncertain to which of those kings the Pope's Bull assigned them. Magalhaens told the ministers of Charles V. that those coveted islands were on the Spanish side of the line fixed by the Pope as the line of division, and offered to reach them by sailing to the west instead of the east. Like Columbus, Cabot, and Fro-bisher, this Portuguese navigator was fully possessed with the belief that there must be a western passage to Asia; and he took this method to enlist in the cause the avarice of the King of Spain.

Charles V. lent a willing ear to his arguments, and was convinced by them. Five vessels—the smallest sixty, the largest one hundred and thirty tons—were placed under his command, and furnished with everything that could conduce to the success of the expedition. The crews of these vessels numbered two hundred and thirty-four, mostly of Spanish birth, and the captains of the ships were all Spanish. I need scarcely remind the reader that there has always been, between the Spanish and the Portuguese, a certain antipathy, the Spaniard being strongly disposed to look down with contempt upon the people of the little kingdom.

August 10th, 1519, Admiral Magalhaens sailed from Seville, and reached the coast of Brazil in the middle of December. He then steered to the south, and, sailing close in shore, looked out anxiously to find a break in the continent which would let him into the great ocean that washed the shores of Asia, and encircled the rich islands of which he was in quest. The broad

mouth of the La Plata lured him in at length. He entered it, but discovering soon that it was only a river, he dropped down the stream, and resumed his run along the coast.

In March, 1520, seven months after leaving Spain, he came to anchor in one of the harbors of Patagonia. Winter had set in, and he was detained there five weary months, during which his Spanish captains became discontented, and at length conspired to resist his authority. In quelling this incipient mutiny, he resorted to the most desperate measures. One of the captains he caused to be assassinated; two others he hanged; the fourth, with a priest who was his accomplice, he set ashore and left them to their fate among the Indians. The winter wore away at length, and on the 20th of August (spring in those latitudes) he resumed his southward course. It was two months later before he entered the strait which now bears his name.

Magellan's Strait, which looks so insignificant on the map, is three hundred miles long, and varies in width from a mile and a half to thirty miles. The shores are lofty, rugged, and precipitous, rising, in some places, to a height of three thousand feet; and the water is so deep that lines sunk to the depth of fifteen hundred feet have not reached the bottom. The navigation, however, is difficult and dangerous, owing to the currents, the reefs, the abrupt turns, and the changeful, boisterous winds. Our clipper ships, on their voyages to California, prefer to encounter the tempests off Cape Horn than to thread this long and perilous defile. At the very entrance one of Admiral Magalhaens' vessels was wrecked. Another turned back when it was half through, and made its way to Spain. The three remaining ships struggled on for five weeks, and then emerged into the broad and tranquil ocean, which the Admiral named the *PACIFIC*.

Confident in his theory, he spread his sails and ventured forth upon this unknown sea. Week after week he sailed before the gentle breezes of the Pacific, seeing no land except one or two small, barren, uninhabited islands. His provisions ran low, his supply of water was nearly exhausted, and his men were wasted by disease and hunger. For thirteen weeks he held his course, uncheered by any sign that he was approaching the object of his search, or any land from which he could get food or water.

To turn back, however, had been still more hopeless. He had no choice but to sail on, until he had consumed his last biscuit and his last cask of water.

On the ninety-second day after clearing the strait, land was descried. The joy of those navigators can be imagined, when this land proved to be a group of fertile and inhabited islands, abounding in food. The dusky natives were such arrant thieves, that the admiral named the islands the *Ladrones*, which name they bear to the present day. When he landed there, he had been absent from Spain five hundred and thirty-three days, during most of which he had been in seas never before traversed by man.

After a few days' stay at the *Ladrones*, this intrepid discoverer resumed his voyage. He was now in a part of the Pacific Ocean which is so thickly studded with islands that he could not go far without finding new groups. In a few days he came to the islands afterwards named the *Philippines*. Here his long voyaging was destined to terminate. Not content with taking possession of the islands in the name of the King of Spain, he was anxious to convert the natives to Christianity, and to have them at once baptized. The king of the principal island agreed, it appears, to become Christian, and make his subjects Christian, and pay tribute to the King of Spain, provided Admiral Magalhaens would render him supreme monarch over all the islands of the group. The admiral, in an evil hour, accepted the condition. He landed sixty armed men upon the island of the most contumacious chief, who met this little band with an army of fifteen hundred Indian warriors. A long and fierce conflict ensued, — the Indians unappalled by the Spaniards' firearms. Magalhaens fought on all day, until his men had expended their ammunition, and then ordered a retreat to the boats. This movement was executed in confusion, under a shower of stones. The admiral being in the post of danger, nearest the savages, was knocked senseless by a large stone, when an Indian ran up and thrust a spear through his body, which was fatal.

His followers hastened away from that bloody shore, and made all sail for Spain. In September, 1522, one little vessel of Magalhaens' fleet, with eighteen men on board, entered the

harbor of Seville, — the sole relics of the expedition. This vessel, which was named the Vittoria, was the first which ever sailed round the globe, and the name of her commander was Juan Sebastian Cano. She was three years and one month in making the voyage. Magalhaens ranks very high among the wonderful navigators of his time. In point of courage and perseverance he was surpassed by none of them. But his valor sometimes degenerated into rashness, and his firmness into cruelty.

SIR HUMPHREY DAVY.

IN the spring of 1801 the fashionable world of London was much excited by the appearance upon the platform of the Royal Institution of a new lecturer upon chemistry, who exhibited a singular talent for making science entertaining. It may seem strange to readers of to-day that we should speak of the world of fashion in connection with science. At present, people of fashion, following the lead of Louis Napoleon's wife, appear wholly abandoned to frivolity, and know no nobler pleasures than the exhibition of extravagant wearing apparel. But during the latter part of the last century and the beginning of this, science was in vogue, and it was common to see brilliant assemblies of the wealthy and high-born in the lecture-rooms of scientific institutions.

Humphrey Davy was the name of the lecturer of whom we have spoken. People who, attracted by his celebrity, went to the hall expecting to see a grave and venerable philosopher in pigtail and powder, were astonished to behold a young man of fresh complexion and chestnut curls, full of youthful vivacity and spirit, with a voice exceedingly musical, and a style in which the facts and the poetry of science found expression equally happy. In reality he was twenty-three, but he looked eighteen. Being slightly undersized, and having a small, boyish face, he was once taken for a boy by a lady who had come to visit him, and who chanced to see him reading before she knew who he was. Great was her astonishment, when she was introduced to the distinguished Mr. Davy, and found him to be the youth "with the little brown head" whom she had carelessly passed on entering the house.

The brilliancy of Davy's debut in London proved to be the

opening of a long and brilliant career. Year after year he continued to lecture, and to attract great assemblies of those who came to be instructed, and those who came because chemistry and Humphrey Davy were in fashion. With all his youthful liveliness, with all his fluency and eloquence, he was an honest and earnest teacher, whose public ministrations were sustained by laborious private study and experiment.

The peculiarity of the life of this eminent man was that he was always fortunate. He appears to have always had just what he wanted, and just when he wanted it.

Six years before his appearance in London he was a fatherless lad, living in a small country town in far-off Cornwall, where his widowed mother kept a little milliner's shop. He had attended the best school in the neighborhood for several years, where he was only known as a bright, forward boy, somewhat studious, very fond of poetry and fishing, but not noted for any particular inclination toward science. He was simply a good, merry, English school-boy, doing his duty in the school-room, but happiest in the fields among his fellows with a fishing-rod or a cricket-bat in his hands. The death of his father, an intelligent, speculative man, who left his affairs in great disorder, consigned his mother to a milliner's shop, and changed him from a school-boy into an apothecary's apprentice. A shade of seriousness gathered over him. He had become a man. His private note-books of the first two years of his apprenticeship have been preserved, and they show us, that when his day's work of compounding drugs was done, and in the morning before it begun, he was a hard student. He went through a complete course of arithmetic, algebra, geometry, and trigonometry, besides reading the metaphysical works of Locke, Hartley, Berkley, Hume, Helvetius, Condorcet, and Reid. He also learned the French language.

He was no mere bookworm, however, nor a Hogarth's "good apprentice." He found time, now and then, for a half a day's fishing or shooting, and played many a good game of billiards. Billiard-balls, indeed, were his first known teachers of science. It was his fondness for that game that led him to study the

laws of repulsion; hoping, by getting the true theory, to beat his young friends in practice.

The study of metaphysics had upon his mind the same effect that it had upon Benjamin Franklin's. Unsatisfied with a science which, as then pursued, led to uncertainty and confusion, he was drawn away to one which rewards the faithful student with positive and useful truths. At the beginning of the third year of his apprenticeship, and the nineteenth of his age, he began, with a boy's usual apparatus of tobacco-pipes, tea-cups, wine-glasses, and earthen crucibles, to study and experiment in chemistry.

Everything helped him. His master was a man of much scientific knowledge, and had a considerable library, to which the apprentice had access. A son of the celebrated James Watt came to reside in the town, whose conversation was a great advantage to the young chemist. The copper and tin mines of the vicinity, the sea-weed on the shore, the drugs employed in his profession, all furnished objects of investigation; and he pursued his studies with an ardor and devotion that never fail to produce important results. Chemistry was not then what it is now. He was able in a few months to master all that previous explorers had discovered, and then he struck boldly into untrodden paths.

So passed the last two years of his apprenticeship. At twenty, such was his provincial celebrity, he was invited to a post in a new medical institution at Bristol, founded for the purpose of administering various gases for the cure of disease. His business there was to prepare and administer the gases, — an employment admirably calculated to give him dexterity in experimenting, and familiarity with fundamental principles; for what is chemistry but the science of gases? It was at this institution that he first inhaled the gas now called "laughing gas," but which he then styled "the pleasure-producing air." He was the first man in the world who ever enjoyed this species of intoxication. He used to inhale the gas from a bag, just as it is now administered, and it produced upon him precisely the effects which most of us have experienced or witnessed.

A volume of essays published by him at Bristol, extended his

fame to the metropolis, and led to his being appointed professor of chemistry at the Royal Institution. Hence his appearance, at the early age of twenty-three, upon a London platform, where, as we have seen, his youth, his simplicity, his eloquence, and his dexterity in conducting experiments made him for many years a popular lion.

At the Royal Institution he had everything that a man of science can desire. A liberal income gave him the command of all his time. A complete laboratory afforded him the means of pursuing his investigations. A number of competent assistants were at hand to aid him. Sympathetic friends witnessed and encouraged his labors, and the applause of the public cheered and stimulated him. He went to the laboratory in the morning as a workman goes to his shop, labored all day amid his furnaces, his crucibles, and his retorts, and in the evening resumed his broadcloth, and either repaired to the lecture-room, or went out to dinner.

We cannot, of course, relate his discoveries. We can merely state, that it was Davy who gave the great impulse to agricultural chemistry, — a branch of science which has already revolutionized farming in the Old World, and which is destined to be the farmer's best friend in the New. It was he who applied chemistry to the art of tanning. It was he who discovered that diamond is nothing but crystallized charcoal, and he who found out how to convert whiskey into tolerable brandy. His discoveries in galvanism and electricity were striking and valuable, and they have been further developed by his celebrated pupil and friend, Faraday.

Of all his inventions, the one which he and his contemporaries valued most was the safety-lamp, to prevent the explosion of fire-damp in mines. This lamp, which is merely a lantern made of wire-gauze, was the result of an exhaustive investigation of the nature and composition of the explosive gas.

At the age of thirty-two he married a widow of large fortune. By way of wedding-gift, the Prince Regent dubbed him a knight, so that he was known henceforth as Sir Humphrey Davy. After his invention of the safety-lamp, he was further distinguished by a baronetcy. He died in May, 1829, aged fifty-one,

at Geneva, in Switzerland, whither he had gone for the benefit of his health. He was buried at Geneva, where an obelisk was placed over his remains by his wife.

Two of his biographers assert that such constant and remarkable good fortune had an injurious effect upon his character. They say that he became proud, arrogant, and irritable, neglected his old friends, and paid servile court to the titled and rich. His brother, who was also his biographer, denies this with warmth. Certainly his published letters appear to show that he remained to the last a dutiful son, a generous, affectionate brother, and a steadfast friend to the companions of his early years. It may be, however, that associating with a society which acknowledged George IV. as its chief, he may not wholly have escaped an evil influence which perverted and misled Sir Walter Scott.

The basis of his character, however, both as a man and as a philosopher, was sound. As a man, he was honest, pure, and kind; as a philosopher, he truly loved and laboriously sought knowledge, and prided himself most upon having rendered some service to his species in lessening the perils of honest labor.

The following are a few sentences from a letter which he wrote to his brother, who was just entering college:—

"MY DEAR JOHN,— Let no difficulties alarm you. You may be what you please. Preserve the dignity of your mind, and the purity of your moral conduct. Move straight forward on to moral and intellectual excellence. Let no example induce you to violate decorum— no ridicule prevent you from guarding against sensuality or vice. Live in such a way that you can always say, the whole world may know what I am doing."

SIR MARTIN FROBISHER.

WHEN Kossuth visited the tomb of Washington, he stood silent before it a for several minutes, and then said, as he turned to leave the place, —

"How necessary it is to be successful!"

A braver man than Martin Frobisher never sailed the sea or trod the land. He exhibited all the grand traits of Columbus in the fullest measure, and possessed some sturdy virtues which the Italian navigator could not boast; but as no unique success rewarded his heroic endeavors, he is only known to ordinary readers as an adventurous sailor, who discovered and gave his name to Frobisher's Straits, one of the passages leading into Hudson's Bay.

He was born in Yorkshire about the year 1530, thirty-eight years after the discovery of America. Yorkshiremen are the Yankees of Old England; they are sharper, tougher, more enterprising and persevering, less amiable and polite, than the people of the more southern counties of England. Some of them are exceedingly hard bargainers, and very rough in their manners. Take them for all in all, however, they are the people that contribute most to the strength and prosperity of the British empire; and it is not uncommon to meet among them men in whom are happily united the force of a Yorkshireman with the suavity of a man of Kent or Sussex.

During the early years of this man's life, the one topic that absorbed the minds of intelligent men was the progressive discovery of the Western World. Geography was the favorite and the fashionable study; maps were among the most precious of possessions; and navigators who had taken part in the voyages to America were held 'n universal honor. Frobisher, being

himself a sailor, was naturally drawn to the consideration of what sailors were achieving.

Like Sebastian Cabot, and all other Englishmen of that day, Captain Frobisher attached small importance to the territory discovered in the West. The grand object of solicitude was to find a shorter way to the rich countries of Asia, — the lands of spice, gold, diamonds, and the rich fabrics which adorned the palaces and persons of kings. So possessed was Captain Frobisher of the importance of discovering a north-western passage to Asia, that he felt it was the only thing remaining to be done by which a "notable mind might be made famous and fortunate."

Not having himself the means of fitting out an expedition; he endeavored to interest the merchants and nobles of England in the scheme; but for fifteen years he strove in vain. At length he found a patron in the powerful Earl of Warwick, by whose assistance and that of his friends three vessels were prepared, and Captain Frobisher was placed in command.

Nothing is more startling to the modern reader than the smallness of the vessels employed in the early voyages of discovery. Here was an expedition fitted out for a voyage of many thousand miles in unknown seas, and the largest of the three vessels was thirty tons burthen; the next twenty tons; and the smallest *ten*.

The boat carried on the deck of an emigrant ship is sometimes of twenty or thirty tons burthen; and ten tons is, I believe, about the capacity of a frigate's largest boat, such as we often see moving about the harbor, rowed by ten or twelve men. Frobisher's ten-ton pinnace was only decked in the forward part. She was, in fact, a great lubberly sail-boat, and nothing more.

In the month of June, 1576, the little fleet dropped down the Thames, past the royal palace of Greenwich. Queen Elizabeth waved her hand to them as they glided by, and sent a message of good cheer to the commander. They cleared the channel in safety, and stood out on the broad Atlantic.

June, as sailors well know, is a treacherous month. The hardest blow I ever experienced on the ocean was in the month of June, and it was not far from the very spot where, two hun-

dred and eighty-nine years ago, the courage of Captain Frobisher was put to as severe a test as any man's ever was. A fearful storm arose, during which his pinnace of ten tons was overwhelmed by the waves, and all on board were lost. The crew of the vessel next in size, appalled at this disaster, turned their prow toward England, leaving Frobisher's own ship alone in the waste of waters. If Frobisher had faltered and turned back, what mortal could have blamed him? Alone, but undaunted, this hero held on his course until the shores of Labrador barred his farther progress to the north-west. Skirting the coast, he entered, at length, the strait that bears his name, which, for a time, he thought might be the passage to Asia of which he was in quest. He spent some weeks of the summer in fruitlessly exploring those waters, landing here and there, and returned to England in September, having been absent less than three months. He took possession of the country in the name of Queen Elizabeth, and, in token of her sovereignty, brought away some stones and earth.

Captain Frobisher's career as an American voyager would have probably ended with this expedition but for an accident. Among the spoils brought from the frozen regions of Labrador was a large, dark-colored stone, which, falling into the hands of the London gold-assayers, was found to contain gold. A furore arose among the merchants of London. Two ships were fitted out for the purpose of bringing to England large quantities of the precious ore, to which the queen added a ship of two hundred tons from the royal navy. In May, 1577, Captain Frobisher and his men, having first gone in solemn procession to church, and partaken of the communion, set sail, and soon reached the scene of their first explorations. Icebergs covered the sea, and continually threatened the vessels with destruction, and they were saved only by the light of the endless northern day. Inhabitants were discovered on the shore. One of these, a "man of large corporature and good proportion," they seized and carried off. Another, an ill-favored old woman, they took for a devil or a witch, and actually pulled off the skins that covered her feet, to see if they were not cloven. The ships were freighted at length with ore, the captain himself toiling

at the work like a galley-slave, and away they sped to England, which they reached late in September, after four months' absence.

We are informed by the old chroniclers that enough gold was smelted out of the mass of black ore to pay the whole expense of the voyage. This statement derives probability from what followed; for in the spring of the next year, Admiral Frobisher again set sail, with a fleet of fifteen ships, a great part of the expense of which was borne by the queen, who was too fond of money to risk it except with a good prospect of its bringing back more. This was a terrible and disastrous voyage. Icebergs were encountered of such enormous size, that torrents of water ran down their dissolving sides in foaming and glistening cascades. One of the ships was caught between two of these ice-mountains, and crushed to pieces, the crew narrowly escaping. Having lost its way in a fog, the fleet drifted into the strait since named Hudson's, and Frobisher again believed he had found the long-sought passage to the Pacific Ocean. But, compelled by his orders to confine himself to the main object of the expedition, he turned back and made his way, with inconceivable difficulty, to the islands containing the black, gold-bearing stone. It had been intended to found a settlement there; but his men, disheartened by the perils they had undergone and the cheerless aspect of those ice-bound shores, could not be induced to remain. Hastily loading their ships, they sailed for England, where the ore was found to be of little value. All parties were discouraged, the illusion was dispelled, and Frobisher sailed no more to the desolate regions of the North.

For the next seven years he disappears from history. In 1585 we see him accompanying Sir Francis Drake in his famous expedition to the West Indies. Three years after, every valiant sailor in England was summoned forth to battle with the Spanish Armada. Martin Frobisher commanded a ship on the great, decisive day, and fought her with such splendid courage and skill, that the lord high admiral came on board after the action, and conferred upon Admiral Frobisher the honor of knighthood.

It was his destiny to join in one more world-renowned contest,—that which ended in seating firmly on the throne of

France the great Henry IV. Queen Elizabeth was an active ally of Henry, and sent him powerful succors. In an attack upon a strong position near Brest, Sir Martin Frobisher, commanding the English fleet, received a mortal wound. He survived long enough to conduct his fleet in safety to England, and died, a few days after, at Plymouth, mourned by every true sailor and loyal heart in the realm.

ALFONSE D'ALBUQUERQUE.

THIS is a grand-looking name to put at the head of an article. Little known as it now is, the time was when the world resounded with it. Three hundred and fifty years ago it was as familiar and famous as the names of Napoleon, Wellington, and Washington now are. He was generally spoken of as the *great* Albuquerque; sometimes as the "Mars of Portugal;" and to this day the Portuguese regard him as the greatest man of their greatest age. He was certainly one of the most successful of conquerors, and excelled all the commanders of his time, except Pizarro and Cortez, in battering down other people's towns, and carrying off their gold, silver, and diamonds. On one occasion, we are told, his booty amounted to a sum equal, in greenbacks of to-day, to one hundred millions of dollars; but no historian has taken the trouble to inform us what offence the people of Malacca had committed, that they should be subjected to this heavy fine.

At that day, all Christians appear to have been fully convinced that the heathen had no rights which Christians were bound to respect. Pizarro, Cortez, and Albuquerque took this for granted; and all we can say in favor of the eminent robber last named is, that he was much the most humane and high-minded of that immortal trio of plunderers. When once he had completely subjugated an Indian city, and shipped to Portugal the cream of its wealth, he governed it thenceforth in a very exact and superior manner, and extorted from the people only a small part of the fruits of their industry. Despite his plundering, too, he personally despised wealth, kept little of it for himself, and was animated by a strong desire to extend the empire of the cross. It is difficult to decide which was his

ruling motive, a desire to enhance the glory and greatness of Portugal, or to bring the people of India into the pale of the Catholic Church.

Alfonse d'Albuquerque, born in 1453, near Lisbon, was of the highest rank in the nobility of his own country, and was connected by ties of blood with the royal families of three kingdoms, — Portugal, Spain, and France. He was reared at the court of Alfonso V., King of Portugal, — a most able and learned monarch, — where he enjoyed the best advantages for education then attainable in Europe. He spoke and wrote Latin with perfect fluency and considerable elegance, and took part with the king in those mathematical and nautical studies which were then the favorite pursuits of Portuguese men of learning. The Portuguese, in their unending contest with the Moors, were accustomed to "carry the war into Africa," and Albuquerque learned the profession of arms by serving in Morocco for many years. He became an accomplished sailor, too, by accompanying several of the expeditions which the King of Portugal was accustomed to send out for the purpose of exploring the coast of Africa.

In these arduous services by land and sea he passed the prime of his manhood. In 1495, when he had attained the age of forty-two years, he saw a beloved brother mortally wounded at his side in a desperate conflict with the Moors in Africa. Dejected at the loss of his brother, he sought a respite from the toils of war, and returned to Portugal, where the king appointed him to a high office in the royal household.

He remained eight years in retirement. The Portuguese, meanwhile, had continued to voyage to the East Indies, and bring home its valuable products; but, as yet, they had no fortified port in India upon which they could implicitly rely. Albuquerque's first service in that part of the world was to conduct a fleet thither, and build a fort at Cochin, on the coast of Malabar. He performed this duty well. The remains of the fort built by him three hundred and sixty years ago are still visible, and the town of Cochin, thus secured to the Portuguese, contains to this day a large number of costly churches and convents, which attest the zeal of those early navigators for the

spread of their faith. Albuquerque saw, during this visit, the vast importance to Portugal of securing a firm footing in India, and he returned home to fire anew the ambition and the zeal of his king.

The king, entering warmly into his views, gave him a secret commission as Governor-in-Chief of the Indies, with powers almost absolute, and with orders to go out merely as captain of one of the ships of a fleet, and, on reaching India, to produce his commission and assume the supreme command. He set sail in 1506, in the fifty-fourth year of his age, commanding one vessel of a fleet of fourteen sail. His commission expressly stated that the king's first object was the spread of Christianity, and that to this end all others were to be strictly secondary.

On the long and eventful voyage, the genius and courage of Albuquerque were so signally displayed that he seemed much more the admiral of the fleet than its real commander. They stopped on their way to build a fort for the protection of the Nestorian Christians, and to explore the great Island of Madagascar. At Madagascar, taking under his command six ships, he left the admiral to pursue his voyage to India for cargoes of spice and fabrics, and proceeded himself on an expedition of a very different character.

From that moment his career as a conqueror begins.

Ormuz, a barren rock in the Persian Gulf, was, for centuries, the seat of the pearl fishery of those waters, and one of the chief commercial cities of Asia. "The world is a ring," said the orientals of that time, "and Ormuz is its precious stone." Guided by two skilful African pilots, Albuquerque anchored off that populous and wealthy island in 1507, and won over it a complete, though bloodless conquest. By skilful management, he gained such an ascendancy there as to place in power a rajah entirely devoted to the Portuguese, who permitted him to construct in the very heart of the city a fortress for the protection of Portuguese merchants trading or residing at Ormuz. His followers, however, still ignorant of his secret commission, clamored to be led to the rich coasts of Malabar; and two of his ships abandoned him at the moment of his triumph. He was

compelled to leave Ormuz unguarded ; but not the less did he regard it as his own.

He reached India at length, and exhibited to the Portuguese viceroy the royal commission which named him his successor. The viceroy and all his court laughed him to scorn, insulted him on the highway, pretended that he was either an impostor or a madman ; and, finally, Albuquerque was thrown into a dungeon and loaded with chains. Soon after, one of his kinsmen reached India, in command of a numerous fleet, who promptly espoused the cause of Albuquerque, released him from prison, and assisted him to put in force the king's commission.

Wielding now the whole power of the Portuguese in India, Albuquerque entered forthwith upon the realization of those schemes of conquest and spoliation which he had meditated for so many years. Calicut, a city which then held the rank among the cities of India now enjoyed by Calcutta, he besieged, captured, sacked, and held subject and tributary to the King of Portugal, to whom he sent an ample share of the booty. Here, for a century, Portuguese merchants grew rich, and Portuguese priests labored to convert the heathen ; and here the warehouses of the former and the churches of the latter still exist. All along that wealthy coast he continued his ravages, and made the whole region tributary to the king whom he served, reducing it to a subjection almost as complete as it is now under to the Queen of England.

The city of Goa, on the coast of Malabar, was his next conquest. It was a place of vast population, immense commerce, and prodigious wealth, and it made a defence proportioned to its power and importance. After spending a year in its siege, after having once captured and lost it, Albuquerque finally remained master of the city, and drew from it the booty before alluded to, equal to about one hundred millions of dollars in our present currency.

From Goa he sailed, with a fleet of nineteen ships, to Malacca, the chief city on the large island of the same name. This city, which then contained a population of one hundred thousand inoffensive people, he attacked and carried, and held it as a possession of the King of Portugal, with all the territory apper-

taining to it. The historians of this conquest mention, as a proof of the magnanimity and disinterestedness of Albuquerque, that he only took from Malacca, for his personal use, the iron lions which marked the tomb of the royal family; although he carried away a large ship loaded deep with gold and silver, for the use of the king and the needs of the public service. Not a man in that age of the world appears to have questioned the right of a strong Christian to seize the gold of a weak heathen; nor did any one see anything wrong in the robbery of a heathen king's family tomb. I am happy to inform the reader that the ship containing both the treasure and the iron lions went to the bottom of the sea a few days after leaving Malacca.

Having thus reduced the shores and cities of two of the great peninsulas of Southern Asia, he next undertook the conquest of all the vast regions watered by the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf. He bombarded the cities commanding those waters, with varying success. Meditating the conquest of Egypt, he conceived a scheme for diverting the river Nile from its course, so as to leave Egypt a desert, and destroy its whole population. He designed to extend the power of Portugal even to Constantinople, and, in short, to reduce under the power of his king all of Asia and Africa which were accessible and worth having. Such were the genius, the energy, and the administrative talent of this man, that if he had lived ten years longer he might have executed this scheme.

But death arrested him in the full tide of his career. The climate and the toils of war had undermined his constitution, and some ill-wishers at home had misrepresented him to the king, who sent out to circumscribe his power. This proved to be a mortal stroke to Albuquerque.

He died in the odor of sanctity, committing his soul to God and his son to the king. The last days of his life were spent in hearing read his favorite passages of the New Testament, during which he held in his hands and clasped to his heart a small crucifix. His last words showed, not merely that his conscience acquitted him for what he had done against the people of India, but that he regarded himself as an eminent soldier of the Cross, as well as a faithful servant of his king. Nay, more; his con-

duct toward the Indians had never occurred to him as a case of conscience at all; so completely was it taken for granted that no people except Christians had any rights. The earth was the Lord's, and the fulness thereof; and did it not therefore belong to the Pope, and to Christian kings, who were the Lord's vicar and vicegerents? It is impossible to make a modern reader realize how entirely the people of that age believed this. It was not because the Africans were black, that Queen Elizabeth encouraged Sir John Hawkins to carry them away into slavery, but because they were idolaters.

Albuquerque died at Goa, in 1515, aged sixty-two years. The family of Albuquerque is, to this day, one of the most respectable in the Spanish peninsula. Members of it figured in public life as late as Napoleon's day.

HERNANDO CORTEZ.

IN the year 1502, at the small country town of Medellin, in Spain, there lived an idle, dissolute youth of seventeen, who was the torment of his parents, and the leader of all the mischief going in that neighborhood. His parents were of the highest respectability, though reduced in circumstances, and they had given their son the best education within their means. During his infancy and childhood he had been so sickly that no one expected he would live to mature age; but as he grew older he grew stronger, and at seventeen he was a man in stature, and sufficiently robust. He was then at home, having left the college of Salamanca without permission, and was passing his time in love intrigues and dissipation, regardless of the remonstrances of his father and the entreaties of his mother. When, therefore, he declared his intention of joining an expedition about to sail for America, the good people of Medellin, especially those who had daughters, were not sorry to hear it. His father had intended him for the legal profession, which the youth disdained. No career attracted him, except one of adventure in the New World, which had been discovered ten years before.

A few days before the time appointed for the sailing of the fleet, the young man had a love affair in the true Spanish style. In those days, Spanish girls were kept almost as secluded, and guarded almost as carefully, as the ladies in the harem of a Turk. Therefore, when a young man fell in love, instead of ringing the door-bell and sending in his card, he often made a rope ladder, and surveyed the residence of the young lady, with a view to ascertain the best mode of getting upon her balcony or into her window. Our adventurer proceeded in this manner. In

scaling the wall of the garden which enclosed the house wherein lived the object of his passion, he fell to the ground, and injured himself so seriously that he could not sail with the expedition. It was long before he recovered his health, and still longer before another good opportunity occurred of going to America.

This is the first recorded adventure of Hernando Cortez, the renowned conqueror of Mexico. History introduces him to us falling from a wall, in the dim light of a Spanish evening.

Two years after, being then nineteen, he took passage in a merchant vessel, and, after a most tempestuous passage, reached the island of Hispaniola, then the seat of Spanish power in America. He was at that time a very handsome young man, graceful, self-confident, a superior swordsman and horseman, and highly accomplished in all warlike exercises. On leaving the ship, he went at once to the house of the governor, a friend of his family. The governor being absent upon an expedition, his secretary received Cortez with politeness, and, by way of encouraging a new comer, assured him that the governor, upon his return, would doubtless allot to him a liberal tract of land.

"Land!" said Cortez. "I come to find gold, not to plough the ground like a peasant."

Nevertheless, when the governor offered him a portion of land and a number of Indians as slaves, there being nothing better to take at the time, Cortez accepted them, and became a planter. The governor also named him notary of the town, — an office of some little emolument. Without entirely neglecting his business he now resumed his dissolute habits, and spent most of his time in love intrigues, which involved him in several duels. After seven years of a life like this, he joined the forces destined for the conquest of Cuba under Velasquez, and displayed, in that affair, so much dash, activity, courage, and gayety, that he became a favorite of Velasquez, who named him his secretary.

This friendship was soon changed into fierce hostility. Cortez, in the course of his amorous adventures, had given a promise of marriage to a young lady, which he was not inclined to keep. Governor Velasquez insisted on his fulfilling the promise. Cortes, angry at this interference with his pleasures,

joined himself to the enemies of Valasquez, and prepared to go to Spain to intrigue for his recall. The governor, discovering the plot, arrested Cortez, and would have hanged him, it is said, but for the intercession of friends. He threw him into prison, and caused him to be chained. Twice Cortez escaped, and was twice re-captured, and at length was glad enough to accept his liberty on condition of marrying the girl he had betrayed. The governor endowed the young couple with an extensive tract of land in Cuba, and a large number of Indians. Being now a married man, he carried on his plantation with great vigor, imported cattle from Spain, and raised better crops than his neighbors. Gold having been discovered upon his land, he kept many of his Indians at work in mining it, and so gradually became a man of considerable wealth. He is said to have been a hard taskmaster. "God alone knows," writes a Spanish historian, "how many Indian lives his gold cost him, and God will hold him to an account for them." In such labors his life passed, until he was thirty-three years of age, and there was no prospect, at that time, of his ever emerging from obscurity. So far as we know, he expected to live and die a planter and miner.

But in 1518 there returned to Santiago, after an absence of seven weeks, a small fleet which Velasquez had sent out to explore the coasts of the adjacent continent. This fleet brought wonderful and most thrilling intelligence. Mexico had been discovered!—a land inhabited, not by poor and ignorant savages, but by a people considerably civilized, who possessed spacious and costly edifices, temples, rich garments, ornaments of gold; a people, too, who were ruled by a powerful monarch, with a disciplined army, and yet were so debased by superstition as to appease the imaginary wrath of their idols by sacrifices of human beings. How all this appealed at once to the cupidity and religious zeal of the Spaniards can be imagined by those who know anything of the character of the Spaniards of that day. Governor Velasquez proceeded immediately to organize an expedition for the settlement and conversion of Mexico. There were two things wanting, — money, and a man fit to command such an enterprise. On looking around, the governor thought he saw, in Hernando Cortez, a man rich enough to de-

fray, in great part, the expense of the expedition, and endowed with the requisite energy and talents to conduct it.

He sent for Cortez, revealed the project to him, and offered him the command. Cortez accepted it, and agreed to embark his fortune in the enterprise. Six large vessels were speedily equipped, and three hundred men eagerly volunteered to follow a leader already known for his courage and skill. The orders given by Velasquez to the commander of the expedition, enjoined it upon him to deal gently and liberally with the Mexicans, since the grand objects in view were, first, and above all, to convert them to Christianity; secondly, to open with them a peaceful, honest commerce; and, lastly, to get such a knowledge of the country and its waters as would be of use to future navigators. He was directed, however, to impress upon the Mexicans a lofty idea of the goodness and greatness of the King of Spain, to invite them to conciliate that monarch by presents of gold and pearls, and acknowledge him as their sovereign lord.

When the fleet was ready to sail, Velasquez awoke to the danger of trusting with an important, independent command a man so ambitious and resolute as Cortes, and he determined to remove him. Cortez, notified in time, hurried on board, raised his anchors, and put to sea; so that when Velasquez ran down to the beach at the dawn of day, November 18, 1518, to execute his intention, he saw the fleet standing out to sea, beyond the reach of his orders.

Touching at several places on his way for recruits, Cortez found himself, five months after, near the port now named Vera Cruz, with one hundred and ten sailors, five hundred and fifty-three soldiers, and two hundred Indians, fourteen pieces of artillery, and sixteen horses. Disembarking, he established himself in an entrenched camp, and opened relations with the cacique of the district, who treated the strangers with the utmost hospitality. Their first interview began with the celebration of the Mass, after which Cortez invited the cacique and his attendants to a collation, which being ended, conversation began. Having learned from the cacique that Montezuma, the king of the country, resided at a great city two hundred miles distant,

Cortez asked permission to visit him; to which the cacique replied that he would send his request to the king. A week after the messengers returned, bearing to the Spaniards magnificent presents, and a message from Montezuma, declining the proffered visit. A second request elicited other costly gifts, and a positive order from the king for the strangers not to approach the capital.

Cortez hesitated not a moment. Feigning submission, he prepared at once to march to Mexico. Some of his followers, however, not as bold as himself, murmured, and plotted against him. Then it was, that besides repressing the mutiny with the strong hand, he resolved to make all turning back impossible. He caused all his vessels, except the smallest, to be scuttled and sunk. From that hour there was no safety except in the total conquest of the country. Leaving at Vera Cruz a sufficient garrison, he began his immortal march, August 16, 1519, with the following forces: four hundred foot soldiers, fifteen horsemen, thirteen hundred Indian warriors, one thousand Indians to draw the cannons and carry the baggage, and seven pieces of artillery.

To relate the conquest of Mexico requires volumes. That great empire fell, like Peru, because it was divided against itself. At what an enormous sacrifice of life the conquest was made, what perils Cortes escaped, what an amazing energy and genius he displayed, how much wisdom and humanity were united in him with bigotry and cruelty, — to know these things, the reader must repair to one of the many works which relate to the conquest of Mexico.

For twenty-one years, if we deduct one short, triumphal visit to Spain, Cortez lived in Mexico, and for Mexico; fighting, organizing, governing, exploring, evangelizing. He explored the Isthmus of Darien, and discovered California. He acquired incalculable wealth, and expended the greater part of it in explorations and establishments, from which he neither received nor expected any return. Falling into disfavor with the king, he returned to Spain, and, after living in obscurity for seven years, died in 1547, aged sixty-two years. He left large sums for the establishment in Mexico of three great institutions, a

hospital, a college for the education of missionaries, and a convent. His will contained one passage so curious, that I will conclude by copying it. After recommending his heirs to treat the Indians with humanity, he proceeds thus :—

“It has been long a question whether we can, in good conscience, hold the Indians in slavery. This question not having yet been decided, I order my son, Martin, and his heirs, to spare no pains to arrive at a knowledge of the truth on this point, for it is a matter which interests deeply their conscience and mine.”

Who would have thought to find such a passage in the will of a Cortez? Nothing is more certain than this, that Cortez, in all that he did in Mexico, fully believed that he was an instrument in the hand of a benevolent God ; for he found Mexico pagan, and left it Catholic. Massacre, rapine, devastation, the betrayal and murder of a king, the fall of an empire, — these were as nothing in view of a result like this ! So thought all good Spaniards of that age.

FRANCISCO PIZARRO.

IN former times the farmers of Spain let their pigs roam in large droves in the forests, attended by a boy, who kept them from wandering too far, and drove them at night to an enclosure near home. Pizarro, the conqueror of Peru, was one of these pig-tenders when Columbus discovered America in 1492. He was then seventeen years of age, — a rude, tough, wilful lad, ignorant of everything except the manners and customs of the animals he drove. To his dying day he could not write his name, nor read a sentence.

His father, who was a captain in the Spanish army, — a married man with children, — had formed a connection with a peasant girl, who bore him three sons, of whom Francisco Pizarro was one. It appears that he brought up his illegitimate offspring in his own house, — keeping them, however, in ignorance, and employing them in the most menial and disagreeable labors. Thus it was that Francisco Pizarro, the son of a man of noble rank, passed the days of his youth as a keeper of pigs. Here was a strange piece of timber to make a conqueror of, — a swineherd, an illegitimate son, ignorant, living in a secluded rural region, and regarded by his own father as the meanest of his servants!

One day a pig strayed from the herd and could not be found. Pizarro, dreading his father's anger, dared not go home. He made his way to a recruiting station, enlisted in the Spanish army as a private soldier, and served for a while in Italy. Attracted by the marvels related of the New World, and being naturally fond of adventure, he, too, joined at length an expedition to America, and, arriving at Hispaniola, served under Columbus, and soon won distinction. He had every quality that fits a man for a life of daring adventure. His frame was

capable of enduring anything that can be borne by man, and in point of resolution, fortitude, and courage, he has never been surpassed since the world began.

From his landing in America, to the time of his setting out for Peru, fourteen years elapsed ; during which he was employed wherever there was most of difficulty or peril. Having done good service under Columbus in Hispaniola, he took part in the conquest and exploration of Cuba. Under Balboa he climbed the mountains of the Isthmus of Darien, and was with him when first he beheld the Pacific Ocean, and ran down into its waters exulting, taking possession of it in the name of the King of Spain. He assisted in the conquest of the Isthmus, and in the founding of the city of Panama.

In 1524, Pizarro was residing at Panama, a bronzed and battered veteran, fifty years of age, retired from the service, cultivating, with the aid of a few slaves, a small plantation. After so many years of hard service, he was still far from rich. There was also living at Panama another soldier of fortune (a foundling, too), Diego Almagro, a little older and not much richer than Pizarro ; likewise, Fernando de Luques, an aged priest and school-master, who was a man of considerable wealth. These three men, the youngest of whom was fifty, conceived the project of conquering the powerful and wealthy tribes that were supposed to inhabit the western coasts of South America. They were to do this by their own resources, asking nothing from the Governor of Panama except his sanction of the enterprise. It was as though three men in New York should now undertake the conquest of the Japanese empire. Pizarro was to command the first body of adventures ; Almagro was to raise, as soon as he could, a second company, and join Pizarro on the coast ; the priest was to remain at Panama to watch over the interests of the partnership.

The confederates having bought a ship, and enrolled a hundred and fourteen men, Pizarro set sail, and ran down the coast for some hundreds of miles ; landed, now and then ; ascended some rivers ; had a fierce conflict with natives, in which he was beaten and put to flight ; suffered extremely from hunger, bad food, ceaseless rains, fatigue, and wounds ; and, after three

months of hardship, and losing eleven men, sought refuge on an island off the coast of Ecuador.

Joined there by Almagro with sixty-four men, he resumed his attempt to get footing upon the mainland. Some slight success cheered his men at length; for, in a village which they surprised, they found a supply of provisions and a large quantity of gold. But this good fortune only lured them on to new fatigues and brought upon them sufferings beyond mortal fortitude to endure. When one hundred and forty-one men, out of one hundred and seventy-eight, had sank under fatigue, privation, and the poisoned arrows of the Indians, the rest demanded to return to Panama. Pizarro would not consent. He calmed the discontent of his men, and sent Almagro back to Panama for reinforcements. The tale of the sufferings of the adventurers had such an effect at Panama that Almagro could only induce eighty recruits to follow him.

Strengthened by this body, Pizarro renewed his endeavors, and, at length, reached the fertile and populous empire of Peru. Every inhabitant wore ornaments of gold, and vessels of the precious metals were seen in every house. The Spaniards, inflamed at the sight of these treasures, attacked the Peruvian troops; but, after several severe and disastrous encounters, Pizarro perceived that a country, inhabited by millions of people and defended by disciplined armies, could not be conquered by a hundred men. Again he withdrew to an island on the coast, and again sent Almagro to Panama for more troops.

But now the Governor of Panama interfered. The great quantity of gold exhibited by Almagro could not shake his determination to order Pizarro home; and, accordingly, Almagro returned bearing an order for Pizarro to abandon the enterprise. On receiving this order, Pizarro refused to obey it. A tumult arose. His followers ran down to the ship and demanded to be conveyed to Panama. Pizarro joined them, gathered them around him, and, drawing a line in the sand with his sword, addressed them thus:—

"Comrades, on that side," pointing to the South, "are toil, hunger, nakedness, the drenching storm, battle, and death. On this side," pointing to the North, "are ease and safety. But on

that side lies Peru, with its wealth. On this side is Panama and its poverty. Choose, each man, what best becomes a brave Castilian. For my part, I go to the South."

Having said these words, he stepped to the southern side of the line, and there stood, eying the homesick crowd. Twelve soldiers, one priest, and one muleteer joined him. The rest went on board the ship and returned to Panama.

With these fourteen companions he withdrew to a rocky island, and there remained five months waiting for Almagro to join him with reinforcements. Their provisions being consumed, they lived upon shell-fish, sea-weed, reptiles, and fish, and drank brackish water from the hollows of the rocks. At length, to their inexpressible joy, a sail hove in sight. It was a ship sent by Almagro, not to reinforce his confederate, but to bring him back to Panama. The indomitable Pizarro, however, so wrought upon the cupidity of the captain of this vessel, that he induced him to join him in continuing his explorations. Once more their eyes were dazzled and their passions kindled by the evidences of the boundless wealth of Peru; but they saw, too, such indications of strength and discipline, that Pizarro himself perceived that for the conquest of such a country a score of exhausted men would not suffice. He now returned to Panama to organize the enterprise anew. He reached that capital, after an absence of three years.

He was now without resources—a ruined man—and the governor placed an absolute veto upon any farther attempt to conquer Peru. Pizarro, still undaunted, borrowed a small sum, took passage to Spain, made his way to the court of Charles V., told that able monarch what he had done and seen, and asked his aid and authorization to resume his attempts. The emperor gave him the fullest authority, raised him to the rank of noble, and supplied him with a part of the money required.

In January, 1531, the fifty-seventh year of his age, with three ships, one hundred and thirty-four foot soldiers and thirty-six cavalry, he sailed from Panama. Joined on the coast of Peru by seventy-two more horsemen and twelve infantry, he hesitated not to march into the interior and confront a large army of Peruvians. Before attacking this army, Pizarro sent a

priest to explain to the Peruvian monarch the Christian religion ; to demand his immediate acceptance of the same, and his submission to the King of Spain.

The priest, crucifix in hand, approached the inca, and, by the aid of an interpreter, delivered a wonderfully extravagant harangue. He began by relating the creation of the universe, the fall of man, the coming of Jesus Christ, his death, resurrection, and ascension, the selection of St. Peter as his vicar on earth, the succession of the popes, and their universal power. He then stated that one of these successors of St. Peter, namely, Pope Alexander VI., had conferred upon the King of Spain the sovereignty of all the countries in the New World. Finally, he called upon the inca to recognize the sovereignty of the king, submit to the pope, lay down his arms, and pay tribute.

"What tribute," asked the inca, with a sneer, "am I to pay to this Charles, who, you say, is himself inferior to God the Father, God the Son, God the Holy Ghost, and even to the pope? I desire to be a vassal of the gods alone. I know nothing about the pope, nor his pretended right to dispose of my kingdom ; and as to renouncing the religion of my ancestors, it will be time to do that when you have proved to me the truth of yours."

As soon as the priest returned with this reply, Pizarro ordered his artillery to open. A short, but desperate and bloody battle ensued. Rushing, himself, upon the litter of the inca, Pizarro overturned it and took the monarch prisoner. Then the Peruvians fled, leaving behind them their king, two thousand killed, three thousand prisoners, and an immense booty. Pizarro was wounded in the hand, but he lost not a man of his little army.

This single battle made Pizarro master of Peru, which he ruled for the next eight years with sovereign sway. How he ruled it every school-boy knows. He betrayed and murdered the captive inca. He quarrelled with Almagro over the division of the spoils, and finished by putting him to death. He accumulated a greater amount of treasure than was ever possessed, before or since, by an individual. Spoiled by prosperity without parallel, he was cruel to the Peruvians, capricious and tyrannical to the Spaniards, and, at length a rebel against his

king. A conspiracy, headed by the son of the murdered Almagro, was formed against him. On a Sunday afternoon, in 1541, at the hour when the tyrant was accustomed to sleep, a band of the confederates burst into his palace, killed or dispersed his servants, and attacked him. Armed only with a sword and buckler, he defended himself with the most desperate courage. Four of his assailants he slew ; five more he wounded ; and still he fought on. At last, one of the band engaged him and drew his attention from the rest ; and, while Pizarro dealt a furious blow at his chief assailant, the others succeeded in giving him a mortal wound. He fell at the feet of an image of Christ, which, it is said, he kissed at the moment of his death.

So perished, in his sixty-eighth year, the man who was, perhaps, the most resolute of all the sons of men. In mere strength of purpose, it is questionable if his equal ever lived ; but, though this is one of the most valuable of qualities, and accomplishes very great things, a man must have much more in order to turn to good account the prizes won by it. Pizarro was little more than a magnificently gifted brute.

SEBASTIAN CABOT.

IN 1493, when the news of Columbus' great discovery was making its way over Europe, there was living at Bristol, in England, an old Italian merchant named Giovanni Cabota, which his English neighbors corrupted into John Cabot. This old gentleman had been so much a wanderer that the place of his birth is now unknown. He had lived fifteen years in Venice, then the first commercial port in Europe; and from Venice had removed to London, and from London to Bristol, where he was living, in 1493, in some opulence, and in high repute. It is not known whether, up to that time, he had ever been a mariner; nor, indeed, is it quite certain that he ever in his life made a voyage on the ocean.

John Cabot had three sons, one of whom was named Sebastian, born probably in Bristol, where he grew to man's estate, and exercised the craft of map-maker. All maps were then drawn by hand, as all books had formerly been written with the pen. Map-making was a considerable business in commercial ports, and one that was held in high esteem. Columbus was a map-maker at one period of his life, and it was while plying this vocation that the conviction grew in his mind that there *must* be some land in the western hemisphere to balance the great continent in the eastern. Sebastian Cabot, as a maker of maps, had a peculiar interest in the news that came from Spain in the summer of 1493. He had shared in the general impression that there was land in the western hemisphere, and he was now obliged to place the islands discovered by Columbus on his maps.

In September of this year Columbus sailed again for the New World with a fleet of seventeen vessels and fifteen hundred

men,—all Europe, so to speak, looking on with amazement and admiration. He returned in June, 1496, with accounts of discoveries still more extensive and alluring. We can easily imagine what were the feelings of the avaricious Henry VII., King of England, when he reflected that all this glory and wealth might have been his but for an accident. Columbus had sent his brother, Bartholomew, to England, to solicit the patronage of Henry VII.; but on the voyage Bartholomew was taken by pirates and carried away into captivity.

In these circumstances, it was not difficult to interest the English king in a scheme of western discovery. Sebastian Cabot, young, and fired with ambition to follow the career of Columbus, was probably the prime mover of the enterprise; but the patent granted by the king conferred the requisite authority upon "John Kabotto" and his sons, Lewis, Sebastian, and Sancius. The king took care not to risk any capital in the proposed voyage; for the patent authorized the adventurers "to sail to all parts, countries and seas of the East, of the West, and of the North, under our banners and ensigns, with five ships, etc., *upon their own proper costs and charges.*" The wealthy Bristol merchant, in all probability, furnished the capital of the enterprise which gave to England all her rights in North America; and that merchant was not an Englishman.

John Cabot, unable or unwilling to fit out five ships, caused one to be made ready at Bristol. The name of this vessel—the first ever within sight of the *continent* of North America—was the *Matthew*; and she sailed from Bristol in May, 1497.

The voyage made in this ship is always spoken of as the voyage of "John Cabot and his son Sebastian;" but some recent investigators have doubted whether the father really sailed in the ship. Their reasons are not convincing. The old man probably accompanied his son, leaving to the young man the toils and responsibility of command.

The *Matthew*, leaving Bristol in May, sailed westward twenty-one hundred miles; and on the 24th of June, 1497, at five in the morning, Sebastian Cabot descried the lofty and dismal shores of Labrador. This was fourteen months before Columbus saw the main land of America. The Cabots,

therefore, were the discoverers of North America; and the British claim to the possession of the thirteen colonies rested primarily upon this fact. Sebastian Cabot was more surprised than pleased with his discovery. Up to this time Columbus and all the world supposed that the newly-discovered countries were parts of the eastern continent, and the prime motive of the Cabots and Henry VII. was to discover a north-west passage to India. Young Cabot, therefore, when he saw those cliffs of Labrador blocking his way, was disappointed rather than gratified. Undaunted, however, he ran along the coast, as if expecting to find somewhere an opening, and continued to sail northward until the sun was visible almost all the twenty-four hours. He landed on the rock-bound coast, but found no inhabitant. Having taken formal possession of this unknown country (which they supposed to be an outlying portion of Tartary), the adventurers turned their prow toward England, which they reached in August, after an absence of about three months.

All England was filled with the renown of this marvellous adventure; and the king rewarded the Cabots with honors and money. It is related in the old chronicles that John Cabot was named the great admiral; that he dressed in silk; and that whenever he went abroad crowds of people followed him.

The aged merchant now vanishes from history. In May of the next year, Sebastian Cabot, with two ships and a large company, sailed again from Bristol in quest of a shorter passage to the rich countries of the Eastern World. He was then little more than twenty-one years of age, and his family defrayed the greater part of the expense of the voyage. Starting with the notion that the pathway to the East was to be found far to the North, he continued his northern course until he had gone far beyond the point reached on the previous voyage. Icebergs began to obstruct his passage; but he pushed on, ever hoping to discover an opening in the coast; until, at length, the whole ocean, as far as the eye could reach, was covered with masses of floating ice. Fortunately, there was no night in that region during the month of July, and he could see before him at all times. Despairing of reaching

India by a northern cut, he changed his course to the southward, and sailed along the coast until he reached a region inhabitable by animals and men. He landed at several points. He found deer larger than those he had seen in English parks. He discovered men clad in the skins of beasts, and using implements made of copper. Such dense shoals of codfish played about the bows of his vessels that he supposed they lessened their speed, and he gave the fish a name expressive of this idea, -- *bacallaos*. He saw bears spring into the water and catch codfish with their paws.

The fact of his seeing the Indians using copper is interesting. When I visited the copper mines of Lake Superior, a few years ago, I was shown many signs that those mines had been worked long ago, by some unknown race. Deep holes in the earth, in which trees two hundred years old are growing, may still be seen; and at the bottom of such holes there is always plenty of copper. To this day these cavities are the "prospector's" best guide. A large number of round stone mallets, used by the Indians in breaking off pieces of copper from the mass, have been found, and are shown in the hotels along the coast. It is remarkable that the Indians having once used copper should have ceased to use it. No Indians within the memory of man have worked the mines, or possessed any of the metal.

Captain Cabot, always keeping in mind the main object of his voyage, skirted the coast as far as Florida, but, finding no break in the shore that promised a passage to the Eastern World, he turned his course toward England, and entered Bristol harbor late in the autumn, after an absence of six months.

He considered his voyage a failure. England so considered it. He had added a continent to the British empire, and no one valued the acquisition. So little did Cabot himself appreciate the importance of his discoveries, that, though he and his two brothers possessed the exclusive right to trade with North America, he never attempted to avail himself of that right, either by himself or through others. He was probably left in easy circumstances by his father, and the prospect of mere gain

was not a sufficient inducement for him to brave the perils of the deep.

For the next twenty-eight years of his life we catch hardly a glimpse of him. In 1526, however, we find him in the service of the King of Spain, in command of a powerful expedition, destined to attempt once more to discover a *back way* to the Indies. This time he kept to the South, and explored the shores of South America, as far as the Rio de la Plata, which he discovered, named, and ascended several hundred miles. He spent five years in this expedition, during which he displayed a valor, address, and humanity never surpassed in all the history of discovery. There were three Spanish grandees on board his ship, who gave him infinite trouble by their intrigues and insubordination. After exhausting every peaceful expedient, he ordered a boat to be manned, had the troublesome gentlemen placed in it, and caused them to be set ashore on a pleasant spot on the South American coast. From that hour he was obeyed without a murmur by every man in the fleet. The mutineers found their way to Spain, and filled the court with their complaints; but the king justified and rewarded Captain Cabot.

This voyage, also, Cabot regarded as a failure. The object of his life was to discover a western passage to India, and he continued to employ his talents and his influence in aid of similar expeditions as long as he lived. Of all the heroic men who took part in the discovery of the Western World, there is not one—not Columbus himself—who exhibited nobler qualities of heart and mind than Sebastian Cabot. He was as gentle and affectionate as a child; but in moments of difficulty and peril he rose with the occasion, and displayed a talent for command and a lion-like courage rarely equalled. He lived to a great age; but neither the time nor the place of his death has been discovered. As Mr. Bancroft has remarked, "He gave England a continent, and no one knows his burial-place."

PAUL JONES.

PAUL JONES was the first man that ever hoisted the stars and stripes on a ship of war. When the revolutionary war broke out he was living at Philadelphia, in extreme poverty. Indeed, he was almost penniless, and had scarcely a friend in the colonies. He was born on the southern coast of Scotland, where he lived till he was twelve years old, and then, having a passion for the sea, he served a regular apprenticeship of seven years on board a ship trading to America. He learned his business thoroughly, as great men always do. There never lived a better sailor than Paul Jones, and he knew the British coast as familiarly as a newsboy knows Nassau Street. After following the sea till he was twenty-two years old, he settled as a merchant in the West Indies, where he acquired a little property, and had good prospects of making a fortune. But in 1774, when he was still but twenty-four years of age, he was obliged, for some reason he would never tell, to suddenly leave the island of Tobago, and he sailed for Philadelphia with just fifty pounds in his pocket; and that was all the money he ever received from his property in Tobago. There is said to be a woman at the bottom of every mischief. This, as our readers well know, is a slander upon the fair sex. But the intimate friends of Paul Jones always supposed that it was some affair of love that caused him to abandon his home and property in the West Indies. He was always noted for his chivalric and respectful devotion to ladies.

In Philadelphia he lived a year and eight months on his fifty pounds, since commerce was nearly suspended by the refusal of the colonists to consume British manufactures, and he could get no berth on ship or shore. Just as he was getting to his



Gen. M. A. L.

PAUL JONES.

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There is no doubt the first man that ever hoisted the stars and stripes on the sea or war. When the revolutionary war broke out he was in Philadelphia in extreme poverty. Indeed, he was so poor that he could find only a friend in the colonies who was willing to turn on the southern coast of America, where he lived till he was twelve years old, and then, having a passion for the sea, he secured a regular apprenticeship of seven years, and found a ship trading to America. He learned his business thoroughly, as good men always do. There never lived a more honest man than Paul Jones, and he knew the French coast as thoroughly as any one who knows Nassau Sound. At the age of twenty-two years old, he sailed for the West Indies, where he acquired a taste for the pleasures and prospects of making a fortune. But when he was only twenty-four years of age, he was told by a friend, whom he would never tell, to suddenly leave his home and sail for Philadelphia with only ten pounds in his pocket, and that was all the money he received for his property in Tobago. There is said to be a woman who is the cause of every mischief. This, as our readers well know, is a proverb upon the fair sex. But the friends of Paul Jones always supposed that it was some sort of love that caused him to abandon his home and property in the West Indies. He was always noted for his "blatant and respectful devotion to ladies."

In Philadelphia he lived a year and eight months on his property, since commerce was nearly suspended by the refusal of the colonists to consume British manufactures, and he got no benefit on ship or shore. Just as he was getting



John Paul Jones



last guinea, living almost on bread and water, Congress resolved to have a navy. Then he came forward and made known his situation and past history to a member of Congress, who saw the stuff he was made of, took up his cause in earnest, and got him a lieutenant's commission in the navy of the United States. Let us say, however, that Paul Jones was no mere needy adventurer. He was wholly devoted to the cause of his adopted country. He understood the quarrel between the colonies and the mother country, and embraced the right side of the dispute with all his heart and mind.

His success on the sea was wonderful. In one short cruise on the American coast he took sixteen prizes, of which he burnt eight that were not worth saving, and sent in eight. He did not refuse battle even with the king's ships, one of which he captured that had on board a company of troops and ten thousand suits of clothes, which were worth to Congress, just then, their weight in silver. In about eight months he had made a fortune in prize money, and had absolutely swept the coast clear of all British vessels sailing without a powerful convoy.

Congress was prompt in rewarding him. July 14th, 1777, when he was not yet thirty years old, he was appointed to command the *Ranger*, the best vessel of our infant navy, ranking as a sloop of war. It was from the masthead of this immortal ship that the stars and stripes were first flung to the breeze; and it was on this ship that the ensign of the Union first received a salute from the guns of a friendly nation. This occurred in the French harbor of Brest in February, 1778, just one week after Dr. Franklin had signed the treaty of alliance with France.

A new and brilliant scene now opened in the career of this heroic sailor. Closing the ports of the *Ranger*, and removing every other trace of her warlike character, he sailed boldly into the Channel, and made his way to that part of the coast upon which he was born, and to the town from which he had sailed ten years, every wharf and lane of which he knew. It was Whitehaven, a place of several thousand inhabitants, and the harbor of which contained three hundred vessels, fastened close

together. At daybreak, with two boats and thirty-one men, he landed on a wharf of the town, provided with a lantern and two tar-barrels. He went alone to a fort defending the town, and, finding it deserted, climbed over the wall, and spiked every gun, without alarming the garrison, who were all asleep in the guard-house near by. Then he surrounded the guard-house, and took every man prisoner. Next, he sprang into the only other fort remaining, and spiked its guns. All this, which was the work of ten minutes, was accomplished without noise and without resistance. The ships being then at his mercy, he made a bon-fire in the steerage of one of them, which blazed up through the hatchway, while Jones and his men stood by, pistol in hand, to keep off the people, whom the flames had alarmed, and who now came running down to the shore in hundreds. To the forts ! was the cry. But the forts were harmless. When the fire had made such headway that the destruction of the whole fleet seemed certain, Captain Jones gave the order to embark. He was the last to take his place in the boat. He moved off leisurely from the shore, and regained his ship without the loss of a man. The people, however, succeeded in confining the fire to two or three ships. But the whole coast was panic-stricken. Every able-bodied man joined the companies of patrolmen. It was many a month before the inhabitants of that shore went to sleep at night without a certain dread of Paul Jones.

The next day he landed near the castle of the Earl of Selkirk, intending to take the earl prisoner, and keep him as a hostage for the better treatment of American prisoners in England, whom the king affected to regard as felons, and who were confined in common jails. The earl was absent from home. The crew demanded liberty to plunder the castle, in retaliation for the ravages of British captains on the coast of America. Captain Jones could not deny the justice of their demand ; yet, abhorring the principle of plundering private houses, and especially one inhabited by a lady, he permitted the men to take the silver plate only, forbidding the slightest approach to violence or disrespect. That silver plate he himself bought when the plunder was sold, and sent it back to the Countess of Selkirk, with a polite letter of explanation and apology. The

haughty earl refused to receive it; but Captain Jones, after a long correspondence, won his heart, and the silver was replaced in the plate closet of Selkirk Castle eleven years after it had been taken from it. Such was the persevering and chivalric generosity of Captain Jones.

The day after his visit to Lady Selkirk was that of his great fight with the British man-of-war, the *Drake*. The *Drake*, he heard, was lying at anchor in the harbor of Carrickfergus. As he was running in with the fixed intention to fight her there, he saw her standing out to sea in quest of him. They met. The fight was short and furious. In an hour and four minutes (about the time it took the *Kearsarge* to demolish the British ship *Alabama*, Captain Semmes), the *Drake* struck, having lost her captain, first lieutenant, and forty men. The *Ranger's* loss was nine.

The victory electrified Europe. The audacity, the valor, the skill, and the success of Paul Jones were the admiration of the world. Old Dr. Franklin, who had planned the enterprise, and had sent out to America for a captain to come and execute it, was enchanted. In Paul Jones's subsequent troubles, he always had a staunch friend and protector in Franklin.

A very successful man generally has enemies. Paul Jones experienced the truth of this remark. Nevertheless, after much delay and some mortifications, Dr. Franklin succeeded in getting him another ship, the ever famous *Bon Homme Richard*, thus named by Captain Jones in honor of the venerable editor of *Poor Richard's Almanac*. She was a large, slow, rotten, old ship, carrying forty guns, and manned by three hundred and eighty sailors and landmen of all nations, — French, Irish, Scotch, Portuguese, Malays, Maltese, and a sprinkling of Americans. It was in this ship that the indomitable Jones fought the *Serapis*, a new British ship of forty-four guns, one of the stoutest vessels in the English navy. This was perhaps the most desperate and bloody contest that ever took place between single ships. It was fought in the evening of September 23d, 1778, so near the Yorkshire coast that the battle was witnessed by hundreds of spectators on the shore. Captain Jones perceiving the superior strength of the enemy, saw that his only chance

was to come to close quarters, and, early in the fight got alongside and lashed his ship to the side of the *Serapis*. By this time, however, the *Bon Homme Richard* had received eighteen shots below the water line, had four feet of water in her hold, had had four guns burst and all the rest disabled but three, had lost a hundred men in killed and wounded, and was on fire. Almost any other man would have given up, for the *Serapis* was still uninjured. Captain Jones, however, fought on with an energy and resolution undiminished. With his three guns, all aimed by himself, he kept thundering away at the foe, while a force of sharpshooters aloft swept the decks of the *Serapis* with musketry. Such was the vigor of this fire of musketry that at length no man was seen on the enemy's deck. Then the men of the *Bon Homme Richard* formed a line along the main yard, and passed hand-grenades to the man at the end, who dropped them down into the hold of the *Serapis*, doing tremendous execution. For three hours the battle raged. The *Bon Homme Richard* was still leaking faster than the pumps could clear her. The *Serapis* was on fire in three places. The pump of the *Bon Homme Richard* was shot away, and then a new danger threatened her. She had gone into action with nearly five hundred prisoners in her steerage, and when the pump was shot away, the officer in charge of the prisoners, supposing the ship sinking, released them. At the same moment a boarding party from the *Serapis* sprang up the sides of the *Bon Homme Richard*. This was the crisis of the battle. Captain Jones never faltered. The boarders were gallantly repulsed; the prisoners were driven below, and the fight was renewed. At half-past ten in the evening, the British ship being on fire in many places, her captain struck his colors. The *Bon Homme Richard* was so completely knocked to pieces, that she could not be kept afloat. She sank the next day, and Captain Jones went into port in the captured ship, with seven hundred prisoners.

This great victory raised his fame to the highest point. The King of France gave him a magnificent diamond-hilted sword, and Congress voted him a gold medal. After the war was over, the Empress of Russia invited him to join her navy with the rank of Rear-Admiral. He accepted the post, but the jealousies

and intrigues of the Russian naval officers disgusted him to such a degree that he resigned and returned to Paris. The last years of his life were passed in obscurity. He died at Paris in 1792.

Paul Jones was a short, thick-set, active man, of great strength and endurance. He had a keen, bright eye, with a look of wildness in it. His voice was soft and gentle. In his dress, and in the equipage of his boat and ship, he was something of a dandy. In bravery and tenacity of purpose he has never been surpassed, but in the intercourse of private life he was one of the most amiable and polite of men.

GUSTAVUS III.

IN February, 1771, two Swedish princes, young, handsome, and intelligent, were at Paris, enjoying the hospitality of the French Court, and the various pleasures of the gay metropolis. Gustavus, the heir to the Swedish throne, was one of them, and his brother, the Duke of Sudermania, was the other. They were the more welcome in France, because they shared the skeptical opinions that were then so fashionable on the continent. The French philosophers, excluded from the presence and the favor of their own king, gathered round these princes, and celebrated their affability and liberality in prose and verse. Gustavus and his brother were preparing to visit Voltaire, in his retreat at Ferney, on the borders of Switzerland, when the news of the death of their father called them suddenly home. Voltaire, in one of his poetical epistles, expresses his disappointment at not having received them "in his desert, and in his humble home," as he pleased himself to style his elegant chateau and its magnificent grounds.

Gustavus became king, under the title of Gustavus III., in his twenty-sixth year. There is no doubt that he was a considerably enlightened and well-intentioned monarch, who desired to reform and elevate his country. Being the nephew of Frederick the Great, of Prussia, and his character having been formed at the time when Frederick's renown was at its zenith, when he was styled, "the Solomon and the Alexander of the North," it was natural that Gustavus should accept him as his model, both as a king and as a man, and that he should desire to govern Sweden as his uncle governed Prussia. But there was an obstacle in his way. Sweden was a very limited monarchy. The real authority of the State resided in a legislature,

composed of four orders of the kingdom, nobles, clergy, burghers, and peasants, — a large and somewhat unmanageable body, which left to the king little more of royalty than the name and the external decorations. This legislature, like all representative bodies, in all ages, was divided into parties, whose conflict sometimes disturbed the country, and often retarded necessary legislation.

In such circumstances, there are two courses open to a chief magistrate.

One is, to use all his power, and the great *influence* which a virtuous head of government can scarcely fail to possess, to improve or reform the constitution of his country. This is a slow and difficult process, but it is one which outlasts the lifetime of him who worthily does it, and confers benefits that sometimes endure for a thousand years. There are Roman laws, legal methods and institutions, which to-day are serving all Christendom.

The other is, to destroy the constitution and found upon its ruins a despotism.

Gustavus III., young and impatient to begin his kingly work, chose the easier, the shorter, the ignoble course.

August 19th, 1772, the second year of his reign, a number of military officers, and other persons known to be disaffected toward the senate, were summoned to attend the king at his palace in Stockholm. While they were assembling, the king rode through the streets on horseback, bowing as he went, with particular affability, to the people, acknowledging the salute of the humblest person. He visited his regiment of artillery, to whom he was all condescension and politeness. Returning to the palace, he invited the officers and civilians whom he had summoned into the guard-room, where he delivered to them a long address, in which he displayed talents for oratory that would have powerfully aided him if he had sought to save liberty, instead of destroying it.

He began by hinting that, amid the dissensions of the time, his own life was threatened, and that he was compelled to seek safety in the counsels of the faithful officers and friends then in his presence. He painted in exaggerated colors the unhappy

condition of the kingdom, accusing the nobles of being bribed by foreign gold, of selling offices for money, of hindering all needed reforms by factious disputes and mean contentions for the supremacy. He then declared that it was now his design to put an end to the disorders of the senate, to banish corruption from the State, restore true liberty and the ancient lustre of the Swedish name. He solemnly disclaimed forever absolute power. "I am obliged," said he, in conclusion, "to defend my own liberty, and that of the kingdom, against the aristocracy, which reigns. Will you be faithful to me, as your forefathers were to Gustavus Vasa and Gustavus Adolphus? I will then risk my life for your welfare and that of my country."

As all the assembly appeared to acquiesce in the king's design, which they little understood, he instantly proposed to them an oath of unqualified obedience, which all but three as instantly took. One of the three, Frederic Cederström, a young captain of the king's guards, said that he had very recently taken an oath of fidelity to the senate, and consequently could not take this new oath, which was inconsistent with it.

"Think of what you are doing," said the king, sternly.

"I do," replied the young officer; "and what I think to-day I shall think to-morrow; and were I capable of breaking the oath by which I am already bound to the senate, I should be capable of breaking that which your majesty now requires me to take."

The king demanded the sword of Captain Cederström, and ordered him in arrest. Upon second thoughts, the king changed his tone, offered to return the sword and to excuse him from the oath, on condition of his attending him during the rest of that day. The young man remained true to his principles, and said that his majesty could not confide in him, and asked to be excused from the proposed service. He therefore remained under arrest with his two companions.

The officers being gained, it was an easy task to secure the co-operation of the soldiers and the good will of the people, by whom the young king was enthusiastically beloved. A guard of soldiers surrounded the senate-house, and locked in the members. The next morning the king presented himself be-

more that body and announced to them the changes he designed to make in the government. He declared that, in future, the king alone should have power to convene and dissolve the legislature; that the king should have the absolute command of army and navy, and the power to appoint and remove all officers, military, naval, and civil; that, in case of necessity, of which the king alone was to be the judge, he should impose taxes without consulting the senate; that the senate should discuss no subjects except those proposed by the king; but that no offensive war should be undertaken without their consent. He then declared the senate dissolved, and its members dismissed from all their employments. He concluded by taking a psalm-book from his pocket, and gave out a thanksgiving hymn, which the whole assembly rose and sang.

The king's triumph was complete. In two days, Sweden, from being the most strictly limited monarchy in Europe, became one of the most absolute.

The despotic power thus gained by lying and audacity, was employed by the king both for good and for evil. Many old abuses were reformed. Offices were no longer sold. On the other hand, a new and dangerous importance was given to the military and naval forces, both being greatly increased, better disciplined, better paid; so that the elite of the nation sought a career only in arms. The strength of his army and navy tempted the king to engage in foreign wars, in which he displayed an ability and courage which threw a veil of "glory" over fields of carnage and desolated provinces. Under the peaceful sway of the constitution, Sweden had enjoyed such a long period of repose that she had recovered from the exhausting wars of Charles XII. Under the rule of a despotic king, ambitious to make himself of consequence in Europe, she was plunged again and again into strife. When, in 1792, the eleventh year of his reign, the kings of Europe leagued themselves against republican France, Gustavus, too, remote as he was from the scene, was true to the instincts of despotism, and prepared to join in that gigantic raid upon the rights of a suffering, terrified, and distracted nation.

The nobles, meanwhile, excluded from their share in the

government, had never ceased to plot against him. In 1790, twelve of the nobility bound themselves by an oath to kill the king and restore the ancient constitution. They cast lots to determine which of them should execute the deed, and the lot fell upon Johann Jacob Anckarstroem,—a young man who had been one of the king's pages, and who had already been once tried for treason and acquitted. He was a man of fiery and determined spirit. His trial had been conducted, as he thought, with unjust severity, and he burned with resentment against the usurper.

Two years passed, after this compact had been formed, before an opportunity occurred for its execution.

March 16th, 1792, the fashionable world of Stockholm was preparing for a grand masked ball, to be given in the evening at the opera house, which the king had recently completed. The king, the royal family, the court, the nobility, officers, and all who could pretend to social or official rank were to be present.

In the morning an anonymous note was handed to the king, warning him of the plot, advising him to attend no balls for a year, and assuring him that if he went to the ball that evening he would be assassinated. The king read this note, and tossed it aside with an expression of contempt.

At a late hour in the evening the king entered the magnificent saloon, and sat, for a while, in a box, looking on. He there spoke carelessly of the note, saying that he was evidently right in despising it, for if there had been any design upon his life, what better opportunity could there be than at that moment, when he was sitting apart with only one person near him? He then descended to the floor and mingled freely with the gay crowd until a late hour. As he was preparing to leave the ball, a number of masked men gathered about him, one of whom fired a pistol at his back. The king fell, and a scene of indescribable confusion ensued. The doors were closed; every one was unmasked and searched; but upon no one was discovered anything indicative of guilt, for the assassin had dropped his pistols and his dagger on the floor near where the deed was done.

The king died on the thirteenth day after receiving his wound. As he was dying, he ordered that all the conspirators should be pardoned except the perpetrator. His son being a boy of fourteen, he had named his brother regent of the kingdom, who at once set on foot the most vigorous measures for the discovery of the conspirators. Anckarstroem confessed that he had done the deed, and declared that he had done it to deliver his country from a tyrant and a monster. The regent, less humane than the revolutionary rulers of France, was not content merely to deprive this misguided man of life, but caused him to be executed with the cruelty characteristic of menaced and apprehensive royalty.

The death of Gustavus III. did not change the policy of the Swedish government, nor restore to Sweden any degree of freedom. Gustavus IV. was as absolute a king as Gustavus III., and all the strength and influence of Sweden continued to be employed against France. Some years later, the new king showed symptoms of insanity, and he was deposed. The Duke of Sudermania, brother of Gustavus III., succeeded; and under him the senate was restored to some of its ancient powers, and there was again in Sweden a semblance of constitutional government. But under the next king, Bernadotte, there were real improvements in the government, one of which was, that the nobility, who had been exempt from taxation and military service, were compelled to relinquish both those odious privileges.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

COLONEL PETER JEFFERSON, father of President Jefferson was a Virginia planter and surveyor, of Welsh descent, who hewed out a plantation for himself on the outskirts of civilization, one hundred and thirty years ago. When his son Thomas was born, there were still but three or four white settlers within a circuit of several miles of his farm; the primeval woods still flourished luxuriantly all about him, and the house was a favorite stopping-place for the chiefs of friendly tribes of Indians on their way to and from Richmond. This Peter Jefferson was a giant in stature and strength. It is said of him, that he could lift from their sides to an upright position two hogsheds of tobacco at once, each of a thousand pounds' weight. He was a man of eminent courage and wisdom, of singular firmness, and of an honesty so established and conspicuous, that he was executor and trustee for half his neighbors. A few sterling books were to be found in his house, — Addison, Swift, Pope, — but especially, and best-beloved, Shakespeare, his well-worn edition of whose works is still preserved.

Thomas Jefferson, born in 1743, was the third child and eldest son of this wise and stalwart planter, and enjoyed the benefit of his instructions until his fourteenth year, when Colonel Jefferson suddenly died, in the fiftieth year of his age. He learned from his father to be a bold rider, and a skilful hunter. He acquired from him, also, an elegant penmanship, a taste for reading, a knowledge of accounts, habits of self-help, punctuality, and perseverance. It is probable, however, that his mother exerted the paramount influence over his mind. From her he probably inherited his aptitude for composition, his affectionate disposition, and his abhorrence of strife. At seventeen he en

tered William and Mary College, where his early education was completed.

Thomas Jefferson became one of the best educated men who ever lived in America. His mind and his body were equally nourished and developed. He was one of the best riders in a State where every man was a rider as a matter of course. He was an accomplished performer on the violin. Having a strong aptitude for mathematics, he became a proficient in that science, both in the theory and the practice. In addition to the knowledge of Latin and Greek, which so diligent a student could not fail to acquire in college, he afterwards added a familiar knowledge of French, a considerable acquaintance with Italian and Spanish, and some knowledge of the Anglo Saxon. I think it is safe to say, that, of all the public men who have figured in the United States, he was incomparably the best scholar, and the most variously accomplished man.

Upon the completion of his college course, he studied law for five years, with an assiduity most unusual in the heir to a good estate. He had a clock in his bedroom, and his rule in summer was to get up as soon as he could see the hands, and in winter he rose uniformly at five. Including the time passed in music and reading, he usually spent fourteen hours of every day at his studies; three of which, he tells us, were sometimes spent in practising on the violin. There has seldom been a young man of fortune who lived more purely than he. He neither practised the vices, nor indulged the passions, of his class in the Virginia of that day. He never quarrelled; he never gambled. His mouth was innocent of tobacco. He never drank to excess. Occupied continually in the improvement of his mind, except when he indulged in manly and innocent recreations, he appears to have led an absolutely stainless life. The American Democrat can point to the life of the apostle of his political creed, and boast that his conduct was as admirable as his intelligence was commanding.

On being admitted to the bar, in 1767, which was the twenty-fourth year of his age, he appears at once to have obtained a considerable share of business. From his own books we learn that, during the first year of his practice, he was employed in

sixty-eight cases ; the next year, one hundred and fifteen ; the next, one hundred and ninety-eight ; and, until he was drawn away into public life by the stirring events of the time, his business as a lawyer continued to be extensive. In due time, he was happily married to a lady suited to him in character and in fortune, with whom he lived in happiness only alloyed by the anxiety caused him by her declining health.

Jefferson, like his father before him, was eminently and peculiarly a man of the people. He was a Democrat by nature. He was a Democrat because he was a truly intelligent man ; because he saw things as they are, and not as they seem. He was a Democrat because he could not be taken in by the shows and traditions which once deceived the majority of educated mankind. His heart would have told him that all men are brothers and equals, even if his great mind had not discerned it. Therefore, during the whole contention between George the Third and the people of the American Colonies, he sided naturally and warmly with the people.

After taking a leading part in organizing resistance in Virginia, he was elected to represent that province in the Congress which met in Philadelphia, in 1775. He was no orator. He never spoke longer than ten minutes in his life, and such addresses as he did deliver were entirely in the tone of conversation. Nevertheless, there was something in his demeanor and character which gave him a commanding influence in every deliberate body to which he ever belonged. His colleagues saw that his heart was in the cause, and that his grasp of the principles involved in it was complete and strong. We find him serving on the most important committees in Congress, though he was almost the youngest man in the body ; and he received, at length, a striking proof of the confidence of members when his pen was employed to write the Declaration of Independence. That immortal document was, with the exception of a few words, entirely his work.

We owe to Mr. Jefferson's diary two or three amusing anecdotes relating to the acceptance of this paper. When the members were signing the Declaration, Benjamin Harrison, of

Virginia, an enormously corpulent man, looking at the slender, withered form of Elbridge Gerry, of Massachusetts, said : —

"Gerry, when the hanging comes, I shall have the advantage ; you'll kick in the air half an hour after it is all over with me."

It was about this time, too, that Franklin achieved one of his celebrated witticisms.

"We must all hang together in this business," said one of the members.

"Yes," said Franklin, "we must all hang together, or, most assuredly, we shall all hang separately."

In 1779, being then thirty-six years of age, at the gloomiest period of the Revolution, Mr. Jefferson was elected Governor of Virginia. Twice, during his tenure of this office, he was obliged to fly at the approach of the enemy, and on one occasion his whole estate was laid waste and all his cattle destroyed or driven off. It was, doubtless, the fatigues and anxieties of this period that hastened the death of Mrs. Jefferson, — an event which changed all the subsequent life of her husband. It was his intention and strong desire, after the revolutionary war, to spend the rest of his days in literary labors upon his Virginia farm, but the death of his wife weaned him from this project and rendered him willing to accept, once more, a public trust. In 1783, he went to France to represent his country at the French Court. Franklin, whom he succeeded there, had won unbounded popularity, and it was an arduous task to take his place.

"You replace Doctor Franklin, I hear," said the French minister for foreign affairs to him, at their first interview.

"No," was Mr. Jefferson's apt reply ; "I *succeed*, — no one can *replace* him."

It was during the years immediately preceding the French Revolution that Mr. Jefferson represented the United States in France. He saw and foretold the coming storm. In his journeys about the country it was his custom to visit the hovels of the peasants, and he saw mothers endeavoring to extract sustenance for their children from thistles and weeds ; and he marked, too, with the indignation becoming a man, the heartless indifference of the nobles to the sufferings of their country-

men. During the first period of the Revolution he was much consulted by its leaders, and he is supposed to have suggested some of their most important measures.

Before the Revolution had degenerated into riot and massacre, while it still seemed a noble and hopeful movement, he returned home, and was immediately invited by General Washington to accept the place of secretary of state in his first cabinet. In this office, he was the colleague of Hamilton, and a wide difference of opinion speedily manifested itself between these distinguished men. Jefferson was a hearty Republican; Hamilton was, with equal sincerity, a believer in the necessity of privileged orders. Jefferson was opposed to everything in the government which savored of monarchical form and state. The contests between these two able persons spread to their friends and followers, and thus originated in the United States the two great parties which have ever since striven for the supremacy.

Twelve years passed. General Washington had passed away from the scene. John Adams had served one term in the Presidency, and failed to be re-elected. The Democratic party triumphed in 1801, and that triumph placed Thomas Jefferson in the presidential chair.

But there was a "tie" between Thomas Jefferson and Aaron Burr, each of them having received seventy-three electoral votes. Not that any single voter had expected or desired the elevation of Aaron Burr to the first office. The difficulty arose from the law, which provided that the person receiving the greatest number of electoral votes should be president, and that the person who received the number next to the highest should be the vice-president. Jefferson and Burr were the Republican candidates for president and vice-president, and as each chanced to receive the same number of electoral votes, neither of them was elected to either office, and the choice devolved upon the House of Representatives. Then it was that the Federalists conceived the notable idea of electing Burr to the presidency, and thus frustrating the dearest wish of the Republican party.

Excitement and alarm prevailed in the country during the interval, and it seemed for some days as if civil war was imminent. It is interesting to observe the demeanor of Thomas

Jefferson in such trying circumstances, when he had been fairly elected president, and his political opponents were conspiring to cheat him of the office and the people of the gratification of their desires. As Mr. Jefferson then held the office of vice-president, he presided daily over the Senate, and thus lived in the midst of the strife and intrigue. Coming out of the senate chamber, one day, he was stopped by Gouverneur Morris, a leader of the Federalists, who began to converse with him on the alarming state of things around them.

"The reasons," said Morris, "why the minority of the States are so opposed to your being elected is this: they apprehend that, first, you will turn all Federalists out of office; secondly, put down the navy; thirdly, wipe off the public debt. Now, you only need to declare, or authorize your friends to declare, that you will not take these steps, and instantly the event of the election will be fixed."

Mr. Jefferson replied, with the dignity becoming his position, that he should leave the world to judge of the course he meant to pursue by that which he had pursued hitherto, believing it to be his duty to be passive and silent during the present scene.

"I shall certainly," continued Mr. Jefferson, "make no terms; I shall never go into the office of president by capitulation, nor with my hands tied by any conditions which would hinder me from pursuing the measures which I deem for the public good."

When it seemed probable that no election would take place, the Federalists proposed to pass a law placing the government in the hands of some individual until the people themselves could decide the question by another vote.

"But," says Mr. Jefferson in one of his letters, "we thought it best to declare openly and firmly, one and all, that the day such an act passed, *the Middle States would arm*, and that no such usurpation, even for a single day, should be submitted to. This first shook them, and they were completely alarmed at the resource for which we declared, to wit: a convention to reorganize the government and to amend it. The very word 'convention' gives them the horrors; as, in the present demo-

cratical spirit of America, they fear they should lose some of their favorite morsels of the constitution."

This was written after the balloting in the House of Representatives had continued for four days. Although a word from Mr. Jefferson would have ended the struggle, he refused to speak that word. To every one who approached him, he said :—

"I will not receive the government in capitulation ; I will not go into office with my hands tied."

The Federalists yielded at length, and on the thirty-sixth ballot Mr. Jefferson was elected president and Aaron Burr vice-president, according to the wish and intention of the majority of the people. A few days after, Mr. Jefferson retired from the chair of the Senate, after addressing them a brief speech of farewell. President Adams, exasperated by his unexpected defeat, would not bring himself to remain in Washington long enough to witness the inauguration of his successor, but, about daylight on the morning of the 4th of March, he left Washington ; and thus, for a few hours, there was actually no head to the government. To us, reading coolly of the events of those times, such conduct appears undignified and silly. We can, however, but faintly realize the madness of party spirit at that day, and the distrust and bitterness with which the elder Federalists regarded the victorious Republicans.

According to custom, Colonel Burr first entered the senate chamber. He was sworn into office and took his seat in the chair. The usual multitude was present, and among those who looked upon the spectacle were two persons, the dearest in the world to the new vice-president, — his daughter, Theodosia, and her husband, married a few days before at Albany, and now pausing, on their way to South Carolina, to witness the ceremony.

Mr. Jefferson was extremely desirous that the inauguration should be conducted in the simplest manner possible. It is interesting to us, familiar with the grandeur and pomp with which the heads of other governments surround themselves, to read the note which the president-elect wrote to Chief-Justice Marshall two days before his inauguration :—

"I propose," he says, "to take the oath or oaths of office as President of the United States on Wednesday, the 4th instant, at twelve o'clock, in the senate-chamber. May I hope the favor of your attendance to administer the oath. . . . Not being yet provided with a private secretary, and needing some person on Wednesday to be the bearer of a message or messages to the Senate, I presume the chief clerk of the Department of State might be employed with propriety. Permit me through you to ask the favor of his attendance on me at my lodgings on Wednesday, after I shall have been qualified."

This is all very simple and republican. We are used to it now; but at that day it was new, strange, and captivating. An English gentleman, who was then passing some days in Washington, recorded in his diary a few particulars of this occasion, of much interest. The president-elect, he says, was dressed in plain cloth, which was very unusual at that time, as we may see in old portraits. He came out of his lodgings unattended, and mounted his horse, which had been waiting for him before his door. He rode to the capitol, unaccompanied by any friend, and without a servant, and when he had reached the building he dismounted without assistance, and with his own hands tied the horse to a paling of the fence. He was received at the steps of the capitol by a large number of his political friends, who absolutely would not permit him to carry out his intention of going alone to the senate-chamber to take the oath of office. A kind of procession was formed, and they walked together to the apartment.

When the president-elect was seen at the door, the audience rose and saluted him with the heartiest cheers. Colonel Burr left the chair usually occupied by the president of the Senate, and took his seat in another at the right. On the left of the central chair sat the chief-justice. Every one remarked the absence of the late president from the scene. After the delay of a minute or two, Mr. Jefferson rose and delivered that fine inaugural address which is still so cheering and instructive to read. Several phrases and sentences of this address have

passed into proverbs. One of the most noted passages was the following:—

"Every difference of opinion is not a difference of principle. We have called by different names brethren of the same principle. *We are all Republicans—we are all Federalists.* If there be any among us who would wish to dissolve this Union, or to change its republican form, let them stand undisturbed, as monuments of the safety with which error of opinion may be tolerated where reason is left free to combat it."

Another happy touch was this:—

"Sometimes it is said that man cannot be trusted with the government of himself. Can he then be trusted with the government of others? Or have we found angels in the form of kings to govern him? Let history answer the question."

The following phrase has passed into common speech, and ought forever to guide the diplomacy of America:—

"Peace, commerce, and honest friendship with all nations—entangling alliances with none."

The following passage produced an excellent effect at the time:—

"I shall often go wrong through defect of judgment. When right I shall often be *thought* wrong by those whose positions will not command a view of the whole ground. I ask your indulgence for my own errors, which will never be intentional, and your support against the errors of others, who may condemn what they would not if seen in all its parts."

At the conclusion of this brief address, which did not occupy more than fifteen minutes, the oath was administered. The assembly then broke up, and the politicians of both parties proceeded to the presidential mansion to make the usual calls upon the president and vice-president.

Instantly, everything in the government which looked like monarchy was abolished. Instead of delivering a speech to Congress, President Jefferson sent a written message. The rule was promulgated that, in society at Washington,—and especially at the president's house,—there should be no such thing as *precedence*, but all persons should stand upon a perfect equality. On two days of the year—the First of January and

the Fourth of July — the President received the visit of every man, woman, and child who chose to call upon him; and, at other times, all who had business with him were admitted with no more ceremony or delay than would be ordinarily employed by any man whose business was extensive and whose time was valuable. When the president had occasion to visit the capitol — which is two miles distant from the presidential mansion — instead of riding thither in a coach-and-six, as previous presidents had done, he went on horseback, unattended, and tied his own horse to a rail when he had reached the building. In more important matters, his administration, I believe to have been among the wisest and the purest the world has ever seen. Without adding any new tax, without a land tax, an excise or a stamp tax, the government was supported properly, and the public debt was diminished seven millions a year. The army and navy were reduced, Louisiana was purchased, and the payment was so arranged that by the time the purchase-money became due the new territory had added the amount to the national treasury. Peace was preserved with all nations, and the credit and character of the republic were perfectly sustained. So satisfied were the people with republican rule, that Mr. Jefferson and his intimate friends continued to preside over the government for a period of twenty-four years. James Madison and James Monroe were pupils of Thomas Jefferson, and heirs of his prestige and popularity.

Retiring from the presidency in 1809, when he was sixty-six years of age, Mr. Jefferson passed the rest of his days upon his plantation at Monticello, — the most august, beloved, and venerated character upon the continent of America. He continued to serve the public in various ways, and his last care was to perfect the organization of the University of Virginia, of which he was the founder. To the age of eighty-three he retained his intellectual powers little diminished, and he appears to have died from old age rather than from disease. On the 3d of July, 1826, it was evident to those around him that he had not many hours to live, and there arose within them a great desire that his life might be spared, so that he could die on the day which his own hands had signalized.

"As twelve o'clock at night approached," wrote one of his grandsons, "we anxiously desired that his death should be hallowed by the anniversary of independence. At fifteen minutes before twelve we stood noting the minute-hand of the watch, hoping for a few minutes of prolonged life. At four in the morning, he called the servants in attendance with a strong and clear voice, perfectly conscious of his wants. He did not speak again. About ten he fixed his eyes intently upon me, indicating some want which I could not understand, until his attached servant, Burwell, observed that his head was not so much elevated as he usually desired it, for his habit was to lie with it very much elevated. Upon restoring it to its usual position, he seemed satisfied. About eleven, again fixing his eyes upon me and moving his lips, I applied a wet sponge to his mouth, which he sucked, and appeared to relish. This was the last evidence he gave of consciousness. He ceased to breathe, without a struggle, fifty minutes past meridian, July 4th, 1826."

So passed from the scene of his earthly labors the man who, in my opinion, was the model American citizen, whose life and writings contain more to instruct and guide his countrymen in the duties of citizenship than those of any other man. His very faults had more of virtue in them than the good deeds of some men. I wish I was rich enough to place a copy of his writings in every school district of the United States.

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.



THINK of a boy of eighteen owning and commanding a ship ! This was the case, we are told, with Drake, — another of those Heroes of the Sea whose deeds shed such lustre upon the age of Shakespeare and Elizabeth. The ship was small, it is true, and the voyages it made were short ; still it was a ship, and it was sailed (successfully, too) by a lad of eighteen. The way it came about was this :—

Francis Drake, born on the southern coast of England, about the year 1545, was one of the twelve sons of a chaplain in the navy. The father of this fine family of boys began life as a farmer ; but having renounced the Catholic religion, and joined the Church of England, Queen Elizabeth, who liked to encourage such conversions, made a naval chaplain of him, and afterwards gave him a small living on shore. Francis, the eldest of his sons, was educated at the expense of a relative of the family, that valiant seaman, Admiral Sir John Hawkins. It was probably the success and renown of this admiral that induced Francis Drake and most of his brothers to take to the sea.

He did not, however, get into a ship, as the sailors say, "through the cabin windows." When he was about twelve years old he was regularly apprenticed to the captain of a small vessel trading with Holland and France, in which he took the place of cabin-boy. The cabin-boy of a ship, in former times, like the youngest apprentice in a shop, was required to do all the odd, disagreeable jobs, such as greasing the mast, washing the dishes, furling the topmost sail, coiling up the ropes, tarring the cable, and feeding the pig. Young Drake performed his duties so well, learned his business so thoroughly, and won the confidence and affection of his captain to such a degree, that the

captain, dying when Drake was eighteen, bequeathed him his vessel. The young man soon proved his fitness to command. Having made one successful voyage to the western ports of France, he sailed next to Africa, and brought home a good share of the gold dust and elephants' tusks of Guinea.

On his return to England he found his kinsman and patron, Sir John Hawkins, preparing a fleet, aided by Queen Elizabeth, for a grand trading voyage to Guinea and the West Indies.

This Admiral Hawkins will be long remembered, as the Englishman who began the African slave-trade. Twice already he had visited the coast of Guinea, and, partly by purchase and partly by artifice, had filled his ship with negroes, whom he sold to the Spaniards in the West Indies at an enormous profit. No one then saw anything wrong in the traffic; on the contrary, the whole world applauded it, and the queen herself bestowed upon Hawkins unusual marks of approbation. She permitted him to add to his coat-of-arms the figure of a bound African; she received him at court, and gave every encouragement to his continuing the trade in slaves. Captain Drake, too, discovering what was afoot, sold his own vessel, invested all his property in the new expedition, and was appointed to the command of one of its largest ships.

Having reached the coast of Guinea, five hundred negroes were quickly procured, and the fleet sailed to Spanish America for the purpose of selling them. An unforeseen difficulty arose: Orders had come from Spain forbidding all trade between the Spanish colonies and foreign nations. At another port, however, Hawkins succeeded in selling his miserable cargo; but on his way home he was attacked by a Spanish fleet, and he escaped but with two of his six vessels, and with the loss of all the property invested in the enterprise. Captain Drake succeeded in rescuing his ship from the foe; but he reached England a ruined man.

Although the King of Spain was already meditating the conquest of England, the two nations were still at peace, and Captain Drake therefore applied to the Spanish government for the restoration of the property unlawfully seized. His demands

being disregarded, he swore to take by force what had been denied to his solicitations.

Never was an oath better kept. In 1772 he contrived to equip and arm two small vessels, and obtained from the queen a commission such as was requisite for his purpose. Joined by a third vessel in the South American waters, he suddenly descended upon the coasts of New Granada, plundered the settlements, burnt the Spanish shipping, and held the whole region at his mercy. He returned to England laden with a prodigious booty, — enough to make him one of the richest private persons in Europe. This sudden attack upon a defenceless people was hailed in England as a most heroic and proper act, and the queen received him with distinguished favor. We must not, however, judge of those times by modern standards. Spain and England, though technically at peace, were really at war, and so remained until the total destruction of the armada, in 1588, reduced Spain to the rank of a second-rate power.

Captain Drake had not yet done with the Spaniards. While he was upon the Isthmus of Darien he had seen from a mountain-top the Pacific Ocean. He now laid before the queen a project of sailing round South America, by way of the newly discovered Straits of Magellan, and falling upon the unprotected coasts of Peru, whence the Spaniards were drawing cargoes of gold. Elizabeth, we may almost say, jumped at the proposal. With six vessels and one hundred and sixty-four men, this bold adventurer set sail, and made his way to Patagonia. He was five weeks in getting through the straits, and when he emerged into the broad Pacific, he had but the ship commanded by himself, named the *Golden Hind*. Two vessels he had himself emptied and turned adrift, and three others had turned back and gone to England. On board his own ship he had fifty-seven men, and three casks of water.

Undaunted, he held to his purpose, and reached in safety the shores of Peru. He plundered the Spanish settlements; he captured a Spanish ship loaded with gold and silver; he sailed along the coast to California, of which he took formal possession in the name of the Queen of England. Then, laden deep with booty, he thought to find a northern passage back into the

Atlantic. Northward he sailed until he reached the region of eternal cold, but found no gap in the ice-bound coast. Desirous, above all things, to avoid the Spanish cruisers, he came to the resolution to sail westward, and endeavor to reach England by completing the circumnavigation of the globe. He accomplished his purpose, and reached England in 1580, after an absence of two years, nine months, and thirteen days. This was regarded as an immense achievement. The queen knighted Captain Drake, and came on board his ship, where she partook of a banquet; and when the Spanish king demanded his surrender, as a buccaneer, she refused to give him up.

Drake soon had an opportunity of glutting his vengeance against the Spaniards. Such exploits as his, sanctioned and rewarded by the Queen of England, led, finally, to open and declared war between the two powers. Again, in command of a powerful fleet, he ravaged and plundered the Spanish towns in America, and, visiting Virginia, brought away to England the settlers planted there by Sir Walter Raleigh. In 1587, with a fleet of thirty armed ships, he sailed boldly into Cadiz, and there destroyed a hundred Spanish vessels, which he called "singeing the beard of the King of Spain." Next year, the Invincible Armada approached the shores of England. On the great, immortal day which saw that mighty armament defeated and dispersed, Sir Francis Drake was second in command of the British fleet, and bore a man's part in the tremendous conflict. In the year following he was again on the coast of Spain with a great fleet, desolating every point which he attacked, and keeping the whole peninsula in terror.

There was then a short interval of peace between the two countries, during which Admiral Drake represented the town of Plymouth in parliament. War being renewed in 1594, we see him once more in the West Indies, under his old patron, Sir John Hawkins. This was the last of his services. Hawkins dying from a wound received in action, Drake assumed command of the forces, and committed great havoc among the Spanish settlements; but part of his troops having met with a reverse, he took it so much to heart that he fell sick of a fever.

He died on board his ship, aged fifty years, and his remains were committed to the deep.

It thus appears that this brave man spent his life in warring upon the Spaniards. What ought we to think of him? Was he a buccaneer, or a patriot sailor waging legitimate warfare? I answer the question thus :—

The worst man of whom history gives any account, and the most formidable enemy modern civilization has had to encounter, was Philip II., King of Spain. He was a moody, ignorant, cruel, sensual, cowardly hypocrite. So long as that atrocious tyrant wielded the resources of the Spanish monarchy—then the most powerful on earth—the first interest of human nature was the reduction of his power. To do this was the great object and the almost ceaseless effort of Queen Elizabeth and the protestant powers in alliance with her. In lending a hand to this work, Francis Drake was fighting on the side of civilization, and preparing the way for such an America as we see around us now ; for, in limiting the power of Philip, he was rescuing the fairest portions of America from the blight of Spanish superstition, Spanish cruelty, and Spanish narrowness. That he fought his share of this fight in a wild, rough, buccaneering manner, was the fault of his age, more than his own. His voyage round the world, too, marks an era in the history of navigation.

HENRY HUDSON.

Not Heindrick Hudson, as it is sometimes printed, and as it is painted on the sides of a large steamboat that plies on the river which Hudson discovered. Captain Hudson was no Dutchman; he was an English sailor, with an English name, and that name was Henry.

The reason why his name is so frequently spelt in the Dutch manner is, that, when he discovered the Hudson river, he was sailing in the service of a company of Dutch merchants. This was the reason, too, why Manhattan Island and the shores of the Hudson river once belonged to Holland and were settled by the Dutch, and why, to this day, many of the old families of New York have Dutch names, Dutch faces, a Dutch build, and a comfortable Dutch disposition. Down to the time of the revolutionary war there was more Dutch spoken in the streets of New York than English, and Albany was almost as Dutch a town as Amsterdam itself. All this was because an English sailor chanced to make *one* of his many voyages in a ship belonging to Dutchmen.

Henry Hudson lived in this world about fifty years, but nothing whatever is known of his life except of the last four years of it. Born about the year 1560, when Queen Elizabeth was still in the bloom of young womanhood, he does not appear in history until 1607, in the spring of which year we discover him captain of a vessel anchored in the Thames, about to sail on a voyage of discovery. The idea still haunted the minds of all geographers that there *must* be a way of getting to China and the East Indies nearer than by going round the Cape of Good Hope, — a voyage of sixteen thousand miles. They thought that, somewhere in the northern part of one of the continents, there *must*

be an opening through which those rich countries could be reached by a short cut, that would save, at least, one-half the distance. The wish was father to the thought. Kings and merchants, for three hundred years, poured out their treasures freely in expeditions to discover this imaginary opening. The vessel lying in the Thames, below London, in April, 1607, of which Henry Hudson was master, had been fitted by a company of rich London merchants to continue the search.

It was a small vessel, with a crew consisting of the captain, ten men and a boy. Sailing on the 1st of May, Captain Hudson directed his course toward the north-west, and, after sailing forty-three days, saw what he concluded to be the eastern coast of Greenland. A month later he had reached Spitzbergen isles, where he landed, and found traces of cattle, as well as of seals, and some streams of fresh water. He pushed northward until he was within eleven hundred miles of the north pole, where he was stopped by mountains of ice. He struggled with the ice for a while, skirting along the glittering barrier, seeking a passage, but finding none. He was compelled, at length, to turn his prow southward, and he reached England in September, baffled, but not discouraged. He had been absent four months and fifteen days.

In the April following, in the same little ship, and in the service of the same English company, he sailed again to the seas north of Europe, and spent another summer in an arduous but fruitless attempt to pierce the ice that had blocked his way the year before. Late in the month of August, after an absence of four months, he returned to England, again defeated, but as resolute to continue the search as ever. But the gentlemen who had to pay the expenses of the voyage now lost faith in the enterprise, and declined to bear the charge of another attempt.

Then it was that Henry Hudson repaired to Holland, one of the great sea powers of the world; perhaps the first of the maritime nations in 1608.

A company of Dutch merchants furnished him with a ship, and, in the spring of 1609, he was ready once more to sail for the frozen seas. His crew was composed of Dutch and English sailors. Early in April he sailed from Holland, and directed

his course to the northernmost point of Europe, which he doubled and then pushed westward, along the northern coast of that continent. Fearful was his wrestle with the ice, and the cold was most intense. His crew, part Dutch and part English, had not lived well together from the beginning; but when difficulty and suffering had soured the temper of both parties, all the crew became discontented, and demanded to have the course of the vessel changed to more temperate climates. Captain Hudson, a man too gentle and yielding for the situation, instead of silencing this clamor at the pistol's mouth, and putting the mutineers in irons (the old Portuguese fashion), parleyed with the men, and agreed, at last, to sail over to the coast of America, and try for a break in that continent. Hudson had been acquainted with Captain John Smith, of Virginia, and had received from him maps and charts of the coast of North America, as well as verbal explanations.

To this change of course, extorted by a sulky and mutinous crew, Captain Hudson owes the immortality of his name. Having reached the coast of America in July, 1609, he crept along the shore, until he discovered the gap so familiar to New Yorkers, now called the Narrows, which conducted him into New York harbor, and thence into the Hudson River. He sailed up this majestic stream as far as the head of navigation, and explored it in a boat many miles more, — to a point, probably, as high as Troy. Much time having been consumed in this exploration, he had difficulty in procuring provisions, and his crew were again in a mutinous disposition. He had a world of trouble with them, — as every captain will have who has not in him the true spirit of a *master*, — and he thought it best to return to Europe. He reached home in November, having been gone seven months.

Despite the perils and difficulties of those three voyages, Hudson was as eager as ever to renew the quest, and again offered his services to the English company for whom he had first sailed to the North. They agreed to provide him with a ship, but demanded that he should take with him, as mate, a man named Colebrune, who was supposed to be a navigator of great skill. Colebrune came on board while the ship was getting

ready for sea, and Hudson perceived that if that man sailed with him the ship would have two captains. Instead of stating the case frankly to the owners of the ship, and requiring them to choose between him and his rival, and say which of the two should stay behind, he got rid of Colebrune by a stratagem. The ship being ready for sea, and lying at Blackwell, seven miles below London, Captain Hudson sent Colebrune to the city with a letter; and, as soon as the unsuspecting mate was well on his way, the captain hoisted his anchors, slipped out of the Thames and put to sea. This act lessened the respect of the crew for him, weakened his authority, and gave a pretext for mutiny.

It was about the middle of April, 1610, that he set sail on this his last and lamentable voyage. He had not been a month at sea before he discovered that his crew were plotting to remove him from command, alleging as a reason that the sending away of Colebrune was an act equivalent to usurpation. He managed, though with difficulty, to suppress this conspiracy; and, after two months of voyaging, he reached that wide opening into North America which leads to what is now called Hudson's Bay, — the largest bay of the whole continent. He now thought that he had accomplished the great object. He supposed that *this* was the long-sought passage to the Pacific. We can imagine his disappointment when, after sailing into the great bay as far as he could go, and coasting around its sides for nearly three months, he was compelled at last to come to the conclusion that this vast interior sea had no outlet into the Pacific.

It was now near the first of October, and the ice was hemming him in. It was, indeed, already too late for the ship to regain the Atlantic, and he saw himself obliged to winter in that region of desolation, with a crew in the worst possible temper with him and with one another. Their provisions were running low, and it was only by incessant hunting of wild birds and animals that the crew were saved from starvation. Eight months rolled wearily by before the ice showed signs of breaking up. June came in, and the icy surface began to heave.

By the middle of June the ice was loose around the ship, and Captain Hudson prepared for the voyage home.

Something told him that he should never see his native land again; and, before sailing, he made his dispositions, as if in expectation of a speedy death. It was doubtful in the extreme if the provisions left would keep them alive till they could reach England, and, accordingly, he divided the remaining biscuit equally among the men. He gave to each of them a certificate of his services, and a statement of the wages due to him. During these last preparations he was sometimes so affected by the ruinous failure of all his endeavors, and so touched with compassion for the sufferings of his crew, that he was often seen to shed tears.

There was a captain's party and an opposition party among the crew. Those who adhered to the captain were his son (who was only a boy), Mr. Woodhouse (a scientific volunteer), and five sailors,—eight persons in all,—among whom there was scarcely a man who was not lame and weak from the scurvy. The party hostile to the captain consisted of fourteen men, most of whom were still in tolerable health. The chief of this faction was a young man, named Henry Green, a protégé of Hudson, who owed all to the captain's bounty, and whose life he had saved. This man excited his comrades to revolt, and wrought them up to commit one of the most hellish crimes on record.

It was June 21, 1611. The ship was all ready to begin her homeward voyage. The water of Hudson's Bay, as far as the eye could reach, was covered with fragments of floating ice. The sails of the ship were hoisted, and one of her boats was floating at her side. At a signal, the fourteen mutineers rose upon the faithful eight, seized them, thrust them into the boat, threw in some ammunition, a fowling piece, an iron pot, and a bag of meal. That done, they cast off the rope, made all sail, and left the captain, his boy, and his friends, to their fate. Nothing was ever heard of them. Doubtless they all perished miserably within a few days; for at that season birds cannot be found in the frozen regions. The mutineers knew this well;

for, in that very month, a party had been out hunting eight days without getting a single ounce of food.

A few days after, Green and his chief abettor were killed in a fight with some Indians. Another of the chief mutineers died of hunger. A miserable remnant of the crew, emaciated to the last degree, reached England in September, where two of their number revealed what had been done. I cannot discover whether or not the mutineers were punished for their perfidy after they reached England.

In the following spring, two vessels were sent out by the same company, for the twofold object of rescuing Hudson and his party, and of continuing the search for a passage through the continent. Neither of these objects were accomplished, nor was any trace discovered of the abandoned mariners. The foul treachery of which Hudson was the victim probably rescued his discovery from oblivion; since, had not he and his seven comrades been destroyed, it is certain that the whole ship's company would have died of starvation before they could have navigated their vessel across the Atlantic. Thus, one mutiny made him the discoverer of the Hudson River, and another, which cost him his life, preserved to mankind his discovery of Hudson's Bay.

JAQUES CARTIER.

READER, do you happen to know why the great river of Canada was named the St. Lawrence? Probably not. But let me assure you, that knowledge of that seemingly unimportant description is not to be despised, for the whole history of America is contained in the names on its map. The man that could open the map of the western continent, and, putting his finger on every name, tell why and when it received that name, would know the history of America better than any man has ever known it, or will ever know it. Take this word Lawrence, for example, which occurs on the map of North America forty-four times.

Probably thirty-five of the places named Lawrence, Lawrenceville, or Lawrenceburg, were so named in honor of Captain James Lawrence, whose dying words thrilled every patriotic heart in the war of 1812. Others were named after the great Boston merchants, Amos and Abbott Lawrence. The river St. Lawrence received that designation because the day on which the gulf into which it empties was discovered, was the day dedicated in the Roman Catholic Church to the memory of the martyr, St. Lawrence. Thus, in that single name is summed up: 1. The history of the discovery of Canada; 2. The history of the war of 1812; 3. The history of American manufactures; 4. The history and genius of the Catholic Church.

Gold lured the Spaniards to South America and Mexico; but the humbler bait which attracted the French to Northern America was codfish. In Catholic countries there are so many days on which meat may not, and fish may be, eaten, that fish is an article of very great importance; and this was perhaps the reason why the French, as early as 1525, only thirty-three years

after the discovery of America, had a considerable fleet of fishing vessels on the Banks of Newfoundland. There is a letter in existence, written in 1527, to Henry VIII., King of England, in which the writer says, that he counted at one time, in one harbor of Newfoundland, twelve French fishing ships. At present you may sometimes see two or three hundred schooners on the Banks in one view. I have myself counted one hundred and fifty, all hailing from New England. But at that early period a fleet of twelve vessels so far from home was something marvellous, and indicates a very profitable enterprise. Indeed, we know from many of the old books that there was a "codfish aristocracy" in France three hundred and twenty years ago. Many of the proudest nobility of Europe did not disdain to increase their revenues by taking shares in a Newfoundland fishing-smack.

Francis I. was King of France then, and Charles V. was King of Spain. Charles was a man of force and ability, who pushed his conquests in the New World as well as in the Old. Francis was a vain, weak king, whom Charles signally defeated, and in every way surpassed.

Now, observe how the most trifling things produce sometimes the greatest consequences, and how the meanest motives suggest the grandest achievements. The Admiral of France, Chabot, had the right to levy a small tax, for his own benefit, on every vessel going to sea for fish. This made him acquainted with and interested in the new fisheries of North America. He knew how much they needed protection against the ships of other nations claiming the exclusive right to fish in those seas. He endeavored to interest the king in the subject, dwelling much upon the glory to be acquired in causing to be explored and colonized the vast regions of the New World. The king, impoverished by his wars with Charles V., would naturally have declined to enter upon so costly an enterprise, had not the feeling of rivalry, inflamed by those wars, gained the mastery over his prudence.

"The Kings of Spain and Portugal," said he, "are taking possession of the New World, without giving me a part. I

should like to see the article in Adam's last will which gives them America."

Thus it was the little tax, which swelled the income of a great lord and the vanity of a foolish monarch, which set on foot the voyages of discovery that resulted in revealing North America to the Old World, and opening it to the uses of civilized mankind.

In the spring of 1534, two ships of sixty tons each (large vessels for that time) were made ready at St. Malo, a port in the north of France, to which most of the Newfoundland fishermen belonged, and which, to this day, sends to the fishing-banks a considerable number of vessels. The command of the expedition was given to Jaques Cartier, a native of St. Malo. Cartier, a sailor of great experience and renown, who had probably visited the fishing-banks, was forty years of age when he took command of these vessels, which contained one hundred and twenty-two sailors and adventurers.

Setting sail on the 20th of April, 1534, favorable gales wafted Cartier so swiftly on his course, that in twenty days he descried the western extremity of Newfoundland. He arrived too soon, and he was compelled to wait awhile for the melting of the ice which stopped his way to the north. After some delay, he sailed northward, entered the Straits of Belle Isle, and touched at many points on the extensive coast of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. On the shores of bleak and sterile Labrador he placed a cross, and at a more inviting spot on the coast of the Gulf of St. Lawrence he erected a very lofty one, to which was attached a shield, bearing the arms of the King of France, with the inscription, *Vive le Roi de France*. He continued his course until he was near enough to the great river to see land on both sides; yet, as the summer was drawing to a close, he turned back without suspecting the existence of the river. This is not to be wondered at, for the mouth of the St. Lawrence is one hundred miles wide and after ascending two hundred miles, it is still so broad that an explorer might well suppose he was navigating a strait or a gulf.

On his voyage home the same good fortune attended him. A pleasant sail of thirty days brought him to St. Malo, to the

great wonder and delight of his townsmen and all France. The remarkable pleasantness of this summer voyaging, together with the narratives of the adventurers respecting the strange scenes they had witnessed, prompted a new expedition.

In the following spring, three ships lay in the harbor of St. Malo, ready for a voyage of discovery. In those simple old days no man was audacious enough to venture out upon the broad ocean without first going to church and commending his soul and his enterprise to God; and the man who, on his return home, neglected to repair instantly to church to offer thanks, was regarded as a graceless wretch. This custom prevailed as late as a hundred years ago in almost all countries, and still prevails in some Catholic nations. So, brave Captain Cartier and his companions went in solemn procession to the Cathedral of St. Malo, where the bishop said mass, and gave them his parting benediction.

This voyage was no pleasant summer cruise. To avoid the ice, Cartier sailed as late as May 19; but storms of unusual violence for the season soon separated the three ships, and they came to the rendezvous in the Straits of Belle Isle, one after the other, after buffeting the billows for seven weeks. This was a trifle, however, to what was in store for them. Cartier entered the broad St. Lawrence, sailed by the rugged Saguenay River, passed the lofty projection upon which now glitter the tin-covered spires of Quebec, and, leaving his ships, pushed his way in a small boat, with three companions, until the mountain on the island named by him Mont-real came in sight. He climbed the mountain, and, as he looked out upon the majestic stream and the beautiful country, he predicted that this island would one day be the site of a great city. He conversed much with the Indians, who were gentle and hospitable, and from them he obtained some rude notions of the great lakes beyond.

It was October 3d when he reached Montreal, and the lateness of the season forbade his further exploration. After three days' stay, therefore, he descended the river again, and hastened to a harbor near the mouth of the St. Lawrence, where he had determined to winter. Far better had it been if he had returned then to France. All unused to such an extremity of cold, and

unprovided with vegetables, the scurvy soon broke out among them, and laid low nearly the whole company of a hundred and thirty-five men. By mid-winter, twenty-five had died, and of the rest, scarcely one was free from the disease, while fifty were disabled by it. In these distressing circumstances, shut in by leagues of impenetrable ice, the simple and devout Cartier appointed a day of humiliation and prayer, and vowed that if it should please God to permit him to return to his native land, he would make a pilgrimage to a famous shrine consecrated to the Holy Virgin. Relief was speedily afforded them. Cartier learned that the Indians, who were also suffering from the scurvy, were cured by drinking the sap of a tree, supposed to be a kind of spruce. This medicine was so immediately beneficial, that the cure seemed miraculous, and no Catholic of them all doubted that the miracle was wrought in answer to their prayers and in recompense of their vows. The whole company were soon restored to health.

When the spring came, their numbers were so much reduced, that Cartier abandoned the smallest of his ships, and returned to France in the two others. That abandoned vessel was actually discovered, imbedded in the mud, in 1848, three hundred and twelve years after.

The terrible sufferings experienced on this voyage deterred Frenchmen from renewing their explorations for four years; but at the expiration of that period a fleet of five vessels was fitted out, which Cartier accompanied. This was an attempt to plant a colony in the newly discovered regions; but a divided command caused the speedy failure of the enterprise, and Cartier returned to St. Malo.

As nothing is known of this valiant mariner's early life, so nothing is known of its close. He appears in history at the age of forty in command of an expedition of discovery, and, at fifty disappears and is seen no more. There is a tradition, however, that he lived at St. Malo after retiring from the sea, and died there at a very advanced age. He published an account of his voyages, which abounds in marvellous tales of what he had seen, and tales still more marvellous of what he had

heard and fancied. He speaks of beasts with only two legs, one of which he had actually seen and chased. He says, also, that in America there are many strange monsters, resembling men, some of which live without eating.

SAMUEL DE CHAMPLAIN.

PERHAPS the reader would like to know a little of the brave and noble Frenchman who gave his name to our Lake Champlain. The Indian name of that lake was Saranac; but, since the year 1609, when it was first beheld by white men, it has borne the name of its discoverer.

Samuel de Champlain was born in France, on the shores of the Bay of Biscay, in 1567, over three hundred years ago. Though of noble family, he was poor; and, entering the royal navy, he rose to the rank of captain. During one of the wars of Henry IV., he left the sea and fought gallantly for the king on land; and when the war was over, the king, who loved a man of merit, granted him a small pension in order to retain him near his person. But being far too much of a man to be willing to waste his life in dangling about a court, fond of adventure, eager to increase his knowledge, and desirous to do something for the glory of France and the spread of the Catholic religion, he obtained permission of the king to make a voyage to the New World. He was then thirty-three years of age. America had been discovered one hundred and eight years; but in all that part of the continent now occupied by the United States and Canada there was no white settlement, except in Florida. John Smith had not yet seen Virginia; Hendrick Hudson had not sailed up the river that bears his name; the Puritans had not landed upon Plymouth Rock; and, though the St. Lawrence had been discovered, no white man yet lived upon its shores.

Obtaining command of one of the ships of a Spanish fleet, he sailed to the West Indies, and remained two years and a half in Spanish America, making sketches and surveys, and keeping a

diary, which is preserved to this day in France. Besides visiting the principal West India ports, he made his way to the city of Mexico, and, on his return, visited Panama, where he conceived the project of cutting a canal across the Isthmus of Darien. Two hundred and sixty-three years have passed since Champlain suggested the Darien Canal, and it is only within these few years that there has been a prospect of the work being attempted. I am informed that before many years have rolled away, plans will be submitted to the public for the execution of Captain de Champlain's scheme.

Returning to the French court to relaté his adventures to the king, he found De Chastes, a veteran soldier, full of a project to plant the cross and the flag of his country upon the shores of the majestic St. Lawrence, discovered by Cartier seventy years before. Champlain joined the enterprise. In 1603, in two small vessels, one of twelve tons and the other of fifteen (mere sail-boats), the adventurers sailed; designing only to make a preliminary survey of the country. The little craft, having crossed the Atlantic in safety, entered the broad St. Lawrence, sailed past the lofty promontory on which Quebec now stands, and reached the island which now contains the city of Montreal, then an uninhabited wilderness. There they anchored, and Champlain, with a small party of Indians, continued the ascent of the river in one of the ship's boats. Soon he came to the rapids of the St. Lawrence, which he vainly attempted to ascend; and so returned to the ships. The Indians drew for him rude maps of the lakes, lands, and rivers beyond the rapids, which inflamed his curiosity; but, as the object of the expedition was accomplished, he and his comrades descended the river and returned to France.

Next year, 1604, early in the spring, with two larger ships, filled with a motley crew of gentlemen, merchants, Huguenot ministers, Catholic priests, thieves, and ruffians, Champlain sailed again for Canada, expecting now to make a permanent settlement. Avoiding the St. Lawrence, the adventurers selected for the sight of their establishment an island at the mouth of a river emptying into Passamaquoddy Bay. The ships returned to France, leaving on this rocky island seventy-

nine men, who experienced the horrors of a Canadian winter. Drifting ice sometimes cut them off from the main land, whence they drew their supplies of wood and water. Their wine froze solid in its barrels, and was served out to the men by the pound. Thirty-five of the seventy-nine men died of scurvy before the spring, and many more, bloated and covered with sores, were reduced to the last extremity. Amid the gloom and terror of the time, Champlain preserved his courage and serenity, and did all that was possible to save his companions from despair. In the spring, a vessel from France brought them good cheer and restoration; when Champlain, in a vessel of fifteen tons, sailed southward along the New England coast in quest of a more genial clime, and a less inhospitable shore. They went as far as Cape Cod; but, finding no place that satisfied them, and their provisions failing, they returned to the settlement, and Champlain volunteered to brave another winter on that bleak and icy coast. That winter, however, proved remarkably mild, and Champlain made such excellent provision for the season, that only four men died of the scurvy. Intrigues at the French court broke up the colony the next year, and Captain de Champlain returned again to his native land.

Three years passed, — Champlain always pining for the wilderness, the broad rivers, the strange men, and the transparent air of the Western World. He was ambitious, too, of being an instrument in bringing the Indians to a knowledge of Christianity, for he was one of those who think (to use his own language) that the salvation of one soul is of more importance than the conquest of an empire. A new company was formed under his auspices, and, in 1608, he set sail again for America, intending to plant a permanent colony on the banks of the St. Lawrence. He founded the city of Quebec. The first winter there was terrible; but when, at length, the tardy spring had opened the river, the undaunted Champlain, leaving most of his companions to traffic in furs, gathered a party of Indians, and went forth upon a journey of exploration.

In a small sloop, accompanied by a fleet of canoes, he once more ascended the St. Lawrence, again passed by the lofty mountain behind what is now Montreal; and was again brought

to a stand by the rapids. He sent back his sloop to Quebec with most of his white followers; and the Indians carried their light canoes around the rapids to the tranquil Sorel, where he embarked with them for further exploration. Two white men alone of all his party had volunteered to accompany him. His Indians were sixty in number, and the whole company filled twenty-four canoes. They advanced cautiously, for they were nearing the domain of the terrible Iroquois, the hereditary foes of the Indians under the command of Champlain. A few of the canoes kept far ahead of the main body, and the woods on each side of the river were scoured by warriors and hunters. At night the canoes were drawn up along the bank, and the whole party slept.

The river widened as they went on, until, on a brilliant day in June, 1609, they entered the lake which bears to this day the name of Champlain. They advanced up the lake as far as Crown Point, where their progress was stopped by a powerful war-party of Iroquois, outnumbering them four to one. Champlain landed his men. There were three Frenchmen, armed with muskets, and sixty Indians with boys and arrows, against more than two hundred Iroquois. The Iroquois advanced gallantly to the fight, and in good order, while Champlain's Indians stood trembling at the disparity of numbers. At the proper moment, they opened their ranks, and Champlain, bearing his arquebuse, and glittering in steel armor, stood revealed to the bewildered foe. He took deliberate aim and fired. One chief fell dead, and another wounded. Instantly his Indians raised a terrific yell and sent a shower of arrows into the faltering Iroquois. The enemy returned the fire for a moment, but when two more shots from the arquebuses had been fired, a panic seized them, and they fled, leaving behind them dead, wounded, camp, weapons, everything.

Champlain's Indians were not inclined to advance further; they returned to their homes, and he, with his two Frenchmen, made their way back to Quebec. Thus it was that Lake Champlain, two hundred and fifty-six years ago, was discovered and baptized in blood.

No one will ever be able to compute the sum of suffering

and toil which it cost to conquer the Western Continent from wild men and wild nature. It is now three hundred and seventy-six years since Columbus first landed upon one of its outlying islands, and still the work is much less than half done. What lives have been lost! What lives have been *spent*! What anguish has been endured! What labors have been performed!

For twenty-six years longer Champlain continued to preside over the interests of the colony he had planted. Sometimes we see him at the French court, pleading for it before the king or his ministers; and sometimes deep in the heart of the wilderness, fighting for it with savage foes. While other men were only concerned to gather a rich store of furs, he thought of nothing but the lasting welfare of the settlement, the glory of France, and the salvation of the Indians. He was a brave, pure, and chivalric gentleman. Many years after his death, the Indians used to relate, with wonder and admiration, that when they entertained him in their villages, and offered all they had for his use, he was irreproachable toward their women. One must be acquainted both with the French of that day and with the customs of the Indians, to appreciate all the significance of such a fact.

Champlain died at Quebec, on Christmas day, 1635, aged sixty-eight years. His last thoughts were for his colony, which was still feeble, and never more needed his care than when he was about to leave it forever. The little company of settlers, soldiers, and priests sadly followed his remains to their church, where one of them pronounced a funeral oration, and where they afterwards built a monument to his memory.

CAPTAIN COOK.

It is of not much consequence in what station of life an able man is born. If he has it in him to rise, rise he will, and nothing can keep him down.

The father of James Cook, the famous navigator, was a farm-laborer in Yorkshire, England, who had a family of nine children and earned about fifteen shillings a week. The employer of the father sent the son to school long enough for him to learn to read and write; and this was all the instruction the boy ever received. At thirteen (which was in the year 1741) he was apprenticed to a dealer in dry goods near one of the seaport towns of Yorkshire, and passed his time in carrying home parcels and waiting upon customers. He did not like this occupation; and the sea, the open sea, was ever before his eyes, alluring him to a life of adventure. His father dying, he persuaded his master to give up his indentures, and restore him to liberty. He hastened to the port, and binding himself apprentice to the owner of a coal vessel, he went on board in the capacity of cabin-boy. Certainly, if a dandy naval officer had cast his eyes upon this coal-blackened cabin-boy, and had been told that that boy would die a post-captain in the royal navy of Great Britain, he would have laughed the prediction to scorn.

Nevertheless, it came to pass. The cabin-boy was rapidly advanced until he was first mate of a vessel, and he acquired such a knowledge of the construction and rigging of a ship that he was frequently entrusted by his master with the building of his coal vessels. Every one connected with this youth felt that he was to be trusted, that he understood his business, that his judgment was sound, his hand expert, and his will that of a master. He lived such a life as this — commanding and build-

ing coal ships — until he was twenty-seven years of age, when a second time he struck into a new career.

In 1755 that long war among the powers of Europe and the races in America broke out, which is now known as the Seven Years' War. James Cook, expecting to be forced into the king's service by the press-gang, thought it best to enlist in the navy as a sailor. His merit as a seaman was instantly recognized, and he was promoted from one rank to another, until at length his captain procured for him a commission as master, — a rank just below that of lieutenant. In the summer of 1759 he was master of a ship which belonged to the fleet that was supporting General Wolfe in his designs against Quebec; and it was he who was entrusted with the important duty of sounding the river, drawing charts of the locality, and placing beacons for the guidance of the disembarking troops. So well did he do his work, though he had never learned drawing, that his maps of that region continued to be used as late as 1830. He was present at the disembarkation, and rendered invaluable assistance to the young hero who was about to scale the heights of Quebec and lay down his life on the summit.

During the long winter following these operations, being still retained in Canada, he set about preparing himself for a higher rank in the navy, by studying geometry and other branches of mathematics connected with navigation. He served eight years in America, during which he was frequently employed in exploring coasts and sounding channels, drawing charts and plans, and in making and recording astronomical observations. He sent some papers of a scientific nature to the Royal Society, in London, which were much admired, and he was known in the navy as an excellent astronomer and geographer, as well as a most efficient officer.

During one of his visits to England he married a girl fifteen years of age, whom he had held at the baptismal font in her infancy, and whom he had then said he would marry. He was nineteen when he made this vow, and thirty-four when he fulfilled it. He was a sailor in a coal ship when he held the baby in his arms at the altar; he was a rising naval officer when, to the same altar, he led the blooming bride.

In 1768, when James Cook was forty years old, the Royal Society prevailed upon the government to fit out an expedition to make certain highly important astronomical observations in the Pacific Ocean. The Secretary of the Admiralty, whose office had made him acquainted with Cook's talent and peculiar knowledge, recommended him for the command of the expedition. The king promoted him to a lieutenancy, and, in July, 1768, the ship *Endeavor*, three hundred and sixty tons, Lieutenant Cook commanding, dropped down the Thames, bound for the Pacific, having on board Sir Joseph Banks and many other men of note in the world of science. In nine months and ten days after leaving London he cast anchor in the harbor of Otaheite, the largest of the Society Islands, where the astronomical observations were to be made.

There he remained three months. The observations were successfully recorded. In their intercourse with the natives, the crew of the *Endeavor* did not always obey the humane orders of their commander, and there was much stealing and violence committed on both sides. The Indians, nevertheless, professed the utmost regard and veneration for "Captain Tooty," who, in his turn, pronounced them to be the most audacious and persevering thieves in the world. Desiring to give the savages an idea of the Christian religion, he invited them to attend service on a Sunday morning. A cloud of naked Indians, men, women, and children, gathered about the group of Englishmen, the chaplain in the centre. They behaved with the most perfect decorum. When the white men knelt, or stood, or sat, the natives followed their example, keeping strict silence till the service was over, and then went away without asking a question, or manifesting the least curiosity to know what it all meant. In the afternoon they returned the compliment by inviting the strangers to witness their religious ceremonies, which were of so very primitive a character as to be unfit for description here.

The charms of this island life induced two of the marines to desert and attach themselves to two of the dusky beauties. Captain Cook hit upon a very simple expedient to get them back: he took the king and royal family prisoners, and gave notice

that he should keep them in confinement until the sailors were brought to him. In a very short time the men were produced. The hostages were released, and the two amorous adventurers expiated their offence under the cat-o'-nine tails.

From Otaheite the Endeavor sailed away in search of the great island, then called New Holland, now named Australia, which had been discovered some years before, but had never been explored or circumnavigated. Captain Cook spent six months upon the coasts of that great continent, and made many important discoveries. It was he who discovered that it was divided into two portions by a strait; and he sailed through the strait. In one of the bays in which he anchored, the botanists of his ship found so many new plants and flowers, that he named it Botany Bay. The native inhabitants of Australia were so untamably savage as to prevent his extending his observations into the interior; and so addicted were they to eating human flesh that he long supposed they did so because they preferred it as food, and went to war for the purpose of getting a supply of sustenance. He discovered afterwards that the eating of the flesh of an enemy was a rite of their religion, and was supposed to guard them from the vengeance of his tribe. It was while sailing about Australia that the Endeavor had a most strange and narrow escape from destruction. She struck a rock one day with great force, but immediately floated off; and, although she leaked badly, the crew managed to keep her afloat until they reached a harbor. What was their astonishment, on docking the ship, to find a large rock stuck in the cavity, which alone had kept her from going down!

At the Dutch settlement of Batavia, where he repaired his ship, the crew suffered fearfully from the fever caused by the malaria of the country. Death was so common there, he relates, that if a man announced to another the death of an acquaintance, the remark which the news usually called forth, was, "Good, he owed me nothing;" or, "Is he? then I must go and collect my account of his heirs." The ship was a mere hospital for many weeks, and a large number of the crew died. After three years of most adventurous and skilful voyaging, the Endeavor cast

anchor in an English port, having lost one-half her company, and being herself quite worn out.

The return of Captain Cook created a wonderful excitement in England. The king at once promoted him to the rank of commander; the newspapers were filled with the marvels of those distant regions, and in society nothing was spoken of but Captain Cook and his voyage. When the narrative of his adventures appeared, it was the great book of the season. Dr. Franklin, who resided in London then as the agent of some of the colonies, was exceedingly interested in these discoveries, and joined some benevolent persons in a scheme to send a ship to the Pacific laden with domestic animals and seeds, some of which were to be left on each large island for propagation.

At this time there was a general belief in the existence of a great continent far to the south of Asia and America. Cook's second voyage was to ascertain whether there was such a continent. After two years of exploration, he returned to England with the certainty that no such continent existed; and he was rewarded for this intelligence by being raised to the rank of post-captain, to which a pension was added.

While he was absent on this voyage the government had been projecting an expedition to search for a passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific, around the northern part of the American continent. Captain Cook, having volunteered his services, sailed in command of two ships, and never again saw his native land. While wintering at the Sandwich Islands (which he discovered), one of the ship's boats was stolen, and to recover it he resorted to his usual expedient of seizing the king and royal family, and holding them until the stolen property was restored. In carrying out this measure he encountered unexpected resistance, and was obliged to order a retreat to the boats. Being himself the last to retire, he received a blow which prostrated him, and the savages running up soon overpowered and despatched him. This event occurred in February, 1779, in the fifty-second year of his age. In a similar manner Magellan lost his life in those seas two hundred and fifty years before.

It had been the intention of Captain Cook to retire from active life if he had returned to England. He said one day to his offi-

cers : "The spring of my life was tempestuous, and its summer has been painful ; but I have laid up at home a fund of joy and happiness for my autumn."

Captain Cook was an able commander, — very strict, and sometimes severe, in enforcing discipline, but constantly attentive to the health, comfort, and honor of those under his command. A finer piece of manhood has seldom trodden a quarter-deck.

ADMIRAL SIR WILLIAM PARRY.



IN order to be very much distinguished in this busy world, it is necessary to do something that nobody else ever did. Admiral Parry could boast that he had been nearer the North Pole than any other human being. It is doubtful if a polar bear ever went nearer, or even a seal. Four hundred and ninety-five miles more would have brought him to the pole itself, and he would have lived forever in history as the first man who ever performed that feat. Let us see how he came to go to that uncomfortable region, and why, having gone so far, he did not go all the way.

There are still living in Connecticut a few old people who remember a certain day in the spring of 1814, when half a dozen British man-of-war's boats, filled with armed men, suddenly appeared at the mouth of the Connecticut river, and rowed twenty miles up it, to a place where a whole fleet of American privateers and blockade-runners had taken refuge. Twenty-seven of these vessels, all unprepared for resistance, were captured and burnt. The British boats then descended the river with equal celerity, and got off with only a loss of two men. Before the alarm had been spread widely enough to attract the local militia to the river's banks, the enemy were out of the river and safe on board the blockading ship. The officer who commanded one of the smartest boats of this dashing expedition was no other than Lieutenant William Edward Parry, afterwards so famous as an arctic navigator.

A few months later another officer, destined to mournful celebrity as a northern voyager, fought bravely in the gun-boat battle that preceded the landing of British troops below New Orleans. It is not generally known that Sir John Franklin

commanded one of the English boats in that battle, and was badly wounded. He captured one of the American gunboats, and was promoted for his gallantry.

Lieutenant Parry, born in 1796, was the son of an eminent physician of Bath, several of whose works upon medicine and kindred subjects are still known. At thirteen he entered the British navy as midshipman, and, during the long wars with Napoleon, fought and studied his way up, until, at the peace of 1815, he was first lieutenant of a ship. Compelled then to retire upon half pay, he fretted for two years on shore, always longing for active service. In 1817, in a letter to an intimate friend, he happened to write a good deal about an expedition, then much talked of, for exploring the river Congo, in Africa, and expressed a strong desire to make one of the party. When this letter was finished, but before it was put into the post-office, his eye fell upon a paragraph in the newspapers, stating that the government were about to send vessels in quest of a passage round the northern coast of North America, which would shorten the voyage from England to India from sixteen thousand miles to about seven thousand. Parry reopened his letter, and, mentioning the paragraph, concluded a short postscript with these words:—

“Hot or cold is all one to me, — Africa or the Pole.”

His correspondent showed this letter to a friend, who was the man in England most devoted to the project in question, — Mr. Barrow, secretary to the admiralty. Within a week from that time, Lieutenant Parry was thrown into an ecstasy of astonishment and delight by receiving the appointment to command one of the two ships preparing for the enterprise, the other being under the command of the chief of the expedition, Captain Ross. The orders were, “To explore Baffin’s Bay, and ascertain the probabilities of a north-west passage.”

This expedition was a ridiculous failure. The two ships sailed in April, 1818, and made their way, without much difficulty, to Baffin’s Bay, which they entered, and, to some slight extent, explored. Soon, however, there appeared above the horizon what Captain Ross insisted was a range of mountains, barring the way against the further progress of the ships. He

accordingly returned to England, and reported those impassable mountains to the admiralty. Lieutenant Parry, however, told them, and told the people of England, that what Captain Ross took for a range of mountains was only a deceptive mirage, common in polar regions. The admiralty and the people believed him. A second expedition was prepared, of which Lieutenant Parry was placed in command.

At midsummer in 1819, Lieutenant Parry, with his two vessels, the *Hecla* and the *Griper*, had the pleasure of sailing over those imaginary mountains; and, pushing on, he discovered and named Barrows Straits, Wellington Channel, and Melville Island. He was then about half way through the "North-West Passage." Twelve hundred miles more of straight sailing would have brought him through Behring Straits, and out into the broad Pacific. But no ship has ever sailed those twelve hundred miles, and it is safe to say that no ship ever will. At Melville Island Lieutenant Parry's two ships were caught by the early winter, and, for ten months, remained locked in the ice, immovable. Here we see the impossibility of sailing round from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The distance is about three thousand miles, and the summer of two months is not long enough to navigate a vessel so far in waters obstructed by fields and mountains of ice.

Ten months in the ice! If this had happened a hundred years before, two-thirds of the crew would have died of scurvy. But Captain Cook and other navigators had discovered that the antidote to scurvy is vegetables and fruit; and, accordingly, these ships had an abundant supply of onions, potatoes, lemon-juice, lime-juice, and other fruity preparations, which kept the men in excellent health. In such forlorn circumstances it is exceedingly difficult to preserve a ship's company from falling 'nto home-sickness and melancholy. Lieutenant Parry showed great talent in keeping the men both employed and amused. Hunting parties relieved the tedium of the day, and, for the evening, a theatre was prepared, where plays, written by Parry himself, were performed. Nothing puts such animation into a winter camp of soldiers, or an ice-bound ship's crew, as a series of dramatic entertainments. There is such a bustle of prepa-

ration — so many can take part in the performance — and the performance itself is so pleasing, that all hands are busy and expectant. Besides the theatre, the officers published a weekly paper, which criticised the performances and recorded the events of the week.

The ice broke up at length, and Lieutenant Parry deemed it best to return to England, where he was received with great enthusiasm. His discoveries had been numerous, and were considered important, and it was agreed on all hands that he had displayed unusual talents and humanity as a commander. He made two other voyages in search of a north-west passage, and added to geography the names of many lands and waters hitherto unknown. He also established the fact that, whether there is a north-west passage or not, it can never be of any practical use in the navigation of the globe. These services procured him just promotion. In 1826 he was a post-captain, and held a lucrative place in the admiralty.

One of the mysteries of science is the magnetic needle. Captain Parry, in all his northern voyages, watched the needle of his compass closely, and recorded its every variation, — curious to know if nearness to the pole made any change in its direction or in the amount of force by which it was attracted. In 1826, while he was living on shore, he conceived the project of carrying a compass to the North Pole itself, and ascertaining in what direction the needle would point there. His plan was to sail a small ship as far north as possible, and then, taking with him vehicles that could be used both as sleds and as boats, push on northward to the Pole. The government consenting, he sailed in the *Hecla*, in March, 1827, and anchored in a harbor of Spitzbergen early in June.

This harbor is just six hundred and sixty-seven miles from the North Pole. On the 21st of June, Captain Parry, with two sled-boats, each containing two officers and twelve men, left the *Hecla*, bound for the Pole. The first eighty miles was pretty plain sailing, over a sea little obstructed by ice. Next they came to a vast expanse of loose, broken ice, as difficult to walk upon as to sail through. To avoid the danger of snow-blindness, they travelled only by night; and such were the difficulties

of traversing this broken ice, that after five nights of intense exertion they found that they only advanced ten miles. The ice gradually became harder, and they got on faster; but, at the end of a month, they were little more than a hundred miles from the ship.

They plodded on. At last, however, a difficulty arose which was wholly insurmountable by mortal power. Soon after they had reached tolerably firm ice, over which they could draw their sleds with comparative ease, a strong, steady, north wind met them, which rendered their march exceedingly fatiguing. This they could have endured; but imagine their dismay when they discovered that this wind was blowing the whole mass of ice toward the south faster than they could march northward. As long as possible Captain Parry concealed this crushing fact from the men; but when, at the end of laborious and distressing days, he found that they were actually further from the Pole than in the morning, he was compelled to disclose the secret, and retrace his steps. They had travelled, since leaving the ship, six hundred and sixty-eight miles, and had only made one hundred and seventy-two miles. They reached the ship sixty-one days after leaving her, and soon after sailed for England.

This was the last of Captain Parry's arctic voyages. He continued to serve his country in various places and capacities, showing himself in all a man of worth and ability. He died in 1855, aged sixty-five years. He was a rear-admiral at the time of his death, and had been knighted several years before by George IV. To the last of his days he was deeply interested in northern explorations, and watched with intense solicitude the efforts made to rescue from those frozen regions his old friend and comrade, Sir John Franklin.

SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

THERE was a great deal of talent in the family of this famous and unfortunate navigator. His father inherited a large farm, which had been the property of the Franklins for several generations, but which came to him so heavily mortgaged as to be hardly worth owning. Instead of letting those mortgages hang about his neck all his life (the usual way in Europe), keeping him miserably poor and anxious, he sold his patrimony, and having thus acquired a capital, he went into business, brought up his family comfortably, and made a fortune. In other words, he behaved like an American instead of a European.

This vigorous Franklin had twelve children, four of whom were sons. The eldest, following his father's business, became an eminent merchant. The second went to Oxford University, studied law, and died a judge in the East Indies. The third rose to the rank of major in the forces of the East India Company, and became a proficient in the languages and natural history of India. The fourth son was John, whose melancholy and mysterious fate kept the whole civilized world in suspense for many years.

He was born in 1786. His father, intending him for the church, sent him to a grammar school at the usual age. Almost from infancy the boy had shown a fondness for sea stories, and had often said that he meant to be a sailor. This was regarded as a boy's fancy, that would soon pass away; but when he was but eleven years old a circumstance occurred which gave reason to suppose that his taste for the sea was something more than this. He had never yet beheld the ocean, though it was but twelve miles from his school. One day, when the school had a holiday, he and one of his school-fellows walked that twelve miles to the shore, for no other purpose than to gaze upon the

sea. All that he had ever heard or dreamed of the grandeur and charm of the ocean was more than realized, and he sat, hour after hour, entranced with the magnificence of the view. From that day he was never shaken in his resolve to spend his life upon the sea.

As he was deaf to the dissuasions of his friends, his father resolved to give him a taste of a sailor's life, which, he felt sure, would sicken him of it forever. He procured for him the post of cabin-boy in a merchant vessel bound for Lisbon, and the lad made the voyage in that capacity. It was one long festival to him, and he came back to his father's house enthusiastic for the delights of "a life on the ocean wave." His father now yielded to the boy's unconquerable instinct, and procured for him a midshipman's place on board of a seventy-gun ship of the royal navy.

This was in the year 1800, when he was fourteen years old. His love for an ocean life was soon put to severe tests. In 1801, when he was fifteen, his ship took part in the battle of Copenhagen, under Nelson, — Nelson's hardest fight, many sailors think. A few weeks after, he was ordered to the Investigator, fitting out to explore and survey the coasts of Australia. It was on this long and perilous voyage that he acquired some of that knowledge of navigation, astronomy, and mathematics which fitted him for his subsequent career as a discoverer. The Investigator was so completely worn out in this service, that her captain pronounced her unfit for the voyage home, and accordingly he and young Franklin set sail for England in a returning storeship, to procure another vessel in which to continue their surveys. They had sailed one hundred and eighty miles from the Australian coast, when the ship struck a coral-reef, and sunk. The same fate befell a companion vessel. The crews of both ships, ninety-four persons in all, succeeded in getting upon a strip of sand twelve feet wide, two hundred feet long, and four feet, at the highest point, above the level of the sea. Luckily, the provisions of the vessel were accessible, and a boat was rescued from the wreck. On this strip of sand they lived for fifty days, while Franklin's captain went in the boat to

the port whence he had sailed, and returned with vessels to bring them off.

From this sand-bank, Franklin and a brother officer found passage to Canton, where they joined an English fleet of sixteen sail, just starting for England. On the voyage home this fleet was attacked by a French squadron, commanded by one of the ablest of the French admirals. In this action Franklin volunteered as signal midshipman, and won high praise by the coolness which he displayed in the performance of a very trying duty. The French fleet was repulsed, and the voyage was pursued without further interruption.

After a holiday at home, he joined one of the ships of that great fleet which Lord Nelson was preparing for a cruise against the fleets of France. At the battle of Trafalgar, fought in 1805, Midshipman Franklin again performed the perilous duty of signal officer. His comrades in the poop fell fast about him on that bloody day, until all were dead or wounded except four; but, amid the horrors of the scene, this youth of nineteen displayed an attentive intrepidity which established his character as a trustworthy officer. He was promoted, not long after, to the rank of lieutenant. By the time our war of 1812 broke out, he had fought his way up to the first lieutenancy of a seventy-four.

It was while holding that rank in the ship *Bedford*, that he took part in the celebrated gun-boat battle near New Orleans. The approach to that city was guarded by five American schooners, each carrying several guns. The moment the British admiral perceived this little fleet riding at anchor right in his path, he saw that the obstacle must be removed, or the British troops could not be landed. Fifty open boats advanced upon them; the boats of the *Bedford* being commanded by Lieutenant Franklin. The gun-boats were so well defended, that they were only captured after a battle of two hours, and a loss to the English of seventeen killed and seventy-seven wounded, and to the Americans of sixty killed and wounded. Lieutenant Franklin leaped on board one of the gun-boats and led the hand-to-hand fight which resulted in its capture. He was wounded in

this encounter, for the first and only time during so many years of active service.

Peace blessed the earth once more in 1815. Lieutenant Franklin employed the leisure of the next three years in studying those branches of science which navigators specially need to know; and when, in 1818, the attention of his government was turned to Arctic exploration, he was among the first to volunteer his services. During the next four years he was chiefly employed in navigating the polar seas and traversing polar lands. No discoveries of the first importance rewarded his exertions; but his fortitude, audacity, nautical skill, scientific knowledge, and his admirable treatment of the men under his command, gave him a high place in the affections and esteem of his countrymen.

At thirty-six, being then a post-captain in the navy, he married Miss Porden, a young lady of some note in the literary world as a poetess. Three years later his wife was dying of consumption, and an expedition under his command was ready to sail to the Arctic seas. She besought him not to delay his departure. Yielding to her entreaties, he set sail, and the very next day she died. This voyage was so successful that, upon his return two years after, he was knighted, received a gold medal from France, and was elected to most of the learned societies of Europe. Not long after his return he married Miss Jane Griffin, the lady who displayed such remarkable perseverance in attempting his rescue from the northern snows.

As Governor of Van Dieman's Land—an office which he held from 1836 to 1844—he won the profound esteem and gratitude of every public-spirited inhabitant of the island. It was he who founded the college there which the good Dr. Arnold seriously thought of going out to take charge of. From his own purse he contributed most liberally to the endowment of several useful institutions, and exerted the whole of his talents and influence in raising the standard of civilization in that part of the world. When he left the island to return home, he was followed to the ship by a concourse of all that was best and highest in the colony.

It was in 1845, May 26th, that Sir John Franklin sailed from England on that voyage of northern discovery from which he

has never returned. He was then fifty-nine years of age, — too old for such a service, — though he appeared then to have lost little of his pristine vigor.

The Erebus and the Terror, the vessels commanded by Sir John on his last voyage, were built for sailing ships, but were furnished, for this expedition, with small steam-engines and screw-propellers, to be used in dead calms and in narrow ice-gorges and channels. They were small vessels, built as strongly as it is possible for ships to be, and were packed as full of stores and fuel as they would hold. The whole number of persons that sailed in them was only one hundred and thirty-eight; and yet, with the most skilful packing, there could not be got into the ships a three years' supply of provisions. As it was thought advisable to provide a full three years' supply, another small vessel was loaded, which was to accompany the ships as far as Davis' Strait, where the ice begins, there transfer her load of stores to the Erebus and Terror, and return to England.

The commander of the expedition was ordered by his government to enter the northern waters by Davis' Strait, Baffin's Bay, and Lancaster Sound; thence, through Barrow's Strait, to the ocean washing the northern coast of North America, keeping as far south as possible, and so make his way to Behring Strait and the Pacific. He was ordered not to remain in the arctic regions more than two winters. Therefore, as he sailed in the spring of 1845, he was due in England in the autumn of 1847. He was specially ordered to return in that year, unless powerful reasons should induce him to prolong his stay. In fact, although he was furnished with orders for form's sake, his own discretion was made the final arbiter of his conduct.

The two ships and their tender sailed from Sheerness, May 19, 1845. In Davis' Strait the tender was unloaded and sent home, where she arrived in August. July 26, 1845, two months after the ships had lost sight of England, they were seen by a whaler about the middle of Baffin's Bay, moored to an iceberg. As that was where they ought to have been at the time, it is concluded that all had gone well with the ships thus far.

Nothing further was heard of the expedition. The whole of the year 1846 passed without exciting much apprehension, ex-

cept among the friends of the adventurers; but when the year 1847 came to an end without bringing any tidings of them, the most serious alarm was felt, since the supplies must by that time have been nearly exhausted. At the beginning of 1848 measures were taken for beginning that search for the missing men which is unique in the annals of the world, and which the latest posterity will read with admiration, if the story shall be gathered up and told by a competent narrator.

First of all, two vessels, the *Herald* and the *Plover*, were despatched, early in 1848, around Cape Horn to Behring Strait, with orders to remain there, ready to succor and receive Sir John Franklin and his men in case they should succeed in getting through. If they got through at all, after a three years' struggle, it was well known that they would reach the straits with empty beef-barrels and bread-lockers.

About the same time, two other ships, under the command of Captain Sir James Clark Ross, started for Baffin's Bay, with orders to pursue the course designed to be taken by the missing ships, to explore the coasts for signs of encampments and winter quarters, and to push on as far as the ice permitted in the way Sir John Franklin intended to go. Captain Ross, who appears to have been a very enterprising and competent officer, penetrated as far as he could during the short summer of 1848, and continued his search during the next winter by sending out sledding parties in all directions. Not a single trace of the lost mariners was discovered, though it is now known that the *Erebus* and *Terror* passed that very winter on the coast explored with so much care. Some of Captain Ross' parties may have passed within ten miles of Sir John's winter quarters, or even nearer.

In the spring of the same year, 1848, Sir John Richardson, of the British navy, and Dr. John Rae, of the Hudson's Bay Company, men of splendid physical powers, as well as of high intelligence, left England with the design of penetrating to the Arctic Ocean by means of the Mackenzie River, which empties into it, and then exploring the coast on foot, as far as the season admitted. Boats were constructed in England and sent to the head of Mackenzie River by way of Hudson's Bay, and the two

adventurers came to New York, early in the year, and travelled by land and water to the beginning of navigation on the Mackenzie. They reached the Arctic Ocean in safety, and then leaving their boats advanced on foot along the shore to the distance of eight hundred miles,—as far as the Coppermine River,—leaving traces and mementos of their presence everywhere, with directions to the lost mariners how to proceed so as to meet the searching parties. Discovering no signs of them, they retraced their steps, and passed the winter on the shores of Great Bear Lake. When the summer opened, Sir John Richardson returned to England, but the untiring Rae continued the search for two summers more, but without success.

Thus, during the year 1848, the arctic regions were penetrated, so to speak, at each end and in the middle, without any result whatever. The ships in Behring Straits discovered nothing, and remained at their station. The ships under Sir James Clark Ross, after passing a summer and winter in the search, started at the beginning of the second summer to renew the attempt, but were caught in an immense ice-drift and carried away into the Atlantic, and were not released until it was too late to return. They were obliged, therefore, to sail for England. The marching party under Richardson and Rae had accomplished nothing, and Dr. Rae was still pursuing the search.

These costly failures, so far from discouraging the government and people of England, wrought up the whole nation to an enthusiasm for renewing the search on a scale to insure success. In March, 1849, the government offered a reward of twenty thousand pounds sterling to any man or party who should give Sir John Franklin's men any effective succor. Lady Franklin, at her own expense, despatched a supply of coal to be deposited on the coasts of Lancaster Sound. The most extensive preparations were pushed forward during the year 1849, and, early in the following year, not less than twelve vessels sailed for the Arctic world to join in the search. The *Enterprise* and *Endeavor*, under Captain Ross, went round Cape Horn to Behring Straits, and, passing through the straits, made an extensive exploration of that portion of the Arctic Sea. Two solid sailing ships, attended by two steamers, as tugs and tenders, the whole under

Captain Austin, of the royal navy, entered Baffin's Bay, and pushed on through Lancaster Sound to Barrow's Strait. The Hudson's Bay Company despatched their schooner, *Felix*, to cruise in the same waters. Lady Franklin equipped the *Albert*, and sent her to the same region in command of Captain Forsyth. Mr. Henry Grinnell, of New York, contributed thirty thousand dollars toward the despatch of two ships from New-York, under Lieutenant De Haven, of the United States Navy. Besides these, there were two merchant vessels, under Captain Penny, in the same seas; making twelve vessels in all, without including the boats under Dr. Rae.

It is now believed that if all the fleet cruising from Lancaster Sound inwards, had been under the orders of one efficient man, some of Franklin's men would have been saved; but, as each commander pursued his own course, some portions of the coasts and seas were not gone over at all. The results of all these efforts in 1850 were as follows:—

1. Captain Ommaney, commanding a steam-tender, discovered on Beechy Island the traces of an encampment, which he concluded to be Franklin's.

2. Lieutenant De Haven, of the United States navy, landed at the same spot, and confirmed Captain Ommaney's discovery.

3. Captain Penny, arriving at the same place, made a thorough examination of the whole vicinity, and made discoveries of the highest interest. He found the site of an encampment which had evidently been one of Franklin's winter-quarters. There were plenty of empty meat-cans and birds' bones scattered about; there was the site of a tent paved with flat stones, the embankment of a house, the traces of a garden, and three graves, each marked by a head-board, bearing the name of one of Franklin's party. The dates upon these boards showed that the three men had died during the winter of 1845–6, that is, the *first* winter after leaving England.

On the supposition that Sir John Franklin had abandoned these winter-quarters in July, 1864, four entire years had elapsed since he and his men had been upon Beechey Island. Four years in such a region, with provisions for just half that period! The men who explored this encampment felt that it gave

them small hope of finding any of their missing friends alive. The neighborhood was most minutely searched for some writing that should indicate what direction Sir John had taken on leaving that spot; but, excepting the inscriptions upon the headboards, not a syllable was found. The total result of the discoveries up to the end of 1850 was, that all had gone well with Sir John during the first year of his exploration.

This numerous fleet wintered in the arctic waters, and sent out marching-parties and sledding-parties, which made many discoveries of a geographical nature, but added nothing whatever to our knowledge of Sir John Franklin's fate. Not another trace of him was discovered that winter. In the summer of 1851, one after another, all the vessels returned home.

The public was still unsatisfied. The news of the discovery of the encampment inflamed anew the zeal of the people, which was further increased when it became known that dissensions had existed among the various independent commanders, and that, in consequence, the search had been unsystematic and incomplete. And now arose a theory that, around the Pole, there is a vast open sea, into which Sir John had sailed, and from which he could not escape. Nonsensical as this idea now seems, it had many vehement advocates in the press, and led astray several of the able commanders who were determined to continue the search. Lady Franklin was not deceived by it, because she knew two things: first,—that her husband was ordered to keep to the South; and, second,—that her husband was a man whose religion it was to obey orders. Her ship, the *Albert*, sent out by her in 1852, was almost the only vessel that attempted to look for Sir John where alone he was likely to be found.

Immense preparations were made to renew the search in 1852, although seven years had then elapsed since the departure of Sir John Franklin from England. Captain Sir Edward Belcher, in command of a fleet of five thoroughly equipped vessels, sailed from England, and proceeded through Baffin's Bay to the waters beyond it. After the short summer ended, Captain Belcher set on foot a system of sledding expeditions, which were kept up during the whole of the arctic winter.

Lady Franklin's two vessels were in the same region, from one of which a marching party went out and performed a journey of sixty-three days, in a temperature that varied from 50° to 90° below zero. All these exertions were fruitless. The only result of this year's search was the finding of a piece of iron and a part of a door, which *might* have belonged to one of the lost ships. They were in possession of a party of Esquimaux, who could give no intelligible account of how they came by them. Meanwhile, Dr. Rae had been exploring the coast between the Mackenzie and the Coppermine, but he found nothing except a portion of a ship's ice plank, which, he *believed*, had belonged to one of the missing vessels.

Through 1853 the search was vigorously continued. This year was signalized by Dr. Kane's brilliant but fruitless attempt to get into that imaginary polar sea of which mention has just been made. Dr. Kane spent a winter farther north than any of the explorers, and experienced, at one time, a temperature of 99° below zero. He spent two winters in the arctic world, and only escaped at last by abandoning his ship, and marching to one of the Danish settlements in Greenland, a distance of thirteen hundred miles.

It was reserved for Dr. John Rae, a mere pedestrian, to reveal to the world all that is ever likely to be known of the fate of his countrymen. Having totally failed in his explorations between the two rivers, Mackenzie and Coppermine, he started, early in 1854, on foot, to examine a certain part of the coast of Regent's Inlet. In April, at the end of this inlet, he met a party of Esquimaux, who had in their possession various articles of silver ware, such as were known to belong to officers of the *Erebus* and *Terror*. He eagerly questioned these men. He learned from them that, early in 1850, a party of Esquimaux, who were killing seals on King William's Land, had fallen in with a party of white men, about forty in number, who were slowly and wearily dragging sleds toward the south. None of the white men could speak Esquimaux, but they learned, by signs, that the ships of this party had been crushed by ice, and that they were then going south to shoot deer. They further assured Dr. Rae, in answer to his repeated questions, that there

was *no old man* in the party — no man sixty-four years of age, which Sir John Franklin would have been in 1850. The white men, they said, were very thin and tired, and all of them had hold of the sled rope except one. The Esquimaux further stated, that as late as the month of May, 1850, some of their tribe had heard shots in the direction in which the white men had marched, and that late in the same season, they had found thirty-five unburied bodies of white men, and some graves, as well as a great number of guns, watches, vessels, and other articles, fragments of which they still had and exhibited. They believed that these men had starved to death, and that, before all had perished, they had begun to devour one another. They inferred this from the condition of some of the bodies.

Dr. Rae, being unable to follow up this important clue, sent home the news, and, early in 1855, Mr. James Anderson and a party were despatched by the Hudson's Bay Company to the spot designated by the Esquimaux as the scene of the final catastrophe. He was unable to reach it, but he found abundant confirmation of the story related to Dr. Rae by the Indians. Among a great number of articles known to have belonged to the lost ships, he found a plank with the word *Terror* painted upon it, and a stick on which was carved the word *Stanley*, the name of the surgeon of the *Erebus*. The natives all made signs that these articles had belonged to a party of white men who had starved to death several years before.

Here the search would have been discontinued but for the zeal and energy of Lady Franklin. She could not be content with this vague and traditional information, and, under her auspices, Captain M'Clintock, in a yacht of one hundred and twenty tons, made his way to the scene, and brought home a large number of relics of the ill-fated expedition. She could no longer doubt that the report originally brought by Dr. Rae was the truth, and nothing of much importance has since been added to it.

This prolonged search for a handful of men presents a curious contrast to the recklessness with which human life is frequently risked and destroyed. We kill forty thousand of one another in a great battle without the slightest remorse ; but if a poor little child goes astray in the woods, the population of half

a Dozen towns engages eagerly in the search for it, day and night, till its fate is ascertained. Thousands of England's people are permitted to perish every year for want of food and care, and no one regards the fact; but let a few men be lost in the polar ice, and the resources of the empire are lavished in the endeavor to rescue them. Such a creature is man!

The search, I may add, was more creditable to the heart than to the head of England. Nine-tenths of the force employed was wasted. The ships sent through Behring Straits, and those which sought to enter the imaginary Polar Sea, might as well have remained at home. The only vessels which came near accomplishing the object of their voyage were the two or three which pressed on in the course marked out in Sir John Franklin's orders, and which all who understood the man must have known that he would adhere to as long as possible. Those orders, in fact, were nothing but the formal or official statement of his own convictions as to the course which he ought to take.

THE GREAT CATHERINE OF RUSSIA.

NEXT to Frederick the Great, Catherine II., of Russia was the most renowned monarch of her time. Eighty years ago the world was filled with her fame, and the Russian people to this day regard her as the true successor of Peter the Great.

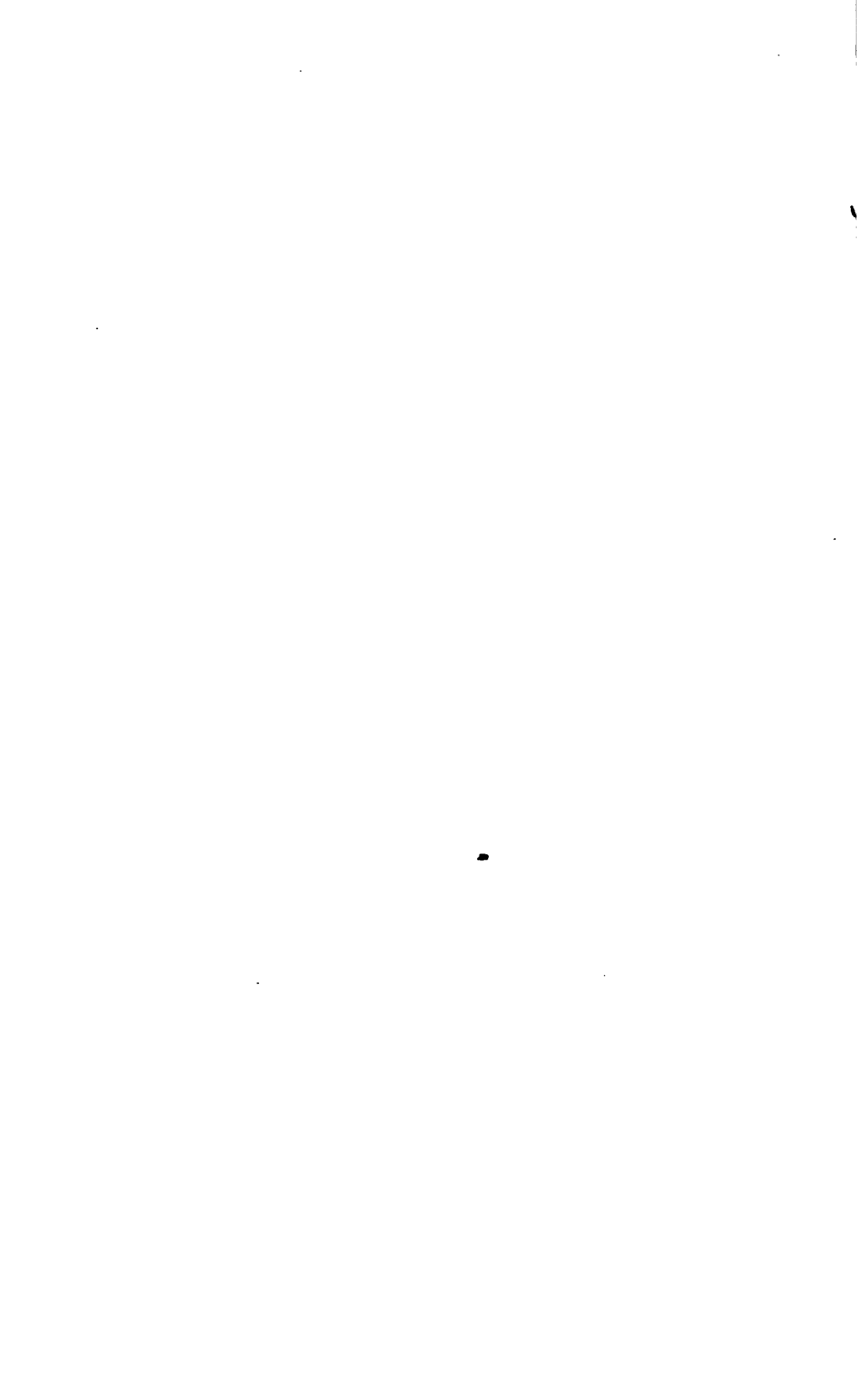
She had not a drop of Russian blood in her veins. She was the daughter of a poor German prince, who, at the time of her birth, was a major-general in the Prussian army. Her baptismal names were Sophia-Augusta-Frederika, and she was usually styled the Princess Sophia. Born in 1729, she lived until her fourteenth year at the little German city, the garrison of which her father commanded. She was educated in a very simple and rational manner, and associated familiarly with the children of the respectable families of the town. Her mother, who was a woman of spirit and eminent good sense, took care to stifle in her young mind the family pride so common in the princely houses of Germany. She required her to salute the ladies of her society by kissing their robes in the fashion of the time, and caused her to be thoroughly instructed in useful knowledge. At the age of fourteen, when she was residing at the court of Frederick, she was merely remarked as a lively, robust, and well-behaved girl. No one could have supposed it probable that she was destined one day to reign over the most extensive empire in Europe, and by her arts and arms to make it still more extensive and powerful.

The ruler of Russia at that time was the Empress Elizabeth, a woman sunk in vice and debauchery, and without any lineal heir to her crown. She had selected as her successor her nephew, a young German prince, whom she had brought to Moscow, and was educating in the Greek religion. Upon this





CATHARINE II.



prince, who bore the name of Peter, nature had fixed the stamp of inferiority. He was dissipated, vulgar in his manners, and totally destitute of the sagacity, courage, and firmness necessary to the head of a barbarous empire. Nevertheless, he was the heir to the throne; and when he had attained the age of sixteen the empress looked about among the courts of Europe to find him a wife.

She first solicited for him the hand of the Princess Amelia, the youngest sister of Frederick the Great; but Frederick valued his sister too much to consign her to a court so corrupt and debauched as that of Russia. Politely refusing the alliance, he suggested his relation, the Princess Sophia, then aged fourteen. Elizabeth approved this choice, demanded the hand of the young princess, and obtained without difficulty the consent of her parents. It was, indeed, considered a splendid match for the daughter of a German prince. On arriving at Moscow, in her fifteenth year, she was presented to her future husband, and, it is said, conceived for him so profound a disgust that she fell sick, and was unable to reappear in public for several weeks.

She submitted, however, to her fate, and, after being baptized into the Greek church under the name of Catherine, she was married to the imperial prince, — he being seventeen years of age, and she sixteen. Seldom has there been a more ill-assorted union. Catherine was born to command; Peter was born to serve. She was a young lady of wit, information, and good-breeding; he knew no pleasures except those which he could enjoy in common with the besotted officers of the Imperial guard.

During the first years of her marriage, living a secluded life, she devoted herself to reading and study. Many years afterwards, when she was in correspondence with Voltaire, she assured that celebrated author that it was to his works she owed the cultivation of her mind.

"I can assure you," she wrote to him once, "that since the year 1746, when I became mistress of my own time, I have been under the greatest obligations to you. Before that period I read nothing but romances; but by chance your works fell

into my hands, and ever since I have not ceased to read them, and I have desired no books which were not as well written as yours, or as instructive. But where can I find such? I return continually to the creator of my taste, as to my dearest amusement. Assuredly, sir, if I have any knowledge, it is to you that I owe it. I am reading, at present, your essay upon general history, and I should like to learn every page of it by heart."

Besides reading the works of Voltaire, she learned the Russian language, which is the most difficult of the European tongues. At the same time, her public conduct, as the Imperial princess, presented the strongest possible contrast to that of her husband. He affected to despise Russian manners; she affected to prefer them. He was a violent drunkard; her conduct was irreproachable. He took no care to conciliate the good will either of the nobles or of the people; she, on the contrary, was affable to all, both high and low, and preserved the dignity proper to her rank and destiny. While he, therefore, remained in his original insignificance, she ever grew in importance and popularity.

For nine years their marriage was unfruitful, but at the end of that time she gave birth to a prince, who was afterwards the Emperor Paul, and perished by assassination. Five years after, their second child was born, a daughter, who lived but two years. Seventeen years after her marriage with Peter, the Empress Elizabeth died, leaving her husband the heir to the throne.

It now appeared that the unfortunate Peter, who was then wholly governed by one of his mistresses, had resolved to repudiate his wife as an adulteress, and to place upon the throne the companion of his debaucheries. Many authors assert that Catherine had been indeed false to her husband; but, upon considering all the facts in the case, I find the probabilities tend strongly toward her exculpation, and the best authorities agree in believing that Peter was the veritable father of Catherine's children. Aware of the intention of her husband, Catherine and her adherents resolved to prevent its execution by setting aside Peter himself.

Unpopular with the army, of which he disdained even to wear the uniform; unpopular with the nation, because he was an idolater of Frederick the Great, it was not difficult for an able and popular princess to defeat his purpose and seat herself upon his throne. On the decisive day, when Peter was drunk in a chateau, twenty-four miles from St. Petersburg, Catherine appeared in the capitol, went to the Church of Notre Dame, and was there, with the consent of the Archbishop, proclaimed Empress of Russia. The people in the streets saluted her as their empress. She mounted a horse, clad in the uniform of the Imperial Guard, placed herself at the head of a body of troops, and invested the chateau in which her husband was residing. He yielded without an effort. Having abdicated the throne, he was confined as a prisoner in a neighboring castle, where, a few days after, he died. It is commonly supposed that he was murdered, but this is not certain.

Having attained the supreme authority, it cannot be denied that, upon the whole, Catherine II. used it for the advantage and glory of Russia. One of her first acts was to recall from Siberia a great number of exiles, and to restore to their honors and rank many persons who had been unjustly deprived of them by her predecessor. She enriched all those who had taken a leading part in raising her to the throne. She published severe edicts against the corruption of the public functionaries. One of her first acts after her coronation was to abolish torture throughout the empire. Soon she began to establish institutions of learning. She invited foreigners to the country, especially those who were skilful in agriculture. She founded a great number of cities, and embellished others. She opened a direct overland commerce with China, and negotiated valuable commercial treaties with England, France, and Austria. She established a simple code of laws for the empire, which is still the basis of the interior government of the country. She enabled the serfs to purchase their freedom, and to buy portions of land. She caused canals to be dug, created new fleets, and sent out expeditions of discovery. She was one of the first monarchs of Europe to introduce the practice of vaccination; to conquer the superstitious prejudices of the people, she caused

herself to be vaccinated. It was Catherine who created the Russian Academy of Arts and Sciences, and set on foot a kind of geological survey of the empire. She established libraries. After the death of Voltaire, she bought all his books and manuscripts, and they are still to be found in St. Petersburg. She sent gifts of money, as well as friendly appreciative letters, to the philosophers and literary men of other countries. She raised the celebrated equestrian statue of Peter the Great. She watched with intelligent care the education of her grandchildren. Her letters to Voltaire, which I have before me at this moment, are sprightly, witty, graceful, and wise.

"TOLERANCE," says she, in one of them, "is established among us. It is part of the fundamental law of the empire; no one in Russia can be persecuted for opinion's sake. We have, it is true, some fanatics who, from want of being persecuted, burn themselves; and if the fanatics in other countries would do as much, it would be no great harm; the world would be all the quieter for it, and honest men would not be molested for their religion. These, sir, are the sentiments which we owe to the founder of this city (Peter the Great), whom both of us admire."

She was not less successful in war than in peace. Under her reign immense provinces were added to Russia, and the fleets of Russia gained their first victories.

I shall not relate the scandals which appear in so many books respecting this illustrious woman. The common belief is, that she had a new lover about every three months, who was then dismissed with gifts and pensions. One author informs us that she expended in this way, during her reign, a sum of money equal, in our present currency, to two hundred millions of dollars. Lovers she may have had; but when I read her pleasant, innocent, and high-bred letters to the great men of her time, and when I run over the catalogue of the immense and solid benefits which she bestowed upon her country, I find it impossible to believe that she ever abandoned herself to systematic debauchery.

The Count Ségur, who resided for some time at her court, gives us this description of her person and manners:—

"Majestic in public, pleasant and even familiar in society, her gravity was agreeable and her gayety decent. With an elevated soul, she showed but little imagination, and her conversation was only brilliant except when she spoke of history and politics. Then her character gave importance to her words. It was the imposing queen, as well as the amiable friend, who spoke. The majesty of her brow, and the carriage of her head, as well as the loftiness of her glance and the dignity of her demeanor, appeared to increase her stature, although she was not tall. Her nose was aquiline, her eyes were blue, with black eyebrows, and the expression of her countenance was exceedingly sweet and attractive. In old age, to conceal the increasing magnitude of her body, she wore flowing robes and large sleeves, similar to the ancient costume of the Russian ladies. The whiteness and brilliancy of her complexion she preserved to the close of her life. Inconstant in her passions, but not in her friendships, she governed Russia on principles fixed and unchangeable. She never abandoned a friend, nor gave up a project."

She died in November, 1796, aged sixty-seven, in the thirty-fourth year of her reign, and was succeeded on the throne by her son, Paul I.

CONFUCIUS.



THE writings of Confucius are the Chinese Bible. Three hundred and sixty millions of the human race derive their spiritual nourishment from them, and venerate their author as the wisest and best of men. During the last few years, the life and works of this Chinese sage have been much studied in France, and a translation of his principal work is about to appear, executed by one of the best Chinese scholars in Europe. This author has also given to the French public a more minute and correct account of the life of Confucius than any previously published ; so that we have now the means of understanding something of the man and of his doctrines.

The name of Confucius, as near as we can express it by English letters, was Koung-Fou-Tseu, which is said to mean Reverend Master Tseu. If the syllables are pronounced in the French manner, they sound something like Confucius, and probably suggested that name. The sage was born five hundred and fifty-one years before the Christian era, and the Chinese authors are unanimous in saying that he was descended from an emperor who reigned over China four thousand four hundred years ago. They do not state, however, the precise rank or condition of his family at the time of his birth ; but relate that when the boy was three years of age he lost his father, and that his mother devoted herself to perpetual widowhood in order to live only for the child, which, she said, God had given her in answer to her prayers. The same writers vaunt the filial piety of the boy, which in China is considered chief among the virtues. They tell us that he avoided the noisy sports of his young friends, and gave himself to the prac-

tice of religious rules, the meaning of which he early strove to discover. One author observes :—

“To hear the infant Confucius converse on morals and charity gave the impression that heaven had engraven upon his heart the holy principles of antiquity.”

In his seventh year his mother sent him to a public school, where he was so well instructed that the name of his school-master is honored in China to this day. In a short time, we are told, he so much surpassed his school-mates that his teacher called upon him to assist him in giving instruction.

This high honor, says a Chinese writer, instead of making him proud, only contributed to excite in him the sentiment of modesty, which he knew he must possess in order to preserve the friendship of his comrades.

At the age of seventeen he was admitted to the rank of mandarin, and received the appointment of inspector of the grain market. In this humble position, it is stated, he performed his duties with the most scrupulous exactness, and even wished to reform the abuses which his predecessors had allowed to creep in. The better to carry out these reforms, he studied all the details of the buying and selling of grain. In his nineteenth year his mother chose for him a wife, the descendant of a noble family, who a year later gave him a son, the only fruit of their union.

While he was still a very young man, he was raised to the important office of inspector-general of agriculture. In this high post, the Chinese authors assure us, he acquitted himself with so much zeal and wisdom, that the fields of his province, from being abandoned and uncultivated, became fertile and flourishing, and where lately was seen nothing but idleness and misery, industry and abundance reigned. The renown of so virtuous an officer could not be confined to his native province, but spread all over the empire, and won the admiration of princes and nobles.

But just as he was about to be promoted to the highest dignities of the empire, his mother, in the flower of her age, suddenly died. Immediately, in accordance with the ancient traditions, he resigned his office, and resolved to pay all the

honors to his mother's memory which the most rigorous of the old customs demanded. After conveying the body to the summit of a mountain, where the ashes of his father reposed, he secluded himself from society, and passed three whole years in mourning the irreparable loss which he had sustained — his only relief being the study of philosophy. "This act of piety," says one of his Chinese biographers, "made such an impression upon the people, that it revived among them the funeral customs formerly practised, and perpetuated them to our day, — that is to say, during twenty-four centuries, through all the revolutions, political and religious, which we have experienced."

When the three years were accomplished, he deposited his mourning garments upon the tomb of his mother, and, resuming his intercourse with his fellow-men, consecrated all his leisure to meditation upon the means of regenerating the Chinese people, — a task to which, it is said, he had before devoted his life. His first and chief endeavor was to perfect himself in wisdom and virtue, and to this end he both studied and travelled. Hearing of a famous lute-player in another province, who could both calm and excite the passions of man, he went to him and became one of his pupils. We have also an account of a visit which he paid to a celebrated philosopher, of whom he asked to be instructed in his doctrine. The philosopher received him coldly, and reproached him for occupying himself too much with the men of ancient times, long since returned to dust. He is reported to have addressed Confucius thus : —

"The men of whom you speak so much are dead and gone ; their bodies and their bones were long ago consumed. Nothing remains of them except their maxims. When a wise man finds himself in favorable circumstances, he mounts upon a chariot, by which I mean, he is advanced to honorable posts. When the times are unfavorable to him, he does the best he can. I have heard say that a skilful merchant conceals his wealth with care and goes about pretending poverty. So the wise man, the man of finished virtue, loves to carry upon his countenance the appearance of stupidity. Renounce pride, and the multitude of your desires — lay aside these fine garments, and the ambitious

schemes which occupy your mind ; for they will avail you nothing. This is all I can tell you."

To these remarks Confucius listened with an appearance of respect, but when his disciples (for he already had disciples) asked him what he thought of this philosopher, he answered : —

"I know that the birds fly in the air ; that the fish swim ; that the quadrupeds run. Those which run can be caught with traps ; those which swim, with the line ; those which fly, with an arrow. As to the dragon, that soars to heaven, borne by the winds and clouds. I know not how we can catch him. I have to-day seen this philosopher : he is like the dragon."

Returning to his native country after his journey in search of wisdom, he entered seriously upon the great work of his life, which was to record all that he had himself learned and thought, as well as all which he considered worthy of preservation in the works of the ancients. His object was to gather and to arrange the whole wisdom of his country so that it could be conveniently communicated to his people and their descendants forever. To this labor he devoted all the leisure of the rest of his life, and he produced a series of works upon which the soul of China has ever since subsisted, and which do really contain a very pure and exalted system of morals.

Toward the fiftieth year of his age he was appointed by one of the kings of China to an office which we should call that of prime minister. In this post, we are assured, he reformed the numerous abuses which existed in every branch of the government, and he was rewarded at length by being appointed the supreme judge. The people, it is said, blessed his wisdom and his justice, and he was held in the highest honor, as well by the nobility as by the husbandmen. A great crowd of disciples gathered about him, who assisted him in the composition and the multiplication of his works.

While he was upon a journey for the purpose of making some new researches, he learned the death of his wife, and the news plunged him into the deepest melancholy. Upon his return home, he called his disciples to him, and told them that the days which remained to him of life were counted, and that he had

not an instant to lose if he would finish the work which he had undertaken.

In his seventy-third year, that work was accomplished. Once more he assembled his disciples, and ordered them to set up an altar. When the altar was ready, he solemnly placed upon it the whole of his writings, and then, prostrating himself upon the ground, he remained there a considerable time, designing to thank the Supreme Being for having so far favored him that he had been able to reconstruct the literature of his country, and leave it for the instruction of posterity and the glory of the empire.

Some days after this ceremony, Confucius, in another interview with his disciples, told them that he was conversing with them for the last time, and mentioned to each the career which he thought most suitable to him. His strength lessened from day to day. He employed his last hours in making some slight corrections in his manuscripts, to render them more worthy of posterity. He sank at length into a lethargy, in which he remained seven days, and then passed away without pain, — aged seventy-three years.

The careful manner in which the Chinese record their history enables us to place considerable confidence in the truth of their statements with regard to this great man. The outline which I have given probably bears a resemblance to the truth; but, even if the biographies of Confucius are fabulous, his works remain to attest by their kindliness of tone, their high morality, and their excellent sense, that Confucius is worthy to rank with the wisest of the ancient teachers of man.

From his only son have descended a numerous posterity, who constitute a separate and honorable order in the empire, and enjoy peculiar privileges. A traveller, who visited China in 1671, computed that there were eleven thousand male descendants of Confucius then living, most of whom were of the seventy-fourth generation.

The writings of this great man are, as I have before remarked, the Bible of the Chinese. They are even more than that. Every man in China who aspires to the public service, or who receives a liberal education, derives his mental culture chiefly from them,

and the candidate for public honors undergoes a strict examination in them. In every city of the empire there is at least one temple dedicated to Confucius, upon the altar of which, fruit, wine, and flowers are placed, and sweet-smelling gums are burned, while verses are chanted in his honor. Every intelligent person must desire to know something of the works of a man who holds this high place in the affections and in the educational system of one-third of the human race.

His works are five in number. The first treats of what we should call Moral Philosophy; the second contains the History of China, and a statement of its political and religious institutions; the third, called the "Book of Verses," may be styled the psalm and hymn book of the Chinese; the fourth is the liturgy or prayer-book; the fifth, which is entitled Spring and Autumn, contains the history of the native province of Confucius. It must not be supposed, however, that Confucius claims these works as his own.

"The doctrine," he says, "which I try to teach is only that which our ancestors taught, and which they have transmitted to us. I have added nothing to them, and taken nothing from them. I transmit them in my turn in their original purity. They are unchangeable. Heaven itself is their author. I am, with regard to them, only what a farmer is to the seed which he sows: he casts it on the ground, such as it is; he waters it, and gives it all his pains. That is all that he can do: the rest is not in his power."

Nevertheless, we are assured by Chinese scholars that Confucius did suppress many extravagances in the ancient writings, and gave to the whole system of Chinese morality and philosophy an original cast.

Confucius does not clearly teach the existence of one Supreme Being, nor does he attempt to explain the origin of things, nor does he teach the immortality of the soul. He says, nevertheless, that there exists a "Supreme Reason," the source of all things, and especially the source of the reason of man. "The holy man," says Confucius, "the wise man, establishes his doctrine in accordance with this 'Supreme Reason'; he has a penetrating, efficacious virtue, by which he puts himself in harmony

with it." "The heaven and the earth," he says, "had a beginning; and if that can be said of them, how much more truly of man! After there was a heaven and an earth, all material things were formed; male and female appeared, man and woman." In accordance with the traditions of all our race, Confucius says that "man was originally happy and pure, and that through his own fault he lost his happiness and purity." He also teaches that, "by his own endeavors, man can recover his lost happiness and virtue."

His fundamental principle is this: Man has received from Heaven, along with his physical existence, a principle of *moral* life, which it is his duty to cultivate and develop to the utmost, in order to arrive at a perfect conformity to the celestial and divine Reason. *This* is man's business on earth; and the object of Confucius was to aid his countrymen in accomplishing it. "Every man," he says, "knows what is right, or may know it, and the law of rectitude is so binding on us that we ought not to depart from it in a single point, for a single moment, by so much as the thickness of a hair." "The foundation of all good," he repeats a hundred times, "is the virtue of individual men. With this everything begins, and for this every good institution works." Every man who aspires to direct the actions of others should begin, says Confucius, by perfecting *himself*, and it is only in this way that a man can co-operate with the Supreme Reason, and put himself in harmony with the universe. The only men in the world, he says, who know themselves and their duties to their fellow-men, are those in whom virtue is sovereign, and who are constantly seeking it as the sovereign good.

The principal virtues, according to Confucius, are five in number: Humanity, Justice, Order, Sincerity, and Integrity; and of these, humanity, the love of our kind, is the first and fundamental one. Humanity is that universal charity and benevolence which is no respecter of persons, but embraces the whole human race. This virtue, he explains, is not opposed to the punishment of the guilty, but permits us to have recourse to war only after having exhausted all the means of conciliation. It includes justice, conformity to the ancient usages, and perfect sincerity and good faith in all our dealings with one another. It

is a part of it to respect public opinion ; but it does not oblige us to conform to public opinion in everything. "There are cases," he adds, "in which a man must go directly contrary to public opinion ; and no one should comply with the customs of his country except so far as they are right." "Man," says Confucius, "is a being made to live in society ; but there can be no society without government, no government without subordination, no subordination without superiority ; and legitimate superiority can only be derived either from age or merit. The father and mother naturally rule their children ; the elder, the younger ; and, in the State, those men naturally rule who have a commanding mind, and know how to win the affections of their fellow-men." This high prerogative belongs to but few of the human race, and it consists wholly in a superior humanity. "To have more humanity than others is to be *more of a man* than they, and gives one a right to command !" Again and again Confucius says, "humanity is the foundation of all virtue, and is itself the first and noblest of the virtues."

He dwells much upon the loveliness and necessity of perfect sincerity. "It is this alone," he says, "which gives value to our actions and constitutes their merit ; without it, that which appears virtue is only hypocrisy ; which, however it may shine and dazzle the beholder, is only a transient flame which the breath of the lightest passion instantly extinguishes."

Of all the forms of humanity, the one which Confucius considers most important is filial piety. He calls it "the queen of all the virtues, the source of instruction, the eternal law of Heaven, the justice of the earth, the support of authority, the chief bond of society, and the test of all merit." Man, he assures us, is the noblest being in the universe, and filial piety is the grandest thing in man. It comprehends three great classes of duties : those which we owe to our parents ; those which are due to the government ; and those which are due to the Supreme Reason. It is as binding upon the emperor as upon the lowest of his subjects. "We owe to our prince," says Confucius, "the love which we have for our mother and the respect we feel for our father, because he is both the father and the mother of his subjects. It is filial piety also which obliges man to honor and

serve the celestial power, and this is to be done *by the acquisition of virtue.*" "But," says the sage, "however great may be the love and obedience of a son toward his father, or a subject toward his king, it never ought to degenerate into servility; for there is a HIGHER LAW than that of either a father or a king, the law of the Supreme Reason."

"Man," says Confucius, "is a being apart, in whom are united the qualities of all the other beings. He is the universe in miniature; endowed with intelligence and liberty, capable of improvement and social life, he can discern, compare, and act for a definite end, and can select the means necessary to arrive at that end. He can perfect himself or deprave himself, according to the good or bad use which he makes of his liberty. He knows what is wrong and what is right; he knows that he has duties to perform toward Heaven, himself, and his fellow-man. If he acquits himself of these different duties, he is virtuous, and worthy of reward; if he neglects them, he is guilty, and deserves punishment."

He divides men into five classes with regard to their moral worth.

The first and most numerous class comprehends the great mass of mankind, who are commendable for no particular excellence, who speak only for the sake of speaking, without considering whether they speak well or ill, or whether they ought to speak at all; who act only by instinct and routine; who have an understanding, like other men, but an understanding which does not go beyond the eyes, ears, and mouth. These are "the Vulgar."

The second class is composed of those who are instructed in science, in literature, and in the arts; who propose to themselves distinct objects, and know the different means by which they can be obtained; who, without having penetrated deeply into things, know enough of them to give instruction to others, and to live a life conformed to the established forms and usages. This class of men he styles "the Educated."

The third class are they who, in their words, their actions, and in the general conduct of their lives never depart from the line of strict rectitude; who do right because it is right; whose

passions are subdued; who attach themselves to nothing; who are always the same, both in adversity and prosperity; who speak when they ought to speak, and are silent when they ought to be silent, having firmness enough not to conceal their sentiments when it is proper to utter them, though they should lose thereby their fortunes or their lives; who despise no one, nor prefer themselves to others; who are not content to derive their knowledge from ordinary sources, but push their investigations to the fountain-head, so as to free their knowledge from all mixture of error; not discouraged when they fail, nor proud when they succeed. These are "the Philosophers."

The fourth class consists of men who never depart from the *just medium*, — who have fixed rules of conduct and manners from which they never depart; who fulfil with perfect exactness and a constancy always equal the least of their duties; who repress their passions and watch over all their words and acts; who fear neither labor nor pain in bringing back to their duty those who have wandered from it, in instructing the ignorant, and in rendering to all men any services in their power without distinction of poor or rich, expecting no reward, and not even asking the gratitude of those whom they have served. These are "the Virtuous."

The fifth class is composed of the few men who, besides being virtuous, are endowed by nature with extraordinary and beautiful gifts; who are lovely in their persons and manners as in their conduct; who have acquired by long practice the *habit* of fulfilling, without any effort and even with joy, all the duties which nature and morality impose; who bless every creature within their reach, and, like heaven and earth, never discontinue their beneficent labors, but go on their course imperturbable and unvarying, like the sun and moon. These men, precious, but few in number, are "the Perfect."

"Marriage," says Confucius, "is the proper condition of man, and the means by which he fulfils his destiny upon earth. Man is the head, — he should command; woman is the subject, — she ought to obey. Husband and wife should be like heaven and earth, which concur equally in the production and support of all things. Mutual tenderness, mutual confidence, mutual respect,

purity, and propriety should be the base of their conduct." He permits divorce for any one of seven reasons: "When a woman cannot live in peace with her father-in-law or mother-in-law; when she cannot bear children; when she is unfaithful; when, by the utterance of calumnies or indiscreet words, she disturbs the peace of the house; when her husband has for her an unconquerable repugnance; when she is an inveterate scold; when she steals anything from her husband's house;" in any of these cases her husband may put her away.

"Government," he says, "is only an extension of the paternal authority, and the great object of government is the promotion of that private virtue which is the great source of all happiness and good." "Nowhere," says a Chinese scholar, "are the rights and duties of kings and peoples taught in a manner so elevated and reasonable as in the writings of the Chinese philosopher, who everywhere maintains that the welfare of the people is the Supreme Law."

Toward the close of his life, one of his disciples asked him if there was not some one maxim which would guide a man aright in all circumstances, and which could be regarded as the essence or summary of all morals. The sage said there was, and gave it thus: —

"DO TO OTHERS AS YOU WOULD HAVE OTHERS DO TO YOU."

Such are some of the leading ideas and opinions of Confucius. If any one should ask why the Chinese, who have for twenty-four centuries possessed his writings, should be no better than they are, I would reply by asking another question: Why are we no better, who have enjoyed more numerous and purer lights?

THE TWO CATOS.

IN the history of Rome we find eleven persons of some note who are called Cato, two of whom were men of very great eminence. The word Cato, however, was only a surname, derived from a Latin word which signifies *wise*, and which, being applied to the founder of the family, was adopted by his descendants for many generations. The first and greatest of the Catos was really named Marcus Porcius, and to distinguish him from his descendants, he is sometimes called Cato the First, or the Ancient, sometimes Cato Major, but, most commonly, Cato the Censor, from the title of the office in which he was most distinguished. It is especially necessary not to confound this ancient Cato with his grandson, Cato "the Philosopher," who put an end to his own existence after the death of his commander, Pompey, and who is the hero of Addison's "Tragedy of Cato."

Cato the Censor was born two hundred and thirty-two years before Christ. While confessing that his ancestors were of no rank in the State, he boasts that his grandfather had five horses killed under him in battle, and that his father was also a brave and excellent soldier. Having inherited from his father a farm and some slaves, he labored with them in cultivating his land, and lived so frugally and austere as to attract the notice and win the respect of his neighbors. When he was seventeen years of age, Hannibal was in Italy with his triumphant army, threatening Rome itself, and young Cato joined the forces, who, under the prudent command of Fabius, were opposing and tiring out the impetuous Carthaginians. In the army he distinguished himself as much by the severity of his manners as by his valor in battle. He always marched on foot, carried his own arms, and was attended but by one servant laden with provisions. His

usual drink was water, and he assisted his servant in the preparation of their food. When he had served his country in the field for five years, and Italy was no longer trodden by a hostile foot, he went back to his farm and engaged once more in the labors of agriculture. He was accustomed to conciliate the disputes of his neighbors, and to plead their causes without reward in the country courts, and was frequently successful, either as an arbiter or as an advocate, in bringing troublesome litigations to a happy conclusion.

Near Cato's farm-house there was the mansion of a powerful young nobleman, named Valerius Flaccus, a man of much benevolence, and a noted patron of obscure genius. This nobleman often heard his servants speak of a farmer in the vicinity who used to go to the little country towns and defend the causes of the poor; who labored upon his farm in a coarse frock in winter, and naked in summer, and who sat down with his slaves and ate the same kind of bread and drank the same wine as they did. Various witty sayings of Cato were also reported to Valerius Flaccus, which further excited his curiosity; and at length he invited Cato to dinner. The acquaintance thus begun ripened into an intimate friendship, and Valerius strongly urged Cato to go to Rome and apply himself to politics. This advice was taken, and Cato went to the capital, and adopted what we should call the profession of a lawyer. He pleaded causes before the public tribunals, in which he won great distinction, and was soon drawn into public life. During the later wars with Hannibal he served as an officer under Fabius, won great distinction in battle, and lived on terms of friendship with the general in command. Being once sent as questor to Scipio, who was organizing a Roman army in Sicily for the invasion of Africa, he dared to rebuke that able and popular general for his extravagance. He said to Scipio: —

"It is not the waste of the public money which is the greatest evil, but the consequences of that expense in corrupting the ancient simplicity of the soldiers, who, when they have more money than they need, are sure to spend it in luxury and riot."

Scipio haughtily replied that he had no need of an exact and frugal treasurer in his camp, because his country expected

of him an account of services performed, not of money expended.

Upon receiving this reply, Cato returned to Rome, and loudly complained to the Senate of Scipio's gayety and profusion.

"He walks about," said Cato, "in his cloak and slippers, and lets his soldiers do as they like. He passes his time in wrestling rings and theatres, as though he had been sent out to exhibit games and shows, not to make war."

Commissioners were despatched to Scipio's army to inquire into the truth of these charges, but Scipio succeeded in convincing them that he understood his business better than Cato, and sent them home satisfied with his conduct.

Before he was forty years of age Cato was elected to the consulship, the highest office in the State, and his associate consul was that very Valerius Flaccus who had recommended him to try his fortune at the capital. As consul, he commanded Roman armies, added conquests to the empire, and, returning from a successful campaign in Spain, was rewarded with a triumph. Twelve years later we find him in the office of Censor, and again associated with Valerius Flaccus. In this office he waged ceaseless war upon the luxury of the rich, by imposing heavy taxes upon costly apparel, carriages, ornaments, and utensils. He cut off the supply of water from those who had fountains and ponds in their gardens, and in every way flattered the poor by making himself odious to the rich. Instead, however, of relating the actions of Cato, it will be more interesting to give some specimens of his sayings.

When the Romans were clamoring, at a time of scarcity, for a distribution of corn at the public expense, he began a speech in opposition to it thus: "It is hard, fellow-citizens, to address the stomach, because it has no ears."

Rebuking the Romans for their luxury, he said: "It is difficult to save a city from ruin where a fish brings a higher price than an ox."

Pointing to a man who had squandered an estate near the sea, he pretended to admire him, saying: "What the sea could not swallow without great difficulty, this man has gulped down with perfect ease."

Being rebuked for not visiting a king who was visiting Rome, he said : "I look upon a king as a creature that feeds upon human flesh, and of all the kings that have been so much cried up, I find none to be compared with Epaminondas, Pericles, or Themistocles."

The following is one of his most famous sayings : "Wise men learn more from fools than fools learn from wise men ; for the wise avoid the errors of fools, but fools do not profit by the example of the wise."

"I do not like," he said once, "a soldier who moves his hands when he marches, and his feet when he fights, and who snores louder in bed than he shouts in battle."

His friendship being sought by an epicure, he replied : "No ; I cannot live with a man whose palate is more sensitive than his heart."

He said once that in the whole of his life he had never repented but of three things : "first, trusting a woman with a secret ; second, going by sea when he might have gone by land ; third, passing a day without having his will in his possession."

To a debauched old man he said : "Old age has deformities enough of its own ; do not add to it the deformity of vice."

One of his sayings has exposed him to just censure ; "A master of a family should sell off his old oxen, and all his cattle that are of a delicate frame, all his sheep that are not hardy ; he should sell his old wagons, and his old implements ; *he should sell such of his slaves as are old and infirm*, and everything else that is old and useless." Alluding to this passage, the amiable Plutarch becomes properly indignant, and says : "For my own part, I would not sell even an old ox that had labored for me ; much less would I remove, for the sake of a little money, *a man*, grown old in my service, from his usual place and diet ; for to him, poor man, it would be as bad as banishment, since he could be of no more use to the buyer than he was to the seller."

The truth about Cato appears to be that he was more vain of his virtue than virtuous. He was a most extravagant and shameless boaster, and had more talent to utter fine sayings than to perform actions truly praiseworthy. He tells us him-

self that the senate, in difficult and dangerous times, used to cast their eyes upon him as passengers do upon the pilot in a storm. And he once spoke of some blunderers in this way : "They are excusable ; they are not Catos."

In his old age he became exceedingly avaricious, and gained a large fortune by methods which were legal, but not very honorable. He even uttered this sentiment : "That man truly wonderful and godlike, and fit to be registered in the lists of glory, is he by whose account-books it shall appear, after his death, that he had more than doubled what he had received from his ancestors."

He retained his bodily strength to a very great age. When he was past eighty years he called one morning upon a man who had formerly been his secretary, and asked him whether he had yet provided a husband for his daughter.

"I have not," was the reply ; "nor shall I without consulting my best friend."

"Why, then," said Cato, "I have found out a very fit husband for her, if she can put up with an old man who, in other respects, is a very good match for her."

"I leave the disposal of her," said the father, "entirely to you. She is under your protection, and depends wholly upon your bounty."

"Then," said Cato, "I will be your son-in-law."

The astonished parent gave his consent, and Cato announced his intention to his son, who was himself a married man.

"Why, what have I done," said the son, "that I should have a mother-in-law put upon me?"

"I am only desirous," replied Cato, "of having more such sons as you, and leaving more such citizens to my country."

By this wife, who was little more than a girl, he actually had a son, who himself became consul of Rome, and was the father of the other famous Cato, the enemy of Cæsar.

It was Cato who urged the Romans never to cease warring upon Carthage until it was totally destroyed. For many years, it is said, he never spoke in the senate on any subject whatever, without concluding his speech thus : —

"And my opinion is, that Carthage should be destroyed."

The leader of the opposite party in the senate concluded every speech by saying :—

"And my opinion is, that Carthage should be left standing."

Cato, it appears, had an ill-favored countenance ; so, at least, his enemies said, one of whom wrote upon him the following epigram :—

"With eyes so gray and hair so red,
With tusks so sharp and keen,
Thou'lt fright the shades when thou art dead,
And hell won't let thee in."

Cato, called the Philosopher, who is sometimes styled Cato of Utica, because it was at Utica that he killed himself, was born ninety-five years before Christ, and showed in his youth the austerity of character which had distinguished his illustrious ancestor. Like all Romans of rank, he served in the army, and won considerable renown in suppressing the insurrection of the slaves, which was excited and led by the gladiator Spartacus.

Like the ancient Cato, he disdained the luxuries usually enjoyed by officers of rank. He refused the rewards for his valor offered him by his commander, and appeared upon the march in a dress which differed little from that of a private. When the liberties of Rome were threatened by Cæsar, he took service under Pompey ; and after his general was slain, and Cæsar was master of Rome, he thought it unbecoming a Roman citizen to continue to live. He carried out his suicidal intention with singular calmness and resolution. After supping cheerfully with several of his friends, he went into his room, where he embraced his son with such unusual tenderness as to awaken the suspicion that he intended to terminate his life. He lay down upon his bed and read for a while Plato's Dialogue upon the Immortality of the Soul. When he had finished reading, he looked round, and observed that his sword had been taken away. He called for it ; and when his son and friends rushed into the room in tears, Cato cried out :—

"How long is it since I have lost my senses, and my son is become my keeper? Brave and generous son, why do you not

bind your father's hands, that when Cæsar comes he may find me unable to defend myself? Do you imagine that without a sword I cannot end my life? Cannot I destroy myself by holding my breath for some moments, or by striking my head against the wall?"

His son made no reply, but retired weeping, and the sword was at length sent in to him by a slave.

"Now," said Cato, as he drew it, "I am my own master."

When he found himself alone, he again took up his book, and when he had once more read the dialogue, he lay down and slept. Toward the dawn of day he took his sword and pressed the point into his body a little below the chest, inflicting an extensive, but, as it appeared, not fatal wound. As he fell he overturned a table, the noise of which gave the alarm. He was found insensible, weltering in his blood, with his bowels protruding from the wound.

While the surgeon was replacing the uncut bowels, Cato recovered his consciousness, thrust the surgeon from him, tore out his bowels with his hands, and immediately expired. Thus perished Cato, miscalled the Philosopher, in the forty-eighth year of his age.

PETER THE GREAT.

ABOUT the year 1683, a young man named Francis Le Fort, a native of Switzerland, found himself, after many adventures, in the city of Moscow, in the military service of Russia. He was a highly educated person, spoke several languages, was well versed in military science, and possessed the accomplishments of a gentleman and a soldier. He was, in truth, an eminently civilized, humane, and virtuous man.

There were then living in one of the palaces of Moscow two boys, one thirteen years old, the other eleven, who had been recently crowned joint Emperors of Russia, and were living under the regency of their sister, the Princess Sophia, awaiting the time when they should be old enough to reign. Ivan (or John) was the name of the elder of these boys, and the younger was named Peter, now universally known as Peter the Great. The true heir to the throne was Ivan; but he was half an idiot, and it was deemed best to associate with him his younger brother, a lad of excellent promise.

The education, however, of this boy, Peter, the destined monarch of a prodigious empire, was almost totally neglected. Russia did not much value knowledge at that time, but Peter was even more ignorant than was usual with Russian boys of high rank, for his sister Sophia, an ambitious and bad woman, purposely kept him in ignorance, that she might the more easily retain an ascendancy over him, and over Russia through him. Notwithstanding this, he had picked up a little knowledge, since he had that sure sign of intellect which we call curiosity. He was a great asker of questions, fond of looking on while work was doing, and of trying his own hand at it.

While he was thus living in retirement, — a boy czar, passing

his time in amusements suited to his age, — he noticed the young officer, Le Fort, who was frequently on duty about the imperial palaces. The appearance and manners of Le Fort were as pleasing as his character was superior, and the young emperor was so strongly attracted by him that he caused him to be attached to his own household, and became his inseparable companion.

The favorite of a monarch usually becomes such, and usually retains his influence, by flattering his master's worst propensities. Le Fort, on the contrary, won the confidence of Peter, and kept it, by being his true friend, by instructing his ignorance, awakening his nobler ambition, and restraining his evil passions. He told the young czar of courts that were not barbarous; of kings who lived for their country's good; of nations where knowledge and the arts were held in honor; of peoples who were polite and humane. He showed him that Russia was behind all the Christian countries of Europe in civilization, and assured him that the greatness of a country does not consist either in the extent of its territory or the number of its people. He taught him something of history, the rudiments of science, the elements of language; but, above all, he lifted him up high out of the depths of Russian pride and exclusiveness, and showed him the inferiority of his country in all that constitutes the true glory of a nation. He formed a class of fifty young Russian nobles into a kind of military school, and they all studied, drilled, and played together. The seed sown by Captain Le Fort fell into ground prepared to receive it. Both the father and the grandfather of Peter had desired and endeavored to raise Russia in the scale of civilization, and this boy inherited from them the same desire, with better means of carrying it into effect.

The Princess Sophia, meanwhile, governed the empire with absolute sway. She understood nothing of what was going on in the palace of the young czars. Seeing them drilling and sporting with their youthful companions, under the direction of a young foreigner, a person of no importance, she thought they were merely amusing themselves. She supposed, too, that when they had outgrown these boyish games, the vigorous and

ignorant Peter would abandon himself to the brutal vices so common, at that day, in the courts of kings, and leave the care of governing Russia to her.

Six years passed. Peter was a young man of seventeen. Not free from the vices of his age and country, he had nevertheless become, by the aid of Francis Le Fort, an intelligent, inquiring, and, upon the whole, estimable prince, and truly intent to employ his power in improving his country. A trifling incident now revealed to him the ambition of his sister Sophia, and induced him to assert, sooner than he otherwise would, the rights of his birth. Peter's mother, anxious to preserve him from an irregular life, caused him to be married at the age of seventeen, and the Princess Sophia appeared at the wedding wearing the insignia of absolute power. Not the young czar only, but all his friends, marked the presumption of the regent, and measures were promptly concerted between them to terminate the regency, and shut up the ambitious lady in a convent. Le Fort was the czar's chief adviser, and he was aided by other foreigners, as well as by the party in Russia who were most disposed to reform.

The struggle was severe, but short. Sophia had her adherents among the militia, the priesthood, and the nobility; but nothing availed against the energy, the talents, and the popularity of the youthful Peter. In October, 1789, when he was little more than seventeen, he entered Moscow in triumph, with his brother at his side; and Sophia was consigned to a convent, where she spent many years in intriguing to regain her liberty and power.

Russia had then two emperors in name, but only one in reality. Ivan, conscious of his inability to rule, gave up all authority to Peter; and Peter, on his part, treated Ivan with the utmost kindness and respect, until his brother's early death left him sole sovereign of the empire. Le Fort was raised by his grateful pupil to the highest dignities which a subject can fill, and he continued the chief and most trusted counsellor of Peter as long as he lived. Russian historians agree that he made a noble use of his power. In all the czar's good designs

he was a powerful and wise co-operator, without ever abetting him in his violence and severity.

Peter reigned over Russia thirty-six years. During the first few years of his reign he devoted his chief attention to gaining knowledge, and to maturing the vast plans which he had conceived for the regeneration of his empire. When he began to rule in earnest, his first care was to create a regular army, which should take the place of a turbulent and undisciplined militia, that had often plunged the country into anarchy. This was a work of many years; but he accomplished it at last; and when the militia rose in revolt against his measures, he was able, not merely to subdue, but to disband them forever. He next turned his attention to the creation of a navy. His father, in pursuance of the same design, had caused one ship to be built for him in Holland; but that one ship, the whole navy of Russia, had been burnt, and in all the empire there were but two men capable of navigating a ship. Peter sought out these two men, one of whom proved to be a man of great ability; and him the czar promoted to the post of chief constructor. Workmen were brought from Holland; a navy yard was established; and soon the first vessel was launched.

It so happened that Peter was one of those persons who are easily made sea-sick, and he had also inherited a morbid dread of the ocean. But, as it was a principle with him to do himself everything that he required of others, he made a sea voyage in the first of his ships that was finished, — in the course of which he completely overcame these weaknesses, and became a very tolerable navigator. By the time he had his army and fleet in readiness he had use for them in a war with the Turks, in which he experienced many disasters. This man, however, was one of those whom disasters instruct, but never dishearten; and as soon as he had made an advantageous peace, he was more eager than ever to carry on the work of reform. Fifty intelligent young noblemen he sent to study in foreign countries; and, at length, he resolved to go himself to Holland, England, and Italy, to acquire a better knowledge of the mechanic arts.

He was twenty-five years of age; tall, strongly built, of fresh complexion, and of very easy, familiar manners, though in his

mien and bearing "every inch a king." Le Fort, his old tutor, and now his Lord High Admiral, accompanied him. The czar, on this occasion, travelled incognito, passing as a mere member of a grand embassy, which was composed of three ambassadors (Le Fort was one of them), four chief secretaries, twelve gentlemen, six pages, one company of the imperial guards, fifty in number, and several servants; the whole cortege numbering two hundred and fifteen persons. In this company the czar was nothing but an attaché, and was attended only by one valet, one footman, and a dwarf with whom he used to amuse himself. I need not dwell upon this memorable journey of a year and a half. Who does not know that the czar labored with his own hands at Amsterdam as a ship carpenter, and that he travelled over half of Europe, visiting workshops, factories, hospitals, and everything which could instruct a monarch of such a country as Russia was in 1697?

He practised but one vice on this journey: he drank too much wine at dinner. His regular allowance of wine was two bottles, and he often went beyond even that enormous quantity. One day, after a dinner of unusual excess, he fell into a dispute with Admiral Le Fort, and was so transported with fury, that he rushed upon him sword in hand. Le Fort, with admirable self-possession, bared his bosom to the stroke, and stood motionless to receive it. The czar, drunk as he was, was recalled to himself by this action, put up his sword, and, as soon as he was a little sobered, publicly asked Le Fort's pardon for his violence.

"I am trying," said he, "to reform my country, and I am not yet able to reform myself."

While he was pursuing his studies in Italy, he was suddenly called home by the news that the militia and the old tories of Russia, incited thereto by Sophia and the more superstitious of the priests, had risen in revolt. He seized the occasion to break up the system. He executed, it is said, not less than fifteen hundred of the conspirators, and his authority was never again disputed, nor his labors interrupted by civil commotion.

The greatest of all his difficulties, from the beginning to the end of his reign, was to reconcile his subjects to innovation,

and make them hearty co-operators with him in civilizing the country. In Russia, as in every country on earth, there were two parties: those who wish things to remain as they are, and those who favor improvements. The former venerate the past, and believe in the wisdom of forefathers; the latter press hopefully on toward the future, and think the people of to-day are wiser and better than the people of a hundred years ago. These two parties are called by different names in different ages, but they always exist. They have been styled, in this country, whigs and tories, democrats and federalists, radicals and conservatives. Peter the Great was the most decided radical that ever ruled a country, and he had against him a large number of the higher priests and the elderly noblemen, as well as a great multitude of the ignorant and superstitious.

There was a good deal of fun in the composition of this illustrious patriot, and he turned it to good use sometimes in throwing ridicule upon the ancient usages. One cold day, in the winter of 1703, he invited all his court and nobility to attend the wedding of one of his buffoons; and he was very particular that the old fogies of the empire should be present. He gave notice that this wedding was to be celebrated according to the "usages of our ancestors," and that every one must come dressed in the manner of the sixteenth century. Accordingly, all the guests appeared in long, flowing, Asiatic robes of the ancient Russians, to the merriment of the whole court. It was an ancient custom that on a wedding-day no fire should be kindled in the house; and, therefore, the palace was as cold as mortal flesh could bear. "Our ancestors" drank only brandy, and so on this day not a drop of any milder liquor was allowed. All the barbarous and indecent customs formerly in vogue at weddings were revived for this occasion, and when any one objected or complained, the czar would reply, laughing:—

"Our ancestors did so! Are not the ancient customs always the best?"

This ridiculous fête, it is said, had much to do in bringing the old usages into discredit, and reconciling timid people to the new ways introduced by the czar.

This great monarch died in 1725, aged fifty-three years. To

the last days of his existence he toiled for his country. He had a violent temper; he was too fond of the pleasures of the table; and, on some occasions, he was more severe in his punishments than would now be permitted or necessary. I have, however, the decided impression that the accounts we have of this feature of his reign are exaggerated, and that he was a better man than we have been taught to believe. The Russian language being the most difficult and unattractive one spoken in Europe, no competent person has ever yet studied the history of Russia in its sources; and the little we know of it comes to us distorted or diluted through writers who never read a Russian book nor trod Russian soil. I advise readers to regard the so-called Histories of Russia with a good deal of incredulity, especially the chapters which represent Peter the Great as a bloody and cruel tyrant.

CHARLES XII.



CHARLES XII., born in 1682, was a boy of fifteen, when the death of his father made him King of Sweden. His mother had died some years before. According to the ancient laws of the kingdom, he had a right to reign at the age of fifteen; but his father, who was a very self-willed and despotic monarch, ordered in his will that he should not exercise authority until he was eighteen, and that until then his grandmother should be the regent.

Charles was a soldier almost from his infancy. At seven he could ride the most spirited horse, and, during all his boyhood, he took pleasure in those violent out-of-door exercises which harden and strengthen the constitution. He was exceedingly obstinate, and, like most obstinate people, was sometimes led by the nose. For example: He would not learn Latin; but when he was artfully told that the King of Denmark and the King of Poland knew that language well, he threw himself into the study of it with great energy, and became a very good scholar. Having read a Latin life of Alexander, some one asked him what he thought of that conqueror.

"I think," said he, "that I should like to resemble him."

"But," said his tutor, "Alexander lived only thirty-two years."

"Ah," replied the prince; "and is not that enough when one has conquered kingdoms?"

When his father heard of this reply, he said:—

"Here is a boy who will make a better king than I am, and who will go farther even than Gustavus the Great."

One day he stood looking at a map of a province of Hungary which had recently been wrested from the Emperor of Austria

by the Turks. At the bottom of this map some satirical person had written in French the well-known words of Job :—

"The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away : blessed be the name of the Lord."

Now, this was a pretty good joke in French, because the French word for Lord is *Seigneur*, and it was common at that time to call the Sultan of Turkey the "Grand Seigneur." Next to this map hung one of Livonia, a province conquered by Sweden a hundred years before. At the bottom of this map the young prince wrote :—

"God gave it me ; the Devil shall not get it away."

After the death of his father, concealing whatever resentment he may have felt at being left under the tutelage of a grandmother, he passed all his time in hunting, in martial exercises, and in reviewing the troops. One day, when his father had been dead six months, and he was not quite sixteen years of age, he was observed to ride home from a grand review in a very thoughtful mood, and one of his nobles asked him what was the subject of his reverie.

"I am thinking," replied the boy-king, "that I feel myself worthy to command those brave soldiers, and that I do not like that either they or I should receive orders from a woman."

The courtier to whom this was said jumped at the opportunity to make his fortune. He urged the king to terminate his minority, and offered his services in making the arrangements necessary. The king consenting, it was not difficult to gain over the ministers, the nobles, and the officers of the army. Without bloodshed or any kind of disturbance the revolution was accomplished, and in three days after the forming of the plan the regent was consigned to private life, and Charles XII. was the reigning King of Sweden. At the ceremony of the coronation, a few weeks after, just as the archbishop was about to place the crown upon the royal head, Charles took it out of his hands, and placed it himself upon his head. The adroit courtier who had aided him in getting the crown he ennobled and made him his prime minister.

No one, it appears, expected much of this youthful monarch. He had no vices, it is true ; he neither drank, nor gormandized.

nor gambled. A Spartan soldier was not more temperate, nor more hardy, nor more chaste than he. But he was haughty, reserved, and obstinate, and seemed to care for nothing but hunting and the drilling of his troops. The ambassadors residing at his court wrote home to their masters that this new king was stupid, and was not likely ever to be formidable to his neighbors. His own subjects, seeing that he did nothing but hunt and attend parades, considered him inferior to his ancestors.

Old Dr. Franklin used to say that if a man makes a sheep of himself, the wolves will eat him. Not less true is it, that if a man is generally *supposed* to be a sheep, wolves will be very likely to *try* and eat him.

Three kings, neighbors and allies of Charles, hearing on all hands that the young king was a fool, and knowing that he was only a boy in years, concluded that it would be an excellent time to satisfy some ancient grudges against Sweden, and to wrest a few provinces from its territory. The King of Denmark was one of these good neighbors and allies; another was the King of Poland; the third and most powerful was Peter the Great, Czar of all the Russias. Under various pretexts, these three kings were manning ships or raising troops for the same object, — the spoliation of the heritage of Sweden's youthful king.

Sweden was alarmed. Her old generals were dead, her armies were unused to war, and her king was thought to be a boy, — ignorant, self-willed, and incapable. The council met to consider the situation, the king presiding. The aged councillors advised that efforts should be made to divert or postpone the storm by negotiation. When the old men had spoken, the king rose and said: —

"Gentlemen, I have resolved never to make an unjust war, but never to finish a just one except by the destruction of my enemies. My resolution is taken. The first who declares himself, I shall go and attack, and when I have conquered him, I hope to make the others a little afraid of me."

There was something in the manner of the king which in

spired confidence, and the councillors departed to enter with spirit into the preparations of war. The kingdom was instantly put upon a war footing. The king laid aside his gay costumes and wore only the uniform of a Swedish general. The luxuries of the table were banished from his abode, and he partook only of soldier's fare. Submitting himself to the strictest discipline, he imposed the same upon his troops, and soon he had an army of soldiers in the highest state of efficiency. It is said that from this time to the end of his life he never tasted wine, nor indulged in any kind of vicious pleasure whatever. He was a soldier, and nothing but a soldier.

Two years passed after the first alarm before the storm burst. The year 1700 came in, which was the eighteenth year of the life of Charles XII. As he was out bear-hunting one day in the spring of that year, the news was brought to him that Denmark had begun the war by invading his province of Livonia.

He was ready. Having previously provided for that anticipated invasion, he hurried an army on board a fleet, and struck at once for the heart of Denmark, — Copenhagen. Not many days elapsed after the interruption of his bear-hunt, before he had a fleet blockading the port of Copenhagen, and an army thundering at its gates.

"What is that whistling noise I hear overhead?" asked the king, as he was disembarking on the Danish shore.

"It is the musket-balls, sire," said an officer.

"Good!" said the king; "that shall be my music henceforth."

Such were the rapidity and success of the king, that in six weeks after landing on Danish soil the war was ended, and a treaty concluded which conceded to the King of Sweden everything he asked.

Meanwhile, the King of Poland was besieging Riga (which was then a Swedish city), and the czar was leading a host of a hundred thousand undisciplined barbarians against the young conqueror. Charles left the defence of Riga to a valiant old Swedish general, who succeeded in holding it, and marched himself to meet the czar with twenty thousand troops. Never was victory more sudden, more easy, or more complete than that

which these twenty thousand Swedes won over the great mob of Russians led by Peter. The czar escaped with but forty thousand men.

From that defeat the military greatness of Russia was born.

"I know well," said the czar, as he was in retreat, "that these Swedes will beat us for a long time ; but, at last, they will teach us how to conquer."

And so it proved ; for, from that day, Peter began the mighty work of drilling his half-savage hordes into soldiers, — a work which is still going on, though great progress has been made in it. The Russian people attributed their defeat to sorcery and witchcraft, and we have still the prayer which was addressed to St. Nicholas on this occasion in all their churches. It was as follows : —

"O thou who art our perpetual consoler in all our adversities, great Saint Nicholas, infinitely powerful — by what sin have we offended thee in our sacrifices, our homage, our salutations, our penances, that thou hast abandoned us ? We implore thy assistance against these terrible, insolent, enraged, frightful, unconquerable destroyers ; and yet, like lions and bears robbed of their young, they have attacked, terrified, wounded, killed by thousands, us who are thy people. As this could not have happened except by enchantment and sorcery, we pray thee, O great St. Nicholas, to be our champion and our standard-bearer, to deliver us from this crowd of sorcerers, and to drive them from our frontiers with the recompense due to them."

Charles had no sooner scattered the Russian hosts than he turned his attention to Poland. Partly by artifice and partly by victories, he, at length, dethroned the King of Poland, and caused to be elected in his stead Stanislas, a young gentleman to whom he had chanced to take a fancy. These things, however, were not done in a campaign. From the time of his leaving Sweden, in May, 1700, to the complete subjection of Poland, was a period of seven years ; during which Charles and his men lived upon the country and saved vast sums of money.

If Charles had then gone home, as his generals advised and

his troops desired, he might have lived in peace, and raised his country to a high rank among the powers of Europe. Puffed up by a long series of easy victories, he believed all things possible to him; so he had resolved to do to the czar what he had done to the Polish king, — drive him from his throne. But all this time Peter had been creating an army. Deep in the wildernesses of Ukraine, the Swedish troops, weakened by hunger, fatigue and disease, encountered the trained soldiers of the czar. The Russians were more than victorious. The Swedish army was utterly destroyed, and the king, badly wounded, was compelled to fly, with a handful of followers, and seek refuge in Turkey. He lost in a day the fruits of seven years of victory, — troops, treasures, glory, all were gone, and he himself was a fugitive and a beggar.

No subsequent efforts could restore his fortunes. For two years he remained in Turkey, half prisoner, half guest. All his enemies rose upon him. The King of Poland regained his throne, Denmark invaded his dominions, and the czar prepared for new victories. Escaping, at length, Charles returned to Sweden, and was carrying on the war against his enemies, when a chance shot terminated his career. This occurred in December, 1718, when he was but thirty-six years of age. He was laying siege, at the time, to one of the Danish strongholds, and, going his rounds one evening at nine, he leaned over an angle of a battery, when a ball, weighing half a pound, entered his temple, and he fell dead upon the parapet. One of his officers said, as he threw a cloak over the body: —

“The play is over; let us go to supper.”

The Swedes, happily delivered from this terrible scourge, hastened to make peace with all their enemies, and elected as their queen the sister of Charles XII., whom they compelled to renounce all right to bequeath the crown to her issue. The Swedes had had enough of arbitrary power; and they succeeded in controlling the power of their kings to such a degree that their monarchy was, for the next seventy years, the most limited in Europe.

MAZEPPA.



In the year 1706, when Charles XII., King of Sweden, still in the full tide of successful warfare, had led his victorious troops into the heart of Russia, he received secret overtures from the Governor of Ukraine, a province in the south-eastern part of Europe. Ukraine belonged to Russia, though it still enjoyed the right of electing its prince, subject to the confirmation of the czar. Its inhabitants were warlike and semi-barbarous, who were subject to the czar in little more than name; nor to their own elected prince did they render any more obedience than a Tartar tribe usually pays to its chief.

The Ukraine prince, who met the young King of Sweden in the forest on the banks of the Desna, engaged to furnish the king with thirty thousand troops, provisions for the Swedish army, and a large amount of treasure, the accumulation of thirty years, on condition that, at the end of the war against the czar, Ukraine should be an independent State. Charles accepted the condition, and the treaty was concluded.

The name of this powerful Ukraine chief was Ivan Stepanovitch Mazeppa. Civilized Europe first learned his name, and something of his strange history, through Voltaire, who heard the particulars from one of Charles' officers, and gave them to the public in his celebrated *Life of Charles XII.* Lord Byron, struck with the romantic story, as related by Voltaire, made it the subject of a poem, and it has since been performed as a drama in all countries. But for the chance meeting in London, in 1726, of Voltaire and one of the mad King of Sweden's followers, the name of Mazeppa, in all probability, had never been known beyond the confines of Russia. Mazeppa was fifty-two years of age when he first met Charles XII. The romantic

events which form the subject of Byron's poem took place when he was a youthful page at the court of the King of Poland, and it is quite likely (as Byron supposes) that he related them himself to the King of Sweden.

Mazeppa, though he ruled a barbarous people, was not himself a barbarian. He was born in 1644, in Poland; and was therefore not a born subject of the czar. He was descended, however, from a noble Russian family, which was transported to Poland by a chance of war fifty years before Mazeppa was born. His grandfather, a colonel in the Russian army, was carried away captive in 1597 by the Poles, with all his family, and was roasted alive in the belly of a copper bull, according to a pleasant custom of the country. His family remained in Poland, and flourished; so that the grandson of the roasted colonel was well educated in a Jesuit college, and was transferred thence to the court of the king, where he served as page. Voltaire says he had only a "tincture of literature" (*quelque teinture des belles-lettres*), but more recent French authorities aver that he was as familiar with Latin as with Polish, and that he was a really accomplished man in literature. All agree, however, that he was one of the most handsome, well-formed, graceful, fascinating pages that ever adorned a court, — skilled, too, in all martial arts and exercises, and inured to hardship and fatigue.

Thus endowed, he was naturally a favorite with the ladies of the court, and he passed much of his time in what were then styled "gallant intrigues," but which *we* call by a much more correct and descriptive name. Among those to whom he was attached was a Polish nobleman's young and lovely wife, whose "Asiatic eye" Byron describes in a passage that has been a thousand times quoted: —

"All love, half languor and half fire,
Like saints that at the stake expire,
And lift their raptured looks on high,
As though it were a joy to die."

The injured husband, having surprised these lawless lovers, wreaked upon Mazeppa a vengeance at once terrible and unique

Having caused him to be stripped naked, he had him smeared with tar from head to foot, and then rolled in down ; or, as we should say, he had him tarred and feathered. This part of the penalty both Voltaire and Byron omit. As far as I know, Mazeppa was the first man recorded in history who suffered this ignominious punishment, which many people suppose to be an American invention. The enraged Pole next ordered a wild horse to be brought, "a Tartar of the Ukraine breed," upon which Mazeppa was bound, and the horse was let go :—

" Away! away—my breath was gone—
I saw not where he hurried on.
'Twas scarcely yet the break of day,
And on he foamed—away! away!"

To speak in plain prose, this horse, having been bred in Ukraine, fled toward that province, and galloped about two hundred miles with Mazeppa before he dropped dead under his burthen. Mazeppa, too, became insensible, just as a troop of wolves seemed about to close in and devour both horse and rider. When he returned to consciousness, he found himself stretched upon a coarse bed in a woodman's cottage, waited upon by the woodman's daughter, whom Byron, of course, represents to have been one of the loveliest of her sex :—

" A slender girl, long-haired and tall."

Attended by this beautiful Cossack girl and her respectable parents Mazeppa soon regained his health, and won every heart by his gayety, courage, and dexterity. Joining the Cossack army, he advanced rapidly, until he became the most popular and powerful of the Cossack chiefs. Tradition reports that he made his way to chieftainship by acts of treachery and cruelty, destroying the men by whose aid he had begun to climb. This, however, is mere tradition, and it comes to us through his enemies, the Russians. Elected, at length, Governor of Ukraine, his election was confirmed by the czar, Peter the Great, and he repaired, some time after, to the court of that fiery potentate. Peter, whom Mazeppa, with his troops, had ably served in the conquest of the Crimea, received him with great consideration.

decorated him with orders, and admitted him at length to perfect intimacy. One day (so the story goes) when Mazeppa was dining with the czar at Moscow, and the irascible Peter had drunk too much wine, as he did every day, the conversation turned upon the affairs of Ukraine, in the course of which the czar said he meant to send an army there, and formally annex the province to Russia. Supposing Mazeppa to be in heart and soul a Russian, he was surprised to observe that this announcement of a cherished purpose was displeasing to him. Mazeppa, it is said, proceeded from gentle remonstrance to emphatic and even menacing objection. He reminded the czar that the essential independence of Ukraine was secured by treaties, and he declared that if an attempt should ever be made to deprive the Cossacks of their ancient liberties, he, their governor, would know how to defend them.

At this the czar flew into one of his tearing passions. Starting up from his seat, he rushed upon Mazeppa, seized him by the beard, and tore out a handful of his mustache. Mazeppa, indignant as he was, was still sufficiently master of himself not to offer resistance to the infuriate monarch. Peter thought no more of the affair, but Mazeppa cherished in his heart a deep and active resentment, which he bore back with him to his province. Before many years had elapsed, Charles XII. came thundering through that part of Europe, his darling object being the dethronement of the czar, and Mazeppa thought he saw in that young conqueror, who had never yet been defeated, the means of securing the independence of his country and the gratification of his vengeance. His offers were promptly accepted. He soon after met the King of Sweden, and they became fast friends.

The Russian historians, in their endeavors to blacken the character of Mazeppa, relate this anecdote, which Voltaire borrows from them. Having concluded his treaty with Charles XII., he invited a number of chiefs to his house to bring them over to consent to the alliance. When they were all drunk, Mazeppa easily got them to swear upon the gospels that they would furnish men and food to the King of Sweden. At the end of the debauch, the chiefs carried away all the silver vessels and

portable furniture of the room. Mazeppa's butler ran after them, and took the liberty to remark that their conduct was not in accordance with the gospels upon which they had just sworn. The servants also came up and attempted to recover their master's property. The Cossack chiefs marched back in a body to complain to Mazeppa of this unheard-of affront, and demanded that the offending butler should be delivered up to them. Mazeppa, say the Russians, had the unspeakable baseness to surrender his faithful servant, whereupon the chiefs divided themselves into two parties, and tossed the poor butler back and forth like a ball, till they were tired, when one of them drove his knife through his heart.

Having cast in his lot with Charles XII., Mazeppa shared his fate. The czar utterly defeated the rash young king, who was compelled to seek refuge in Turkey, with Mazeppa and a few faithful followers. Turkey, being then submissive to the czar, the fugitives soon found that their refuge was a prison. The czar peremptorily demanded the surrender of Mazeppa, whom he claimed as his vassal. While the Turkish government was hesitating whether or not to comply with this haughty demand, Mazeppa died, as it is supposed, by his own hand. Charles XII. was faithful to his ally to the last, and did all that was possible, in his situation, to protect him from the czar's vengeance. Mazeppa died at Bender, in Turkey (now in Russia), in 1709, aged sixty-five.

DEATH OF LOUIS XIV.

How much easier it is to die well than it is to live well ! And how absurd it is to judge of a person's character by the way in which he spends the closing hours of his life ! Some very great sinners have died in the most edifying manner, while some of the most eminently virtuous persons that have ever given a good example to their species have started back in affright at the approach of their last hour, and died in gloom.

Such were my reflections the other day, upon reading in an old French book an account of the death of Louis XIV., who was King of France from 1643 to 1715, — a period of seventy-two years. He had been proud, arrogant, selfish, licentious, extravagant, and cruel. He had wasted his kingdom in unjust wars and profuse living ; he had driven from their homes and country the best of his subjects, the Huguenots ; he had installed his mistresses at court, and raised their children to the rank of legitimate princes ; and the only palliation of his crimes was that he had been allowed to grow up in the greatest ignorance. Yet he died as calmly as a saint.

It was August 9, 1715, the seventy-seventh year of the king's life. Debilitated by age and disease, the king on that day enjoyed for the last time the pleasures of the chase, but was obliged to follow the stag in a kind of gig, which he drove himself. Two days after, which was Sunday, he held his council as usual, and afterwards walked in the garden. He came in exhausted, and he never again was out of doors alive. During the next few days he grew daily weaker, and, at length, took to his bed ; where, however, he continued to transact business with his ministers every day. A grand review had been ordered for the 23d of August, at which the king was so desirous of pre-

siding, that he caused a bed to be prepared, upon which he meant to lie and witness the evolutions of the troops. Finding that he could not support the fatigue, it was necessary for him to select some one to represent him. He passed by all the legitimate princes, and named for this duty his illegitimate son, the Duc de Maine.

On the 25th of August, at seven in the evening, as the musicians of the court were assembling in the saloon where the king was reclining, for the usual evening concert, he became suddenly worse, and the doctors in attendance were summoned. They pronounced him near his end, and advised that the extreme unction should be administered to him. The musicians were dismissed, and the priests were sent for, who received the king's confession, gave him absolution, and administered the communion to him. This ceremony being concluded at eleven in the evening, the king called to his bedside the Duc d'Orleans, his nephew (great grandfather of Louis Philippe, the last king of the French), by whom the kingdom was to be ruled during the minority of the heir to the throne, — the king's grandson, a boy of five and a half years. He recommended the young king to his protecting care, and said : —

"If he should not live, you will be the master, and the crown will belong to you. I have made the dispositions which I deemed wisest; but as no one can foresee everything, if there is anything not ordered for the best, let it be changed."

The next day, having summoned around him the cardinals and priests, whose advice he had been most accustomed to follow in all affairs relating to the church, he said to them : —

"I die in the faith of, and in submission to, the church. I am not learned in the matters which trouble its peace; I have merely followed your counsels. Having done only what you advised, if I have done ill, you will answer for it before God, whom I call to witness."

The priests replied by the usual fulsome eulogiums upon his conduct, in the expulsion of the protestants and the persecution of the Jansenists (the Calvinists of Catholicism); "for," says the author before me, "he was destined to be praised to the last moment of his life."

Soon after, the dying monarch caused to be brought to his bedside the infant heir to the crown, known afterwards as Louis XV., a worse man than Louis XIV., and almost as bad a king. The words uttered by the king to him, on this occasion, were afterwards engraved, framed, and hung up in the royal bedroom, above the place where the young king knelt to say his prayers. They remained there during the whole reign of Louis XV., which lasted fifty-nine years. They were as follows : —

"My dear child, you are going immediately to be the monarch of a great kingdom. What I recommend to you, above all, is, never to forget the obligations under which you rest to God. Bear in mind that to him you owe all that you are.

"Try to preserve the peace with your neighbors.

"I have loved war too much. Do not imitate me in that, any more than in my too great expenditures.

"Take counsel in all things. Try hard to know what is the best course, and follow it always.

"Relieve your people from their privations as soon as you can, and do for them what I have been so unhappy as not to be able to do.

"Never forget what you owe to Madame de Ventadour" (his governess).

Then, turning toward Madame de Ventadour, he said : —

"For my part, madame, I am very sorry to be no longer in a condition to testify my gratitude to you."

Speaking again to the little prince, and kissing him twice, he said : —

"With my whole heart, my dear child, I give you my blessing."

At this moment the king was so deeply moved that the Duchess de Ventadour thought it best to draw the prince away, and took him out of the room. The king then addressed a few words to each of his children and grandchildren, and to each of his principal servants, thanking them for their fidelity, and asking them to be as faithful to his grandson as they had been to him. In the afternoon of the same day he called around his bedside all the lords of his court, and addressed them thus : —

"Gentlemen, I ask your pardon for the bad example I have

given you. I have a great deal to thank you for in the manner in which you have served me, as well as for the attachment and fidelity you have shown me. I am very sorry not to have done for you all that I could have wished. I ask for my grandson the same application and fidelity that you have had for me. I hope you will all strive to live in union, and if any one departs from this course, that you will endeavor to bring him back to it. I feel that I am too much agitated, and that I move you also. Pray, forgive me. Farewell, gentlemen. I count upon your thinking of me sometimes."

The next day, being still in perfect possession of his faculties, he passed some time in burning papers, and he gave orders that, after his death, his heart should be placed in the chapel of the Jesuits, opposite to the spot where had been deposited the heart of his father, Louis XIII. He surprised the court by occasionally speaking of his grandson as "the young *king*," and by saying, "*when* I was king," as though his reign had already ended. To his mistress, or, rather, to his wife (for he had secretly married her some time before), he said:—

"I have always heard say that dying is difficult. I am near my last hour, yet I do not find it so painful to give up life."

The lady replied, that only those persons found death appalling who were attached to the world, or who had committed wrongs. The king said:—

"As a human being, I have wronged no one; and as to the injuries I have done my kingdom, I hope in the mercy of God. I have made a full confession, and my confessor assures me that I may confidently trust in God for forgiveness; and such is my trust."

Seeing two of his servants crying at the foot of his bed, he said:—

"Why do you weep? Did you think I should live forever? My age ought to have prepared you for my death."

Then, turning to his wife, Madame de Maintenon, he added:—

"What consoles me at leaving you, is the hope that we shall rejoin one another in eternity."

She made no reply to this; but, as she turned to leave the room, a few moments after, she was overheard to say to herself:

"What a rendezvous he gives me! This man has never loved anybody but himself."

Madame de Maintenon, in fact, was thoroughly tired of her exacting old lover, and naturally shrank from the fearful prospect of spending an eternity with him.

A quack doctor, who pretended to have an "elixir" that would do anything except raise the dead, was allowed to give the dying king a dose or two of his compound. The first dose appeared to revive him, but only for a moment. As he was about to take the second, he said:—

"For life or for death, just as it pleases God!"

From the time the king had taken to his bed, the courtiers paid more and more attention to the Duc d'Orleans, who would be the ruler of France the moment the breath was out of the old king's body. He had apartments in the palace in which the king lay dying, and it was said at the time that the state of the king's health could be ascertained by the number of persons that paid their court to the future regent. If the king drooped, the apartments of the Duc d'Orleans were thronged with courtiers; if the king revived, it was the king's chamber and ante-chambers that were crowded. One day, when the king was so much better that it was thought he would recover, the Duc d'Orleans was left almost alone; but the next day, when the king was very much worse, his apartments were overflowing with people from morning till night.

On the last day of August it was evident that the king could not survive many hours. Once more the priests gathered around his bed, and said the prayers appointed for the dying. The king made the responses with a strong voice, and, recognizing one of the cardinals, he said to him:—

"These are the last favors of the church."

In his dying struggles, he said many times:—

"My God, come to my aid; make haste to succor me!"

On Sunday morning, September 1st, at a quarter past eight, the king breathed his last, and the whole crowd of courtiers gathered round the new dispenser of favors,—the regent of the kingdom. All France breathed more freely, when it was relieved from the incubus of this proud, ignorant, and superstitious

monarch. Powerful as he had been while living, his will was totally disregarded after his death, and his body was borne to the tomb amid the unconcealed joy of the people. If any one wishes to know what a barbarism the institution of monarchy is, let him study the reign and character of Louis XIV., without, however, attaching the slightest importance to his tranquil and pious death. I recommend this study especially to those who have been reading lately the glorification of monarchy contained in Mr. Carlyle's *Life of Frederick II., King of Prussia*.

JOHN LAW.

JOHN LAW, born in 1671, the son of an Edinburgh goldsmith, made, perhaps, as much noise and stir in this world as any man that ever lived in it. His father, dying when the boy was fourteen, left him an independent fortune, into possession of which he came when he was twenty-one. He was a young man of extraordinary beauty, grace, and agility. Manly exercises had nobly developed his frame, his mind had been nurtured in the best schools of his country, and his manners formed in the higher circles of Edinburgh. Handsome, accomplished, and rich, his knowledge was more showy than sound, and his morals were French rather than Scotch.

A goldsmith, in old times, was also a money-changer and broker. Young Law was early accustomed to hear money questions discussed among his father's friends, and was observed to take an interest in such subjects unusual in a youth. He could talk very fluently about the currency ; and when, soon after coming of age, he was living a gay life in London, the subject universally talked of was the scheme of establishing the institution now known as the Bank of England. From these causes, as well as from the original bent of his mind, the favorite theme of thought and conversation with him was finance. Nevertheless, he knew little about the matter. He was a quick, cool calculator, much better fitted to shine at the card-table than in the treasury of a nation.

While living the life of a man of fashion in London he killed a gentleman in a duel, for which he was tried as a murderer and sentenced to death. He was pardoned by the king, and went upon the continent. Roaming about among the capitals of Europe, extravagant and licentious, he soon wasted his fortune, and

resorted to gambling to repair it. High play was then the reigning pleasure of society in every country in Europe. Louis XIV. was not displeased when he heard that the Portuguese Ambassador had won eighteen hundred thousand francs of his niece in a single night. High play, he thought, became a princess of the royal house of France, and he was willing Europe should know on what a scale of grandeur gambling was done at his court. John Law, cool, adroit, calculating, found the careless nobles of the time an easy prey. A stout footman preceded him to the houses of his antagonists, carrying two heavy bags of gold, and the servant usually had a heavier load to carry home than the one he brought. In the course of a few years, besides living like a prince, he could produce in ready money a sum equal in our currency to a million dollars. Indeed, such was his success, that he was suspected of cheating, and, at last, few ventured to play with him.

Tired of this wandering existence, he returned to Scotland, where he renewed his former studies in finance, upon which he published a treatise, entitled "Considerations upon Money and Commerce." Paper money was his favorite branch of financial science. He proposed the establishment of a Bank of Scotland, the credit of which should be founded upon the landed estates of its stockholders, which estates should be pledged to the redemption of its notes. His idea was, that since money is of no value in itself, but only a representative of value, paper money is as good as gold, — *provided you can only make people think so*. The canny Scotch people, however, did not fancy the scheme, and Law resumed his vagabond life.

Toward the close of the reign of Louis XIV. he came to Paris, where he won such enormous sums at the game then called "pharao," that the lieutenant of police ordered him to leave the city, alleging for a reason that he "understood the game he had introduced *too well*." He obeyed the order, but not before he had made an ineffaceable impression upon the mind of the Duc d'Orleans, nephew of the old king, and about to be regent of the kingdom. Law's brilliant and shallow talk upon finance, aided by the graceful wickedness of his life, captivated the ignorant, rash, and dissolute prince. The Duc

d'Orleans was not in favor with the king, and he could not save Law from expulsion ; but he retained the conviction that if there was a man in the world who understood the science of money, that man was John Law.

The extravagant old king died in 1715, leaving the finances of the kingdom in inconceivable disorder, — a thousand times worse than the finances of the United States at the close of the revolutionary war. An anecdote of the last year of Louis XIV. will show to what miserable expedients the king's ministers were reduced.

The king wished to give one more of his great festivals at Versailles, and ordered his minister of finance to provide the money, — four millions of francs. The treasury was empty, and the credit of the government was gone. A royal bond of one hundred francs was worth thirty-five francs. One day, when the minister was pacing his ante-chamber, considering how he should raise the sum required, he perceived, through an open door, two of his servants looking over the papers on his desk. An idea darted into his mind. He drew up the scheme of a grand lottery, which he pretended was designed to pay off a certain description of bonds. This scheme, half written out, he left upon his desk, and remained absent for a considerable time. His two lackeys were, as he supposed, employed by stock-jobbers to discover the intentions of the government with regard to the issue and redemption of its bonds. They did their work, and at once the bonds began to rise in price, and went up in a few days from thirty-five to eighty-five. When they had reached the price last named and were in active demand, the minister issued and slipped upon the market new bonds enough to furnish him with the needful four millions of francs. The trick was soon discovered, and the bonds dropped to twenty-eight. The last loan negotiated by Louis XIV. was effected at the rate of four hundred for one hundred, the government binding itself to pay four hundred francs for every one hundred received. Such were some of the evils arising from having a pompous old fool at the head of a great nation.

When the king died, there was not merely an immense public debt, but that debt was in a condition of perfect chaos. Louis

XIV. had raised money in every conceivable way, and on all conceivable terms. He had sold annuities for one life, for two lives, for three lives, and in perpetuity. He had issued every kind of bond and promissory note which the ingenuity of his minister could devise, or the reluctance of lenders demand. There had been a very large annual deficit for fifteen successive years, which had been made up by selling offices and borrowing money. When the regent took the reins of power, he found, 1. An almost incalculable debt; 2. Eight hundred millions of francs then due; 3. An empty treasury. Almost every one in Paris, from princes to lackeys, who had any property at all, held the royal paper, then worth one-fourth its apparent value.

What was to be done? They tried the wildest expedients. The coin was adulterated; new bonds, similar to those we call "preferred," were issued; men, enriched by speculating upon the necessities of the government, were squeezed until they gave up their millions. If a man was very rich, and not a nobleman, it was enough; the Bastille, the pillory, and confiscation extracted from him the wherewith to supply the regent's drunken orgies, the extravagance of his mistresses, and the pay of his troops. Servants accused their masters of possessing a secret hoard, and were rewarded for their perfidy with one-half of it. Rich men, trying to escape from the kingdom with their property, were hunted down and brought back to prison and to ruin. Once they seized fourteen kegs of gold coin, hidden in fourteen pipes of wine, just as the wagons were crossing the line into Holland. One great capitalist escaped from the kingdom disguised as a hay-peddler, with his money hidden in his hay. The whole number of persons arrested on the charge of having more money than they wanted, was six thousand; the number condemned and fined was four thousand four hundred and ten, and the amount of money wrung from them was four hundred millions of francs.

In the midst of the consternation caused by this system of plunder, John Law, then aged forty-five years, appeared upon the scene, and soon renewed his intercourse with the regent. He told that ignorant and profligate prince that such violent measures could but aggravate the distress of the kingdom, and

still more impoverish the government. His impeturbable calm, the fluency of his discourse, the unbounded confidence he had in his own ideas, completely fascinated the Duc d'Orleans, who, at length, gave up to his management the disordered finances of France. All the violent measures were suspended; the rich men breathed freely again; the adulteration of the coin was stopped, and nothing more was heard of the scheme, advocated by many, of a formal national bankruptcy.

A bank was Law's first scheme, — capital, six millions of francs, in shares of five thousand francs each; the shares to be paid for in four instalments, — one-fourth in coin, and *three-fourths in royal bonds at their par value!* The regent sent an order throughout the kingdom requiring all tax-gatherers to receive the notes of the bank in payment of all sums due the government. To the bank was soon added a company, called the "Company of the West," designed to settle and trade with the French province of Louisiana. Shares in this company also were purchasable with the same royal bonds at their par value, with the addition of a small percentage in coin or bank notes. A "Guinea Company" was also started, for trading with the coast of Africa, shares in which could be bought, in part, with the king's depreciated paper at the value named upon its face.

These schemes having been launched, the next thing was to impose upon the credulity, and inflame the avarice of, the public. A large engraving was posted about Paris, exhibiting a number of Louisiana Indians running to meet a group of Frenchmen with manifestations of joy and respect, and holding out to them pieces of gold. Underneath the picture was printed the following: —

"You see in this country mountains filled with gold, silver, copper, lead, and quicksilver. As these metals are very common, and as the savages have no suspicion of their value, they barter pieces of gold and silver for European merchandise, such as knives, breast-pins, small mirrors, or even a little brandy."

Another picture appealed to pious souls. It represented a crowd of naked savages on their knees before two Jesuit missionaries, with these explanatory words: —

"Indian idolaters imploring Christian baptism."

By these and other arts John Law wrought upon the ignorance and cupidity of the French people. Other companies were started,—all upon the principle of taking a large part of the price of the shares in the depreciated paper of the government. That paper, as the mania increased, rose in value until it went far above par, and gold was actually at a discount! From the princes of the blood royal to the washerwomen on the quays, the entire people seemed to abandon themselves to speculating in shares and bonds. Readers remember the stock-jobbing and gold speculations in New York during the last two years of the war. Such scenes, and some far more exciting, occurred in Paris while John Law was managing the finances of France. In the *Wall Street* of the city, a short, narrow lane, the crowd was so dense that it was difficult to move about. Dukes and footmen, capitalists and shop-boys, ladies of the court and servant-maids, jostled one another in their eagerness to buy the favorite share of the moment. The provinces poured into Paris tens of thousands of people eager to join in the maddening game, and the mania spread at last to all the countries of Europe. Kings and princes of distant lands bought shares in Law's delusive schemes, and in London the mania raged almost as violently as at Paris. Money was borrowed in Paris at the rate of a quarter per cent. per quarter of an hour, the lender keeping his eyes upon his watch. Desk-room was let in the vicinity of the share-market for fifty francs a day. Shares, bonds, and coin changed in value fifty times in a morning. So popular was the magician who had conjured up this state of things, that large sums were given for places where he could be seen in passing, and it was a distinction to be able to say, "I have seen John Law." A poor old cobbler, who had a little shop in the street thus suddenly invested with so much importance, cleared two hundred francs a day by letting chairs and desks, and selling pens and paper. Men made fortunes in a few days. People who were lackeys one week kept lackeys the next. Law's own coachman came to him one day and addressed him thus:—

"I am going to leave you, sir. Here are two young men,

both of whom, I answer for it, are excellent coachmen. Take your choice, and I will keep the other myself."

This madness raged in Europe eight months, during which people thought the age of gold had come; for, while hundreds of thousands appeared to gain, very few seemed to lose. The constant rise in price of shares and royal paper appeared to enrich everybody, and ruin nobody.

The reaction, I need not say, was terrific. When first the suspicion arose that all these fine fortunes were founded upon paper of fictitious value, it spread with alarming rapidity. By various adroit manœuvres Law checked the progress of distrust, but he could only check it. The rush to "realize" grew in volume and intensity from day to day, until it became a universal panic. Paper in all its varieties fell almost to nothing, and no man reckoned anything of value except gold, silver, and real estate. Probably one hundred thousand persons in Europe were totally ruined, and a million more suffered losses. The French laugh at everything. Some wag at this time posted up the following:—

"Monday, I bought some shares,
Tuesday, I gained my millions,
Wednesday, I re-furnished my house,
Thursday, I set up a carriage,
Friday, I went to a ball,
And Saturday to the poor-house."

John Law himself was ruined. Of all the large fortune which he had brought into France, he saved but a few thousand francs. The public indignation drove him from the post of minister, and compelled him to leave the country. He again wandered from capital to capital, supporting himself by gambling, and died at Venice in 1729, aged fifty-eight years.

GENERAL HENRY KNOX.



A CONSPICUOUS and important character, in his day, was Henry Knox, the first secretary of war of the United States under the present constitution. Born in Boston, in 1750, of Scotch-Irish parents, we catch our first glimpse of him as a boy attending the Boston Common Schools and attracting the notice of the townsmen by his handsome countenance and agreeable manners. John Adams speaks of him, in his Autobiography, as a youth whose pleasing demeanor and intelligent mind had won his regard several years before the revolutionary war. In those days the boys who resided at the North-End of Boston were in perpetual feud with those who lived at the South-End, and many a contest occurred between them on Saturday afternoons. Young Knox was of a frame so robust and powerful, and of a spirit so undaunted and adventurous, that he became a kind of boy-generalissimo of the South-End.

As a young man, too, he was still distinguished for his physical beauty and strength. It is related of him, by an early writer, that, on one occasion, in Boston, when a heavy vehicle employed in a procession broke down, young Knox placed his shoulder under the axle and carried it for some distance through the crowd. At the usual age he was apprenticed to a bookseller, and in due time had a bookstore of his own in Boston, which grew to be one of the most extensive in the province. The winning manners of the young bookseller attracted to his shop both the professors of the neighboring university and the young ladies of the city, who have always been noted for their love of reading.

From the first hour of the differences between Massachusetts and the mother country, he took the side of his native land, and

was one of the earliest promoters and members of the Boston military companies, which, during the revolutionary war, furnished so many valuable officers to the patriot army. He belonged to an artillery company, as well as to a battalion of Grenadiers, which was greatly renowned at the time for the excellence of its discipline. To the Boston of that day it was what the Seventh Regiment now is to New York. Having access to books, the young man made a considerable collection of military works, which he not only read himself, but distributed among his fellow-soldiers. No young man of his day, perhaps, contributed more to the cultivation of a military spirit and to the accumulation of military knowledge, among the young men of Boston, than Henry Knox. Far, however, was he from supposing, when he first went out to drill upon Boston Common, that the first use he would make of his military science would be to contend in arms against the troops of his king.

Among the young ladies who came to his store to buy books was the beautiful daughter of a high official under the royal government. She was pleased with the handsome young bookseller, who, in his turn, was completely captivated by her. The parents of the young lady, being in full sympathy with the Tory administration, placed such obstacles in the way of the union of these young people, that their marriage was at last effected by an expedient that differed little from a downright elopement. Her friends, it is said, regarded her as a disgraced woman, since she had allied herself with a man who adhered to a cause which, they thought, implied social as well as moral degradation. Mrs. Knox may sometimes have smiled at the recollection of this when, as the wife of a cabinet minister and distinguished general, she was a centre of attraction in the most refined and elegant circle at the seat of government.

The war began. A continental army gathered around Boston, and the first conflict between it and the British troops had occurred. On a fine morning in June, 1775, a few days before the battle of Bunker Hill, Henry Knox, being then twenty-five years of age, shut his shop for the last time, and prepared to join the forces under General Washington. The

British commander had issued an order that no one should take arms out of the city. Being resolved, however, to take his sword with him, his wife concealed it in her garments, and the two walked together out of the city, and succeeded in escaping the observation of the British outposts. Before another week had elapsed, Mrs. Knox was safe in the country, and her husband was assisting to defend Bunker Hill, as a volunteer aide-de-camp to the general in command. His services just then were of the greatest value, since he was one of the very few men in camp who had informed themselves respecting the mode of constructing field-works. He also understood the handling of artillery. Washington's attention was soon drawn to him, and he was immediately employed in the construction of the system of works by which Boston was gradually enclosed, and its garrison at length compelled to put to sea. We find him, next, elected to the command of a company of artillery, not only by the unanimous vote of the men, but with the cordial consent of its former captain, who felt himself too old for active service.

Being thus in command of an artillery company, his first care was to get artillery for it, — a task of considerable difficulty in a country destitute of the means of making cannon. The first exploit, which drew upon him the attention and the applause of the whole army, was his getting a supply of cannon from Fort Ticonderoga on Lake Champlain. In the dead of winter he travelled through the wilderness to this celebrated fort, and there prepared a long train of sleds and gathered a drove of oxen. He returned to camp in 1776, with fifty pieces of ordnance on sleds, all drawn by oxen, and thus furnished the means of arming the field-works which he had assisted to construct. Great was the joy of the army upon the arrival of this train, and Captain Knox was the lion of the hour. John Adams mentions, in his diary, being taken to see the pieces, and he evidently felt all the value of the acquisition, as well as the gallantry of his young friend to whom it was due.

When the British troops had abandoned Boston, and New York became the scene of warfare, Captain Knox performed similar services in defending the new position. During the operations on Long Island and the subsequent retreat from New

York, he commanded all the artillery of the army, and was one of the very last officers to leave the city. He remained, indeed, so long as to be left in the rear of the British troops, and he escaped being taken prisoner only by going to the river, seizing a boat, and rowing along the shore as far as Harlem. His comrades had given him up for lost. When he came into view he was welcomed with cheers, and General Washington gave him an old-fashioned embrace. He had one excellent quality of an artillery officer, — a voice of stentorian power. When General Washington crossed the Delaware, Colonel Knox, it is said, was of the greatest assistance from the fact that his orders could be heard from one side of the river to the other.

He continued to serve, with zeal and ability, during the whole war. He was known in the army as one of General Washington's special adherents and partisans, and the commander-in-chief, on more than one occasion, interposed his authority in behalf of General Knox. When, for example, it was proposed to place the artillery in command of a French general, Washington gave so high a character, as an artillerist, to General Knox, that the scheme was frustrated. Mr. Adams relates an incident which shows that Knox was equally solicitous for the reputation of his chief.

"The news of my appointment to France," says Mr. Adams, "was whispered about, and General Knox came up to dine with me at Braintree. The design of his visit was, as I soon perceived, to sound me in relation to General Washington. He asked me what my opinion of him was. I answered, with the utmost frankness, that I thought him a perfectly honest man, with an amiable and excellent heart, and the most important character at that time among us; for he was the centre of our Union. He asked the question, he said, because, as I was going to Europe, it was of importance that the general's character should be supported in other countries. I replied, that he might be perfectly at his ease on the subject, for he might depend upon it that, both from principle and affection, public and private, I should do my utmost to support his character at all times and in all places, unless something should happen very greatly to alter my opinion of him."

To sum up the services of General Knox in the Revolution, it is only necessary to say that, at every important engagement and during every important operation, directed by the commander-in-chief in person, General Knox performed, perfectly to his general's satisfaction, the duties devolving upon the chief of artillery. From the siege of Boston, where he not only directed but provided the artillery, to the siege of Yorktown, where, said Washington, "the resources of his genius supplied the defect of means," Knox was always present, active, and skilful.

The war over, he was ordered to the command of West Point, and it was he who directed the disbandment of the troops. He has the credit, as he once had the discredit, of suggesting the Society of the Cincinnati, and the first outline of its organization is still preserved in his own handwriting. Upon the evacuation of New York, he rode by Washington's side when he entered and took possession of the city; and at the celebrated farewell interview between the general and his officers, Knox was the first man whom Washington embraced.

A few years later, when Washington came to the presidency, General Knox was named by him to the secretaryship of war, — a post which he held for four years. The reader is aware that, during the first term of General Washington's administration, the two parties were formed which have ever since, under different names, contended for the ascendancy. General Knox was a Federalist, and, as such, shared the odium attached to a party not in harmony with the instincts of the people. Retiring from office in 1795, he removed to Maine, then an outlying province of Massachusetts, where he engaged extensively in business. It appears he was unsuccessful, for in one of Mr. Jefferson's letters of 1799, he says: "General Knox has become bankrupt for four hundred thousand dollars, and has resigned his military commission. He took in General Lincoln for one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, which breaks him. Colonel Jackson, also, sunk with him." The cause of this misfortune, or, at least, one of the causes, appears to have been an excessive profusion in living and general expenditure. He died in 1806, aged fifty-six years.

Among his friends, both personal and political, General Knox was exceedingly beloved, since he was of an eminently buoyant, happy, and liberal disposition. A respectable soldier and a sterling patriot, he appears to have acquitted himself well in the office of secretary of war, and he retained to the last the warm friendship and approbation of his old commander.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON.



IN the British West Indies, near that Danish group which, they say, Mr. Seward desires to purchase for the United States, there is a circular island containing about twenty square miles, named Nevis. It now contains a population of eleven thousand, and produces for export every year about a hundred thousand dollars' worth of sugar. This island has a governor, and a legislature of fifteen members; it has five parishes, and a public revenue about as large as the salary of our president. To this island, a Scotchman named Hamilton emigrated about the year 1747, and established himself in business as a merchant. He married there a lady of French descent, the daughter of a physician. The fruit of this union was a boy, who lived to be the celebrated Alexander Hamilton, of American history.

The mother of this distinguished man had a short and unhappy life. Her first husband was a Dane, a man of wealth, with whom she lived miserably, and from whom she was finally divorced. Soon after her marriage with the father of Alexander Hamilton, he became a bankrupt, and saved scarcely anything from the wreck of his estate. While Alexander was still a young child, she died, but not before she had made an indelible impression upon the character and memory of her son. His mother dead, and his father a poor and dependent man, the boy was taken home by some relations of his mother who lived upon one of the adjacent Danish islands, where he learned the French language, and became an eager reader of books in both French and English. In his twelfth year he was a merchant's clerk or apprentice, — a situation little to his taste, but the duties of which he discharged with perfect fidelity.

At that early day, as at the present time, it was customary

for the West Indians to send their children to school in New York and Philadelphia. One of the earliest letters of Hamilton that we possess, is one written by him when he was twelve years of age to a boy of his acquaintance who had gone away to be educated in New York.

"To confess my weakness, Ned," he wrote, "my ambition is prevalent; so that I condemn the grovelling condition of a clerk, or the like, to which my fortune condemns me, and would willingly risk my life, though not my character, to exalt my station. I am confident, Ned, that my youth excludes me from any hopes of immediate preferment, nor do I desire it; but I mean to prepare the way for futurity. I am no philosopher, you see, and may be justly said to build castles in the air; my folly makes me ashamed, and beg you will conceal it; yet, Neddy, we have seen such schemes successful when the projector is constant. I shall conclude by saying, I wish there was a war."

This was a curious passage to come from the pen of a merchant's boy in a little island of the sea, at a period so early as 1769. Certainly there was small chance of "preferment" for him in the West Indies, nor did there seem any likelihood of his transfer to a more promising scene. For three years he served in the counting-house, and acquired therein something of that knowledge of figures and that aptitude for finance which he afterwards turned to so good an account.

An accident, as it seems, decided his destiny. When he was fifteen years of age he had the opportunity of witnessing one of those terrific hurricanes which occasionally sweep over the islands of the Caribbean Sea, prostrating in their course the works of man and the trees of the forest. He wrote a description of this storm, which was published in a newspaper, and handed about in the group as a great wonder for so young a writer. His engaging manners, also, had made him many friends, who, it appears, were all of one opinion, that so valuable a mind ought not to remain uncultivated. Accordingly, he was sent to New York for education. On his arrival, he was placed in a school at Elizabethtown, in New Jersey, — a place where many families of distinction then resided, whose acquaint-

ance he formed, and who were afterwards of use to him. In a few months he entered the college in New York which was then called King's College, but is now known as Columbia; where, besides pursuing the usual course, he attended lectures upon anatomy, with the intention of becoming a physician.

At college he was distinguished in the debating society, and he wrote comic poems, ridiculing the Tory editors of the day. It was while still a student of the college that he made his first public address to the citizens of New York. His son tells us that he was then accustomed to walk several hours each day under the shade of some noble trees which stood in Batteau Street (now called Dey Street) talking to himself, or deeply meditating upon the mighty events transpiring about him. This strange habit attracted the attention of those who lived near, to whom he was only known as "the young West Indian," and some of them engaged him in conversation, and thus discovered the vigor and maturity of his mind. A great political meeting was to be held in the city, to which all the Whigs were looking forward with eager expectation, and his new friends, who had been struck with his patriotic sentiments, urged him to address this meeting. At first he recoiled from the ordeal; but, as the meeting went on, and several important points remained untouched by the speakers, he took courage, and presented himself to the people. His son says, in his biography of Hamilton:—

"The novelty of the attempt, his youthful countenance, his slender and diminutive form, awakened curiosity and arrested attention. Overawed by the scene before him, he at first hesitated and faltered; but as he proceeded almost unconsciously to utter his accustomed reflections, his mind warmed with the theme, his energies were recovered; and, after a discussion, clear, cogent, and novel, of the great principles involved in the controversy, he depicted in glowing colors, the long-continued and long-endured oppressions of the mother country; he insisted on the duty of resistance, pointed to the means and certainty of success, and described the waves of the rebellion sparkling with fire and washing back on the shores of England the wrecks of her power, her wealth, and her glory. The

breathless silence ceased as he closed ; and the whispered murmur, — 'It is a collegian — it is a collegian !' was lost in loud expressions of wonder and applause at the extraordinary eloquence of the young stranger."

He was then but seventeen years of age, and yet from that time to the end of his life he could be considered a public *man*. While still in college, he was one of a military company who used to drill in a part of the city very near where Harper's bookstore now stands. The company were called "Hearts of Oak," and it was this youthful band which removed the cannon from the Battery, under the fire of a British man-of-war, that killed several citizens and one of Hamilton's own comrades. This was the first conflict of arms which took place in the State of New York. At nineteen he was captain of artillery, and employed part of his last remittance from home in equipping his company.

The most important event in this part of his life was his attracting the notice of General Washington. Soon after the retreat from New York, when the American army occupied the upper part of Manhattan Island, Hamilton was employed in constructing an earthwork. Washington noticed the alert and vigorous young officer, and marked the intelligence and skill which he was displaying in the erection of his fort. The general entered into conversation with him, invited him to headquarters, and thus began a friendship with him which, with the exception of one brief interval, terminated only with the general's life. During the terrible New Jersey campaign, Hamilton's artillerymen did excellent service in the rear of the army, checking the advance of the British ; and by the time the battle of Trenton turned the tide of ill-fortune, the company was reduced to twenty-five men.

Ere long, General Washington invited Captain Hamilton to accept a position on his staff, which Hamilton did, to his lasting regret. His quick and ardent mind fretted under the caution and delay necessitated by General Washington's position ; nor did he relish writing despatches, when other men were performing service in the field. This impatience and discontent led

finally to a rupture between General Washington and his aide-de-camp, the particulars of which Hamilton himself has related.

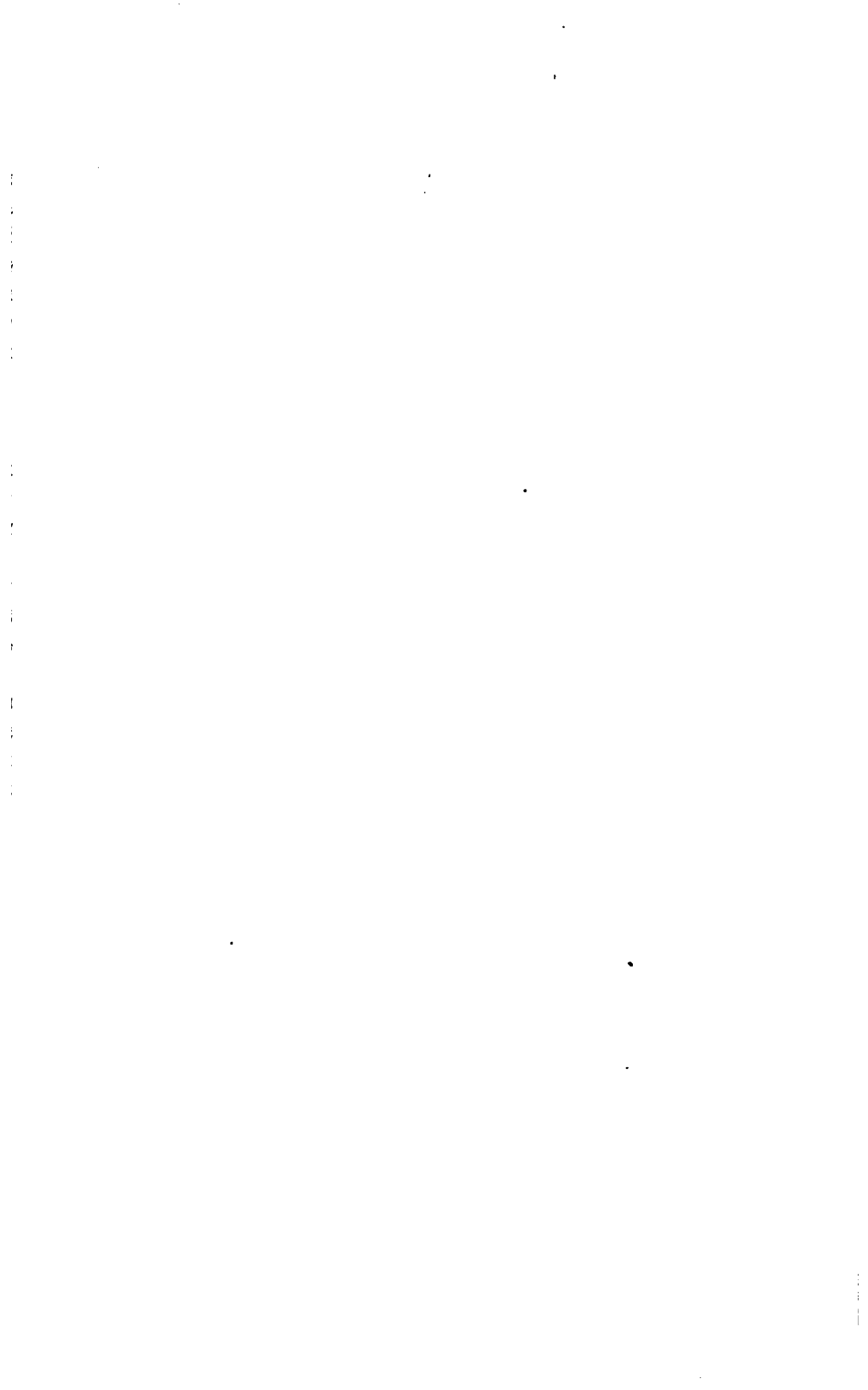
"Two days ago," he wrote, in 1781, "the general and I passed each other on the stairs; he told me he wanted to speak with me; I answered that I would wait upon him immediately. I went below and delivered Mr. Tilghman a letter to be sent to the commissary, containing an order of a pressing and interesting nature. Returning to the general, I was stopped on the way by the Marquis de la Fayette, and we conversed together about a minute, on a matter of business. He can testify how impatient I was to get back, and that I left him in a manner which, but for our intimacy, would have been more than abrupt. Instead of finding the general, as is usual, in his room, I met him at the head of the stairs, where, accosting me in an angry voice, 'Colonel Hamilton,' said he, 'you have kept me waiting at the head of the stairs these ten minutes; I must tell you, sir, you treat me with disrespect.' I replied, without petulancy, but with decision, 'I am not conscious of it, sir, but since you have thought it necessary to tell me so, we part.' 'Very well, sir,' said he, 'if it be your choice,' or something to that effect, and we separated. I sincerely believe my absence, which gave so much umbrage, did not last two minutes. In less than an hour after, Mr. Tilghman came to me in the general's name, assuring me of his confidence in my ability, integrity, usefulness, etc., and of his desire, in a candid conversation, to heal a difference which could not have happened but in a moment of passion. I requested Mr. Tilghman to tell him, first, that I had taken my resolution in a manner not to be revoked."

The truth was that Hamilton was burning for active service, and was glad of an excuse for retiring from a position which was little more attractive to him than that of a clerk. His desires were soon gratified.

During the revolutionary war he was so lucky as to win the hand and heart of one of the daughters of General Schuyler, the head of one of the most distinguished and powerful families in the State of New York; and it was this fortunate marriage which first gave to his position in America something of consistence and stability. Retiring from the triumph of Yorktown,

in which he bore a gallant part, and won the admiration of both the French and the American armies, he abandoned his former intention of becoming a doctor, and began the study of the law at Albany, where he was admitted to the bar. He settled in New York, where he soon shared with Aaron Burr the cream of the New York practice, but was speedily called away to the service of the public. In the convention which formed our present constitution he was one of the youngest, and yet one of the most influential members. When Washington came to the presidency, one of his first acts was to name the young West Indian — then but thirty-three years of age — to the most difficult post in his administration, that of secretary of the treasury. From this position, after four years of service, he was compelled to retire, because the salary would not support his family. Albert Gallatin, who became secretary of the treasury twenty years after, said that Alexander Hamilton had so regulated the business of the office, as to make it a sinecure for his successors; and, I have been informed, that as late as 1860, the business continued to be done upon the plans and methods established by Hamilton at the beginning of the government. He returned to the practice of his profession in New York, where, for many years, he shone without a peer, and with only one rival, — the man to whom he owed his death. In the year 1804, in his forty-seventh year, he fell at Weehawken, in a duel with Aaron Burr.

Both in public and in private life Hamilton exhibited shining virtues, and committed, as I think, deplorable errors. His chief fault, as a private citizen, was licentiousness, to which he appears to have been grossly addicted. As a public man, he was what we should now call an extreme conservative. He thought the British government the best possible government, and he strove in all ways to make the American government like it. No faith had Alexander Hamilton in the capacity of the American people, or any people, to govern themselves. This, however, was only an error of the understanding; for a purer patriotism than his never burned in the breast of a human being.







THE ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE PRESIDENT JACKSON.

TOWARDS the end of January, 1835, Warren R. Davis, a member of the House of Representatives from South Carolina, was dying at his residence in the city of Washington. Though forgotten now, except in his own State, he was a man of note in his day, an able speaker, a member of that clique of Southern politicians whose centre and chief was Mr. Calhoun; but a man so estimable that he was held in respect by many of the opposite party. He appears to have been sincerely persuaded of the truth of Mr. Calhoun's nullification doctrines, and gave them a hearty, honest support.

As he was dying, Mr. Calhoun called to see him.

"How are you?" inquired the senator.

"To judge by my own feelings," said Mr. Davis, "much better; but by the countenances of my friends, not."

He then begged to be told the truth respecting his condition, and the physician informed him that he had but a few hours to live. On hearing this, he instantly turned to Mr. Calhoun, and beckoned him to come near his bedside.

"I hear," said he, "they are giving you rough treatment in the Senate. Let a dying friend implore you to guard your looks and words so that no undue warmth may make you appear unworthy of your principles."

The senator was much affected. A day or two after, Miss Martineau, to whom he had told this story, was in the senate-chamber, and observed that, under a very sharp attack by Colonel Benton, he exhibited a degree of patience and moderation that was not usual with him. For two full hours, she remarks, he sat in stern silence, hearing his veracity questioned, not moving a muscle of his countenance; and then

quietly renewing his argument at the point where Benton had interrupted him. She attributed this to the effect of his friend's last admonition.

Mr. Davis dying while Congress was in session, he had a public funeral. The funeral of a member of Congress at the capitol is always a solemn and imposing ceremonial; but peculiar circumstances rendered that of Mr. Davis eminently such. The nullification imbroglio having been settled without bloodshed, there was a prevalent desire to still farther conciliate South Carolina, and show her that the other States still regarded her as a sister, and were disposed to forget and forgive her nullification vagaries. This feeling, added to the general respect entertained for the deceased member, caused a larger attendance than usual of members, judges, cabinet ministers, and other official persons. The president himself resolved to attend, to give a public mark of his love for the State of which he considered himself a native, and to show that much as he abhorred John C. Calhoun, the author of nullification, he had no ill will toward his deluded followers.

The usual solemnities were performed in the hall of the House of Representatives. On the platform sat the speaker of the House and the president of the Senate; below them, in the clerk's seat, was the officiating clergyman. On the floor, in front of the clerk's desk, the coffin was placed. On one side of it were seated the president and his cabinet; on the other were the judges of the Supreme Court and the senators. The members of the House were in their usual seats, and the galleries were crowded with spectators. It was remarked that, in the accidental arrangement of the seats, Andrew Jackson and John C. Calhoun, mortal foes as they were, were so placed that they sat opposite to one another, almost knee to knee. Both were gaunt and sallow with disease or age. They could not look up without seeing what ravages time and excitement had made in one another's countenances since they used to meet as the most cordial of friends. The president, especially, looked so feeble, as he sat leaning on his stick, that many who were near him feared he would not be able to remain until the ceremonies ended. He was then sixty-eight years of age; his

bristling hair was as white as snow; and old wounds, received in his duel with Dickinson and in his affray with the Bentons, had brought on premature old age.

The clergyman, in his funeral discourse, dwelt upon the folly of allowing evil passions and personal hatreds to mingle in the deliberations of the national legislature, and called upon his hearers to bury such feelings in the grave of their departed associate. General Jackson, who was always very attentive at church, and particularly liked a good sermon, listened to these remarks with apparent satisfaction.

The service over, the procession was formed to accompany the body to its last resting-place in the congressional burying-ground. At some little distance behind the coffin walked the president, with a member of his cabinet on each side of him. He leaned heavily on his long, stout, black walking-stick, and it was evident that the slow funereal step was one that suited well his enfeebled frame. Across the great rotunda of the capitol the procession marched. The body had been borne down the lofty flight of marble steps in front of the building; the president, with his two companions, had just reached the door, and was about to step out upon the portico, where a path between two dense masses of spectators had been kept clear by the police.

At the moment when the white head of the president appeared in the doorway, towering above the gentlemen around and behind him, a man stepped from the crowd into the open space in front of the president, and stopped at the distance of eight feet from him. He had a cloak on, which covered his arms. Presenting a pistol full at the breast of the president, he pulled the trigger. The cap exploded with a loud report, but the pistol missed fire. The man instantly dropped the pistol, and took another, which he had in his left hand, cocked, and concealed under his cloak. This also he attempted to fire, but the cap exploded without discharging the pistol. This double failure was very remarkable, since the pistols were found to be in perfect order and properly loaded; and when provided with other caps never missed fire, though the experiment was repeated twenty times.

As soon as General Jackson perceived the man's object, all the warrior was roused within him, and he rushed upon the assassin with uplifted cane and blazing eye. The man shrank back from the blow and attempted to escape. A young naval officer, who was standing near, knocked him down, and he was immediately secured and taken to prison. The president, who, during his recent war upon the Bank of the United States, had often been vaguely threatened with assassination, jumped to the conclusion that this attempt was prompted by his political enemies. Possessed with this idea, he was so transported with fury, that his friends, seeing the impossibility of his taking part in the remaining solemnities of the funeral, hurried him into his carriage, and had him driven rapidly home to the White House, — a distance of two miles. He continued to protest that the assassin was only a tool in the hands of his enemies; and he even went so far as to name one distinguished member of Congress as the head of the conspiracy.

The prisoner was immediately examined. He gave his name as Richard Lawrence; by birth English, though a resident of the United States from boyhood; by trade, a house-painter; age, about twenty-five. He appeared utterly unconcerned as to his crime and its consequences; and, though freely acknowledging that he had attempted to kill the president, refused to make any explanation as to his motives. The impression made upon the court was that he was either a madman or a most cunning dissembler; and, accordingly, the marshal of the district requested two of the leading physicians of Washington to examine him privately and report upon his mental condition. To these gentlemen the prisoner was sufficiently communicative.

The examination of this man has always struck me as being a very curious chapter in the natural history of insanity. Insane he certainly was; but insane only in some parts of his mind. In the very act of attempting to kill the president, he was influenced by a regard for the safety of others, and even by a respect for the proprieties of the occasion. When asked why he did not fire at the president before the ceremony began, at a certain moment when he had an excellent opportunity, he replied, that he did not wish to interrupt the funeral, and there-

fore determined to wait till it was over. The following passage of the physician's report reveals a strange blending of sanity and insanity in the same brain : —

"He further stated that he aimed each pistol at the president's heart, and intended, if the first pistol had gone off, and the president had fallen, to have defended himself with the second, if defence had been necessary. On being asked if he did not expect to have been killed on the spot, if he had killed the president, he replied he did not ; and that he had no doubt but that he would have been protected by the spectators. He was frequently questioned whether he had any friends present, from whom he expected protection. To this he replied, that he never had mentioned his intention to any one, and that no one in particular knew his design ; but that he presumed it was generally known that he intended to put the president out of the way. He further stated, that when the president arrived at the door, near which he stood, finding him supported on the left by Mr. Woodbury, and observing many persons in his rear, and being himself rather to the right of the president, in order to avoid wounding Mr. Woodbury, and those in the rear, he stepped a little to his own right, so that should the ball pass through the body of the president, it would be received by the door-frame, or stone wall. On being asked if he felt no trepidation during the attempt, he replied, not the slightest, until he found that the second pistol had missed fire. Then observing that the president was advancing upon him, with an uplifted cane, he feared that it contained a sword, which might have been thrust through him before he could have been protected by the crowd. And when interrogated as to the motive which induced him to attempt the assassination of the president, he replied, that he had been told that the president had caused his loss of occupation, and the consequent want of money, and he believed that to put him out of the way was the only remedy for this evil."

From statements of this nature he would ramble into pure madness, saying that his family had been wrongfully deprived of the throne of England, which he expected to regain ; that he looked upon the President of the United States merely as his clerk ; and that the powers of Europe would not permit the

United States to punish him for what he had done. The most conclusive indication of insanity was his perfect tranquillity of pulse and demeanor; a thing impossible to feign successfully in such circumstances and before men of experience. The full report of the physicians was so convincing as to the insanity of the prisoner that he was not even brought to trial, but was immediately placed in an asylum. The man had been long out of work; and hearing on all sides the fiercest denunciations of General Jackson as the cause both of his own and the public misfortunes, the project of killing him gradually fastened itself in a mind predisposed to insanity, and still further impaired by brooding over his unhappy condition.

There was one individual in the United States upon whom the physician's report made no impression, namely, Andrew Jackson; and there were not wanting base creatures to confirm him in his incredulity. The *Globe* itself, the organ of his administration, did not scruple to insinuate that "a secret conspiracy had prompted the horrible deed." A few days after, Miss Martineau, in a conversation with the president, happened to allude to the affair as an "insane attempt." He took fire at the words, and declared vehemently, in the hearing of a large company, that there was no insanity in the case, but that there was a plot to assassinate him, and that Lawrence was the tool of a band of conspirators. The lady was silent, and changed the conversation. The truth was, that General Jackson, enfeebled by age and disease, worn down by seven years of ceaseless excitement, had become so morbid on some points as not to be himself of perfectly sound judgment.

LA FAYETTE.

IN the year 1730 there appeared in Paris a little volume entitled, "Philosophic Letters," which proved to be one of the most influential books produced in modern times.

It was written by Voltaire, who was then thirty-six years of age, and contained the results of his observations upon the English nation, in which he had resided for two years. Paris was then as far from London, for all practicable purposes, as New York now is from Calcutta; so that when Voltaire told his countrymen of the freedom that prevailed in England, — of the tolerance given to the religious sects, — of the honors paid to untitled merit, — of Newton, buried in Westminster Abbey with almost regal pomp, — of Addison, Secretary of State, and Swift, familiar with prime ministers, — and of the general liberty, happiness, and abundance of the kingdom, — Franco listened in wonder as to a new revelation. The work was, of course, immediately placed under the ban by the French government, and the author exiled, which only gave it increased currency and deeper influence.

This was the beginning of the movement which produced, at length, the French Revolution of 1787, and which will continue until France is blessed with a free and constitutional government. It began in the higher classes of the people, for at that day not more than one-third of the French could read at all; and a much smaller fraction could read such a work as the "Philosophic Letters," and the books which it called forth. Republicanism was fashionable in the drawing-rooms of Paris for many years before the mass of the people knew what the word meant.

Among the young noblemen who were early smitten in the

midst of a despotism with the love of liberty was the Marquis de La Fayette, born in 1757. Few families in Europe could boast a greater antiquity than his. A century before the discovery of America, we find the La Fayettees spoken of as an "ancient house;" and in every generation, at least, one member of the family had distinguished himself by his services to his king. This young man, coming upon the stage of life when republican ideas were teeming in every cultivated mind, embraced them with all the ardor of youth and intelligence. At sixteen he refused a high post in the household of one of the princes of the blood, and accepted a commission in the army. At the age of seventeen he was married to the daughter of a duke, whose dowry added a considerable fortune to his own ample possessions. She was an exceedingly lovely woman, and tenderly attached to her husband, and he was as fond of her as such a boy could be.

The American Revolution broke out. In common with all the high-born republicans of his time, his heart warmly espoused the cause of the revolted colonies, and he immediately conceived the project of going to America and fighting under her banner. He was scarcely nineteen years of age when he sought a secret interview with Silas Deane, the American envoy, and offered his services to the Congress. Mr. Deane, it appears, objected to his youth.

"When," says he, "I presented to the envoy my boyish face, I spoke more of my ardor in the cause than of my experience; but I dwelt much upon the effect my departure would excite in France, and he signed our mutual agreement."

His intention was concealed from his family and from all his friends, except two or three confidants. While he was making preparations for his departure, most distressing and alarming news came from America, — the retreat from Long Island, the loss of New York, the battle of White Plains, and the retreat through New Jersey. The American forces, it was said, reduced to a disheartened band of three thousand militia, were pursued by a triumphant army of thirty-three thousand English and Hessians. The credit of the colonies at Paris sunk to the lowest ebb, and some of the Americans themselves confessed to

La Fayette that they were discouraged, and persuaded him to abandon his project. He said to Mr. Deane:—

"Until now, sir, you have only seen my ardor in your cause, and that may not prove at present wholly useless. I shall purchase a ship to carry out your officers. We must feel confidence in the future; and it is especially in the hour of danger that I wish to share your fortune."

He proceeded at once with all possible secrecy to raise the money and to purchase and arm a ship. While the ship was getting ready, in order the better to conceal his intention, he made a journey to England, which had previously been arranged by his family. He was presented to the British king, against whom he was going to fight; he danced at the house of the minister who had the department of the colonies; he visited Lord Rawdon, afterwards distinguished in the Revolutionary struggle; he saw at the opera Sir Henry Clinton, whom he next saw on the battle-field of Monmouth; and he breakfasted with Lord Shelburne, a friend of the colonies.

"While I concealed my intentions," he tells us, "I openly avowed my sentiments. I often defended the Americans. I rejoiced at their success at Trenton; and it was my spirit of opposition that obtained for me an invitation to breakfast with Lord Shelburne."

On his return to France his project was discovered and his departure forbidden by the king. He sailed, however, in May, 1777, cheered by his countrymen, and secretly approved by the government itself. On arriving at Philadelphia, he sent to Congress a remarkably brief epistle to the following effect:—

"After my sacrifices, I have the right to ask two favors: one is, to serve at my own expense; the other, to begin to serve as a volunteer."

Congress immediately named him a major-general of the American army, and he at once reported himself to General Washington. His services at the Brandywine, where he was badly wounded; in Virginia, where he held an important command; at Monmouth, where he led the attack,—are sufficiently well known. When he had been in America about fifteen months, the news came of the impending declaration of war

between France and England. He then wrote to Congress that, so long as he had believed himself free, he had gladly fought under the American flag; but that his own country being at war, he owed to it the homage of his services, and he desired their permission to return home. He hoped, however, to come back to America; and assured them that, wherever he went, he should be a zealous friend of the United States. Congress gave him leave of absence, voted him a sword, and wrote a letter on his behalf to the King of France.

"We recommend this noble young man," said the letter of Congress, "to the favor of your Majesty, because we have seen him wise in council, brave in battle, and patient under the fatigues of war."

He was received in France with great distinction, which he amusingly describes:—

"When I went to court, which had hitherto only written for me orders for my arrest, I was presented to the ministers. I was interrogated, complimented, and exiled—to the hotel where my wife was residing. Some days after, I wrote to the king to acknowledge *my fault*. I received in reply a light reprimand and the colonelcy of the Royal Dragoons. Consulted by all the ministers, and, what was much better, embraced by all the women, I had at Versailles the favor of the king, and celebrity at Paris."

In the midst of his popularity he thought always of America, and often wished that the cost of the banquets bestowed upon him could be poured into the treasury of Congress. His favorite project at that time was the invasion of England,—Paul Jones to command the fleet and himself the army. When this scheme was given up he joined all his influence to that of Franklin to induce the French government to send to America a powerful fleet and a considerable army. When he had secured the promise of this valuable aid, he returned to America and served again in the armies of the young republic.

The success of the United States so confirmed him in his attachment to republican institutions, that he remained their devoted adherent and advocate as long as he lived.

"May this revolution," said he once to Congress, "serve as a lesson to oppressors, and as an example to the oppressed."

And in one of his letters from the United States occurs this sentence : —

"I have always thought that a king was at least a useless being; viewed from this side of the ocean, a king cuts a poor figure indeed."

By the time he had left America, at the close of the war, he had expended in the service of Congress seven hundred thousand francs, — a free gift to the cause of liberty.

One of the most pleasing circumstances of La Fayette's residence in America was the affectionate friendship which existed between himself and General Washington. He looked up to Washington as to a father as well as a chief, and Washington regarded him with a tenderness truly paternal. La Fayette named his eldest son George Washington, and never omitted any opportunity to testify his love and veneration for the illustrious American. Franklin, too, was much attached to the youthful enthusiast, and privately wrote to General Washington, asking him, for the sake of the young and anxious wife of the Marquis, not to expose his life except in an important and decisive engagement.

In the diary of the celebrated William Wilberforce, who visited Paris soon after the peace, there is an interesting passage descriptive of La Fayette's demeanor at the French court : —

"He seemed to be the representative of the democracy in the very presence of the monarch, — the tribune intruding with his veto within the chamber of the patrician order. His own establishment was formed upon the English model, and, amidst the gayety and ease of Fontainebleau, he assumed an air of republican austerity. When the fine ladies of the court would attempt to drag him to the card-table, he shrugged his shoulders with an air of affected contempt for the customs and amusements of the old *regime*. Meanwhile, the deference which this champion of the new state of things received, above all from the ladies of the court, intimated clearly the disturbance of the social atmosphere, and presaged the coming tempest."

From the close of the American war for independence, to the

beginning of the French Revolution, a period of six years elapsed, during which France suffered much from the exhaustion of her resources in aiding the Americans. La Fayette lived at Paris, openly professing republicanism, which was then the surest passport to the favor both of the people and of the court. The Queen of France herself favored the republican party, though without understanding its objects or tendencies. La Fayette naturally became the organ and spokesman of those who desired a reform in the government. He recommended, even in the palace of the king, the restoration of civil rights to the Protestants; the suppression of the heavy and odious tax upon salt; the reform of the criminal courts; and he denounced the waste of the public money upon princes and court favorites.

The Assembly of the Notables convened in 1787, to consider the state of the kingdom. La Fayette was its most conspicuous and trusted member, and it was he who demanded a convocation of the representatives of all the departments of France, for the purpose of devising a permanent remedy for the evils under which France was suffering.

"What, sir," said one of the royal princes to La Fayette, "do you really demand the assembling of a general congress of France?"

"Yes, my lord," replied La Fayette, "*and more than that.*"

Despite the opposition of the court, this memorable congress met at Paris in 1789, and La Fayette represented in it the nobility of his province. It was he who presented the "Declaration of Rights," drawn upon the model of those with which he had been familiar in America, and it was finally adopted. It was he, also, who made the ministers of the crown responsible for their acts, and for the consequences of their acts.

When this National Assembly was declared permanent, La Fayette was elected its vice-president, and it was in that character that, after the taking of the Bastile, he went to the scene, at the head of a deputation of sixty members, to congratulate the people upon their triumph. The next day, a city-guard was organized to preserve the peace of Paris, and the question arose in the Assembly who should command it. The president rose

and pointed to the bust of La Fayette, presented by the State of Virginia to the city of Paris. The hint was sufficient, and La Fayette was elected to the post by acclamation. He called his citizen soldiers by the name of National Guard, and he distinguished them by a tri-colored cockade, and all Paris immediately fluttered with tri-colored ribbons and badges.

"This cockade," said La Fayette, as he presented one to the National Assembly, "will make the tour of the world."

From the time of his acceptance of the command of the National Guard, the career of La Fayette changed its character, and the change became more and more marked as the revolution proceeded. Hitherto, he had been chiefly employed in rousing the sentiment of liberty in the minds of his countrymen; but now that the flame threatened to become a dangerous conflagration, it devolved upon him to stay its ravages. It was a task beyond human strength, but he most gallantly attempted it. On some occasions he rescued with his own hands the victims of the popular fury, and arrested the cockaded assassins who would have destroyed them. But even his great popularity was ineffectual to prevent the massacre of innocent citizens, and more than once, overwhelmed with grief and disgust, he threatened to throw up his command.

On that celebrated day when sixty thousand of the people of Paris poured in a tumultuous flood into the park of Versailles, and surrounded the palace of the king, La Fayette was compelled to join the throng, in order, if possible, to control its movements. He arrived in the evening, and spent the whole night in posting the National Guard about the palace, and taking measures to secure the safety of the royal family. At the dawn of day he threw himself upon the bed for a few minutes' repose. Suddenly, the alarm was sounded. Some infuriated men had broken into the palace, killed two of the king's body-guard, and rushed into the bedchamber of the queen, a minute or two after she had escaped from it. La Fayette ran to the scene, followed by some of the National Guard, and found all the royal family assembled in the king's chamber, trembling for their lives. Beneath the windows of the apartment was a roaring sea of upturned faces, scarcely kept back by a thin line of

National Guards. La Fayette stepped out upon the balcony, and tried to address the crowd, but could not make himself heard. He then led out upon the balcony the beautiful queen, Marie Antoinette, and kissed her hand; then seizing one of the body-guard, embraced him, and placed his own cockade upon the soldier's hat. At once, the temper of the multitude was changed, and the cry burst forth:—

"Long live the general! Long live the queen! Long live the body-guards!"

It was immediately announced that the king would go with the people to Paris; which had the effect of completely allaying their passions. During the long march of ten miles, La Fayette rode close to the door of the king's carriage, and thus conducted him, in the midst of the tramping crowd, in safety to the Tuileries. When the royal family was once more secure within its walls, one of the ladies, the daughter of the late king, threw herself in the arms of La Fayette, exclaiming:—

"General, you have saved us."

From this moment dates the decline of La Fayette's popularity; and his actions, moderate and wise, continually lessened it. He demanded, as a member of the National Assembly, that persons accused of treason should be fairly tried by a jury, and he exerted all his power, while giving a constitution to his country, to preserve the monarchy.

To appease the suspicions of the people that the king meditated a flight from Paris, he declared that he would answer with his head for the king's remaining. When, therefore, in June, 1791, the king and queen made their blundering attempt to escape, La Fayette was immediately suspected of having secretly aided it. Danton cried out at the Jacobin club:—

"We must have the person of the king, or the head of the commanding general!"

It was in vain that, after the king's return, he ceased to pay him royal honors; nothing could remove the suspicions of the people. Indeed, he still openly advised the preservation of the monarchy, and, when a mob demanded the suppression of the royal power, and threatened violence to the National Guard, the general, after warning them to disperse, ordered the troops to

fire, — an action which totally destroyed his popularity and influence. Soon after, he resigned his commission and his seat in the Assembly, and withdrew to one of his country-seats.

He was not long allowed to remain in seclusion. The allied dynasties of Europe, justly alarmed at the course of events in Paris, threatened the new republic with war. La Fayette was appointed to command one of the three armies gathered to defend the frontiers. While he was disciplining his troops, and preparing to defend the country, he kept an anxious eye upon Paris, and saw with ever-increasing alarm the prevalence of the savage element in the national politics. In 1792, he had the boldness to write a letter to the National Assembly, demanding the suppression of the clubs, and the restoration of the king to the place and power assigned him by the constitution.

Learning, soon after, the new outrages put upon the king, he suddenly left his army and appeared at the bar of the Assembly, accompanied by a single aide-de-camp; there he renewed his demands, amid the applause of the moderate members; but a member of the opposite party adroitly asked: —

"Is the enemy conquered? Is the country delivered, since General La Fayette is in Paris?"

"No," replied he, "the country is not delivered; the situation is unchanged; and, nevertheless, the general of one of our armies is in Paris."

After a stormy debate, the Assembly declared that he had violated the constitution in making himself the organ of an army legally incapable of deliberating, and had rendered himself amenable to the minister of war for leaving his post without permission. Repulsed thus by the Assembly, coldly received at court, and rejected by the National Guard, he returned to his army despairing of the country. There he made one more attempt to save the king by inducing him to come to his camp and fight for his throne. This project being rejected, and the author of it denounced by Robespierre, his bust publicly burned in Paris, and the medal formerly voted him broken by the hand of the executioner, he deemed it necessary to seek an asylum in a neutral country. Having provided for the safety of his army, he crossed the frontiers, in August, 1792, accompanied by

twenty-one persons, all of whom on passing an Austrian post were taken prisoners, and La Fayette was thrown into a dungeon. His noble wife, who had been for fifteen months a prisoner in Paris, hastened, after her release, to share her husband's captivity.

For five years, in spite of the remonstrances of England, America, and the friends of liberty everywhere, La Fayette remained a prisoner. To every demand for his liberation, the Austrian government replied, with its usual stupidity, that the liberty of La Fayette was incompatible with the safety of the governments of Europe. He owed his liberation, at length, to General Bonaparte, and it required all *his* great authority to procure it. When La Fayette was presented to Napoleon to thank him for his interference, the First Consul said to him : —

"I don't know what the devil you have done to the Austrians ; but it cost them a mighty struggle to let you go."

La Fayette voted publicly against making Napoleon consul for life, and against the establishment of the empire. Notwithstanding this, Napoleon and he remained very good friends. The emperor said of him one day : —

"Everybody in France is corrected of his extreme ideas of liberty except one man, and that man is La Fayette. You see him now tranquil : very well ; if he had an opportunity to serve his chimeras, he would reappear upon the scene more ardent than ever."

Upon his return to France he was granted the pension belonging to the military rank he had held under the republic, and he recovered a competent estate from the property of his wife. Napoleon also gave a military commission to his son, George Washington, and when the Bourbons were restored, La Fayette received an indemnity of four hundred and fifty thousand francs.

Napoleon's remark proved correct. La Fayette, though he spent most of the evening of his life in directing the cultivation of his estates, was always present at every crisis in the affairs of France to plead the cause of constitutional liberty. He made a fine remark once in its defence, when taunted with the horrors of the French Revolution : —

"The tyranny of 1793," he said, "was no more a republic than the massacre of St. Bartholemew was a religion."

His visit to America, in 1824, is well remembered. He was the guest of the nation, and Congress, in recompense of his expenditures during the Revolutionary War, made him a grant of two hundred thousand dollars and an extensive tract of land. It was La Fayette who, in 1830, was chiefly instrumental in placing a constitutional monarch upon the throne of France. The last words he ever spoke in public were uttered in behalf of the French refugees who had fled from France for offences merely political; and the last words he ever wrote recommended the abolition of slavery. He died May 19, 1834, aged seventy-seven. His son, George Washington, always the friend of liberty, like his father, died in 1849. Two grandsons of La Fayette are still living in France, both of whom have been in public life, and will probably be heard of again when France once more has a public life.

BOLIVAR.

THE reader perhaps has sometimes asked himself why the fertile countries of South America advance so slowly in wealth and population. In all that continent, which is considerably larger than North America, there are but seventeen millions of inhabitants, while North America contains almost exactly twice that number. Brazil, for example, which is about as large as the United States, and was settled sooner, contains but seven millions of people, and nowhere exhibits anything like the prosperity which has marked every period of our own history.

The principal reasons of this difference are three in number. In the first place, nature herself in South America interposes mighty obstacles to the purposes of man. Vast plains exist, which, in the rainy season, are covered with luxuriant verdure, and in the dry season assume the appearance of a desert. The forests, owing to the fertility of the soil under a tropical sun, are so dense and tangled as almost to baffle the efforts of the pioneer to remove them. The principal rivers, which are the largest in the world, are more like flowing seas than navigable streams. The Plata, for example, is one hundred and thirty miles wide at its mouth, and is full of strong, irregular currents. The Amazon, too, which is four thousand miles in length, and navigable for one-half that distance, is, in many places, so wide that the navigator has to sail by the compass. The mountains, also, are precipitous and difficult of access, and contain thirty active volcanoes. All nature, in fact, is on a prodigious scale, and the very richness of the soil is frequently an injury rather than a help to man.

In the next place, the Spanish and Portuguese, who settled this continent, drawn thither by the lust of gold, were little

calculated to wrestle with the obstacles which nature placed in their path. Lastly, the Spanish and Portuguese governments, narrow, bigoted, ignorant, and tyrannical, for three centuries cramped the energies of the people, and oppressed them by merciless exactions.

"Three hundred years ago," said Henry Clay, in his great speech upon the emancipation of South America, "upon the ruins of the thrones of Montezuma and the Incas of Peru, Spain erected the most stupendous system of colonial despotism that the world has ever seen, — the most vigorous, the most exclusive. The great principle and object of this system has been to render one of the largest portions of the world exclusively subservient, in all its faculties, to the interests of an inconsiderable spot in Europe. To effectuate this aim of her policy, she locked up Spanish America from all the rest of the world, and prohibited, under the severest penalties, any foreigner from entering any part of it. To keep the natives themselves ignorant of each other, and of the strength and resources of the several parts of her American possessions, she next prohibited the inhabitants of one viceroyalty or government from visiting those of another; so that the inhabitants of Mexico, for example, were not allowed to enter the viceroyalty of New Granada. The agriculture of those vast regions was so regulated and restrained as to prevent all collision with the agriculture of the peninsula. Where nature, by the character and composition of the soil, had commanded, the abominable system of Spain has forbidden, the growth of certain articles. Thus the olive and the vine, to which Spanish America is so well adapted, are prohibited, wherever their culture can interfere with the olive and the vine of the peninsula. The commerce of the country, in the direction and objects of the exports and imports, is also subjected to the narrow and selfish views of Spain, and fettered by the odious spirit of monopoly. She has sought, by scattering discord among the several castes of her American population, and, by a debasing course of education, to perpetuate her oppression. Whatever concerns public law, or the science of government, all writings upon political economy, or that tend to give vigor, and freedom, and expansion, to the

intellect, are prohibited. A main feature in her policy is that which constantly elevates the European and depresses the American character. Out of upwards of seven hundred and fifty viceroys and captains general whom she has appointed since the conquest of America, about eighteen only have been from the body of the American population."

If any reader supposes that the orator exaggerated, I point him to the Island of Cuba, which Spain still oppresses, and where almost every feature of the odious tyranny so vigorously portrayed by Mr. Clay still exists.

That Spain does not still bear sway in the finest provinces of South America is chiefly due to the heroism and virtue of one man, Simon Bolivar, the founder and first president of the States, one of which bears his name. He was born at Caraccas, in Venezuela, in 1783, of a family rich enough to afford him the most costly advantages of education. When a young man, he travelled extensively in the United States and in Europe, and learned to speak with ease, and write with ability, five languages, — Spanish, French, Italian, German, and English. Returning home, he gave the first proof of an enlightened mind by freeing the negro slaves employed upon his estate.

The example of the United States, in throwing off the yoke of the mother country, produced the most powerful impression upon the oppressed Creoles in South America. During the boyhood and youth of Bolivar, his fellow-citizens rose four times in revolt against the Spaniards, and four times their efforts were frustrated, and the rising flame of freedom quenched in patriot blood. Instead of mitigating the oppression of the people, the Spanish government bore more heavily upon them, until, in 1811, the people of Venezuela attempted, for the fifth time, to throw off the yoke. Bolivar was then twenty-eight years of age. Entering the patriot army with the rank of colonel, he shared the misfortunes of General Miranda, and again saw his country drenched in blood. The Spanish general waged a war of extermination. The very malefactors in the prisons were organized into guerilla bands, and let loose upon a defenceless people, and their places in the dungeons were filled with the most respectable and virtuous of the land. The

cry of despair reached Bolivar in his exile at Carthagena. He reappeared in his native land, raised again the standard of revolt, called his fellow-citizens around him, and was soon in a position to wage effective war against the public enemy.

The Spanish commander, exasperated by this new revolt, resolved upon the most desperate measures, which he delayed not to execute. The campaign of 1813 was one of the most terrible that ever desolated a Christian country. Cities were given up to pillage and conflagration. The wives and daughters of the patriot soldiers were abandoned to the brutality of the Spanish troops. Prisoners of war were mercilessly put to death, and hundreds of citizens were executed for the crime of wishing well to their country. Bolivar, then commander-in-chief of the patriot forces, was compelled to issue an order, declaring that no quarter should be given to any Spanish captive. Such brilliant successes, however, were won by him over the Spanish troops, that, in January, 1814, he could report to the Congress of Venezuela that no Spanish army polluted its soil. He resigned his commission, following the example of Washington; but the congress insisted upon his retaining it until the confederated republics had expelled the foe.

The Spaniard was not yet defeated. The campaign of 1814 was disastrous to the cause of liberty in the adjacent countries, and Bolivar alone, among the distinguished men, maintained a firm countenance, and urged his countrymen to persevere. Spain now made prodigious efforts. In the spring of 1815, a fleet of fifty ships arrived, which attacked and captured the principal seaports, while the new Spanish army ravaged the interior. During these two terrible years, more than six hundred patriot officers and citizens were banished or put to death, and Bolivar himself was compelled to fly, and take refuge, under the British flag, in the Island of Jamaica.

But his great soul was still unconquered. The next year, at the head of three hundred men, "equal," as he said, "in courage and in patriotism, as they were in number, to the soldiers of Leonidas," he appeared once more in his native land. Again the Republicans flocked to his standard. The campaigns of 1817 and 1818 were triumphant for the patriots, especially that

of the latter year. The career of Bolivar, henceforth, was one of almost unbroken victory; and, after four years of terrible warfare, the Spanish government was compelled to treat for peace, and to concede the independence of the United Republics. Again Bolivar resigned his commission as general and dictator. In his address to Congress, he said:—

"I am the child of camps. Battles have borne me to the chief magistracy, and the fortune of war has sustained me in it; but a power like that which has been confided to me is dangerous in a republican government. I prefer the title of Soldier to that of Liberator; and, in descending from the presidential chair, I aspire only to merit the title of good citizen."

Spain renewed the war, and Bolivar was called again to the supreme command. Three more bloody campaigns were necessary before the Spaniards were wholly and finally expelled from the soil of Colombia, by which name the confederated republics were called. In 1825, Bolivar once more abdicated the dictatorship. An equestrian statue having been decreed him by the corporation of his native city, he declined the honor, saying:—

"Wait till after my death, that you may judge me without prejudice, and accord to me then such honors as you may deem suitable; but never rear monuments to a man as long as he is alive. He can change, he can betray. You will never have this reproach to make to me; but wait a little longer."

Unfortunately, the Creoles of South America, after they had expelled the oppressor, were not able to form a stable and satisfactory government. The ambition of some men, and the weakness of others, made the young republics the scene of confusion, and, sometimes, of civil war; and Bolivar was compelled again to accept the supreme authority. It was the great design of his policy to unite all the republics, both of South and North America, into a kind of league, offensive and defensive, with a Supreme Court, which should decide such questions as are usually decided by war.

Like General Washington, Bolivar was less popular as a civil ruler than he had been as a commander of armies. Disgusted at length by the calumnies with which he was assailed, he not

only resigned the presidency, but determined to leave his country. He addressed to his fellow-citizens a farewell letter:—

"The presence of a fortunate soldier," said he, "however disinterested he may be, is always dangerous in a state just set free. I am tired of hearing it incessantly repeated that I wish to make myself emperor, and to raise again the throne of the Incas. Everywhere my actions are misrepresented. It is enough. I have paid my debt to my country and to humanity. I have given my blood, my health, my fortune, to the cause of liberty, and as long as it was in peril I was devoted to its defence; but now that America is no longer torn by war, nor polluted with the presence of an armed foe, I withdraw, that my presence may not be an obstacle to the happiness of my fellow-citizens. The welfare of my country would alone reconcile me to the hard necessity of a perpetual exile, far from the land which gave me birth. Receive, then, my adieus, as a new proof of my ardent patriotism and the particular love which I cherish for the people of Colombia."

He sold his estate, and was preparing to embark for Jamaica, whence he intended to sail for Europe, when he received a letter from the government, giving him the title of "First Citizen of Colombia," and settling upon him a pension of thirty thousand dollars a year. Before it could be known whether he would accept these offers, he was seized with a fever, of which he died, in December, 1830, in the forty-eighth year of his age. His friends did not doubt that his life was shortened by the fatigues of war and the mortifications of later years. Everything we know of this brave and virtuous man tends to justify the title conferred upon him by his countrymen, of the Washington of South America. If he was less successful in peace than in war, it was because his fellow-citizens, debased by three centuries of oppression, did not possess the knowledge and virtue requisite for the founding of a free, just, and stable government. Washington, too, would have failed, if he had not been seconded by able and disinterested men, and supported by a people long accustomed to revere and obey the laws themselves had made.

GARIBALDI.

IN these modern days there have appeared so many bogus "patriots," so many revolutionists by trade, that most people have a distrust of the whole tribe. If there is one character that is more thoroughly contemptible than any other, it is a needy, idle man, who goes about the world beguiling honest men and laborious women of their wages under pretence of "setting up the standard of rebellion" somewhere, or delivering some country from "the yoke of the oppressor;" getting good, simple people into trouble and danger, while they live in luxury at a very safe distance from the scene of conflict, and receive "ovations" from the windows of splendid hotels.

Joseph Garibaldi is no such person. He is a true patriot and hero of the old Roman type; simple in his tastes, frugal in his habits, grand in his aims, and ever present in the van of his followers at the crisis of the fight. I know this man from the testimony of those who have lived with him, marched with him, fought with him, starved with him, feasted with him, seen him in repose and in action, at his cottage home and in kings' palaces; and that testimony is, that he is a great, grand, strong, pure, affectionate old hero, whose heart is set on seeing his darling Italy free, independent, and happy.

He came of a family of Italian sailors. Both his father and his grandfather commanded small vessels of their own, trading between Nice and other ports of the Mediterranean; but when Garibaldi was a boy his father suffered heavy losses, which compelled him to sell his vessel and spend the rest of his life in navigating the ships of others. His mother, as he always says, was a woman of the noblest character, who loved her son almost

to excess, and awoke in him those affections which finally concentrated in a devoted and all-absorbing love of country.

As a boy he was chiefly remarkable for an extreme tenderness of feeling. When he was a very little boy he happened, in playing with a grasshopper, to break one of its legs, which afflicted him to such a degree that he could not go on with his play. He went to his room, where he remained for several hours mourning over the irreparable injury he had done the poor insect. But this excessive tenderness did not proceed from weakness of character. Not long after, while playing on the banks of one of those wide and deep ditches which they have in Italy for irrigating the fields, he saw a poor washerwoman, who had fallen into the ditch, struggling for her life, and in imminent danger of drowning. He sprang to her assistance, and, young as he was, he actually succeeded in getting the woman out. He has, to this day, a lively recollection of the ecstasy which he experienced upon seeing her safe on the bank. In affairs of this nature, calling for the sudden risk of one life for the preservation of another, he has never hesitated, nor even so much as thought of his own danger till the danger was over. Far as he is from being a boasting man, he says this himself in his modest way.

When he was about fourteen, his father took him on board his vessel, on one of his trips to Genoa, and put him at school in that city. The school, it seems, was a very dull one, the teachers being totally unable to interest the boys in their studies; and this active lad suffered intolerably from the confinement and tedium. He and several of his companions resolved to escape. Garibaldi understanding well the management of a sail-boat, they got possession of one, put some provisions on board, and set sail for the open sea. But a treacherous abbé, to whom the secret had been confided, betrayed them, and informed Garibaldi's father, who jumped into a swift boat and made all sail in pursuit, and soon overtook them. They all returned to school crestfallen.

At the usual age he was apprenticed to a captain, and began his career as a cabin-boy.

"How beautiful," he once wrote, "appeared to my ardent eyes the bark in which I was to navigate the Mediterranean

when I stepped on board as a sailor for the first time ! Her lofty sides, her slender masts, rising so gracefully and so high above, and the bust of Our Lady which adorned the bow, all remain as distinctly painted on my memory at the present day (thirty-six years after) as in the happy hour when I became one of her crew. How gracefully moved the sailors ! With what pleasure I ventured into the forecastle to listen to their popular songs, sung by harmonious choirs ! They sang of love until I was transported. They endeavored to excite themselves to patriotism by singing of Italy. But who, in those days, had ever taught them how to be patriots and Italians ? ”

The commander of this vessel was a perfect sailor, and under him Garibaldi acquired much of that nautical skill for which he was afterwards noted. His own father, too, with whom he afterwards sailed, was an excellent seaman. Garibaldi can now construct, rig, navigate, and fight any sailing ship of any magnitude. On one of his voyages at this period of his life he was left sick at Constantinople, and, war breaking out, he was detained there a long time. When all his money was spent, the physician who had attended him procured him the post of tutor in a family, and he taught three boys for several months. “ In times of trouble,” he says, “ I have never been disheartened in all my life, and I have always found persons disposed to assist me.” Such men — gallant, open-hearted, kind, and honest — do find friends wherever they go, and friends that do not desert them in their hours of need.

He was a sailor in the Mediterranean until he was twenty-eight years of age, — as handsome, agile, and athletic a young fellow as ever sang a song on a forecastle. It was while voyaging among the beautiful ports of Italy that he acquired his ardent love of his country, and solemnly dedicated his life to her service. A comrade having let him into the secrets of a society of patriots, he eagerly joined them, and thought that the deliverance of Italy was at hand. Miserable mistake ! The plot was revealed, and Garibaldi fled in the disguise of a peasant. It was then that the since famous name of Joseph Garibaldi was first printed in a newspaper ; but it was in a decree which declared his life forfeited, and set a price upon his head !

He saw Italy no more for fourteen years. During that period he lived in South America, where he had almost every kind of adventure that a man can have and live. Having reached Rio Janeiro, he first attempted the business of a merchant, and failed. Soon he became involved in one of those wars between Republicans and Absolutists which desolated the countries of South America for so many years. He fought on sea and on land. He was wounded and shipwrecked. He commanded fleets and regiments. He was victorious and defeated. Once, being taken prisoner, he was cruelly beaten with a club, then hung by his hands to a beam for two hours; during which he suffered the anguish of a hundred deaths, and, when cut down, fell helpless to the earth. In intervals of peace he was a drover, farmer, dealer in horses, and commander of trading-vessels. Once, when in a melancholy mood, after seeing sixteen of his most beloved Italian comrades perish by shipwreck, he thought to relieve his sadness by marrying. He caught sight in a window of a graceful female form. He knew not who she was, nor to what family she belonged; but something told him that *she* was the destined woman. A friend introduced him that very day, and, ere many weeks had rolled by, he was her husband. In many a rough campaign she marched by his side; on many a voyage she shared his cabin; and she died, at last, of fatigue and exposure in Italy, leaving three children to mourn her loss. The great, soft-hearted Garibaldi has ever since reproached himself bitterly for having taken her away from her safe and happy home to share the lot of a soldier of liberty. Over her dead body, he says, he prayed for forgiveness for the sin of taking her from home. She, however, had never repined, but really seemed to enjoy the life of battle and adventure which her husband led.

Fourteen years of such work as this brought Garibaldi to the memorable year 1848, when all Europe was astir once more, and generous minds indulged the hope that the time had come for the deliverance of nations from their oppressors. Garibaldi and his Italian friends, exiles like himself, sailed for Nice, and gave themselves again to their country. During all the long series of events, beginning soon after the flight of Louis Phil-

ippe, and ending with the perjury and usurpation of Louis Napoleon, Garibaldi bore an important and sometimes a conspicuous and controlling part. His experience in South America was the best possible preparation for the kind of warfare suited to Italy. When the successful villany of Louis Napoleon had ruined the cause of Italian independence, Garibaldi was one of the hundreds of brave men who sought an asylum in the United States.

At midsummer, in 1850, he reached New York, where, of course, he was at once solicited to make an exhibition of himself, or, as we say, "accept an ovation." He modestly asked to be excused. Such an exhibition, he said, was not necessary, and could not help the cause; nor would the American people, he thought, esteem him the less because he veiled his sorrows in privacy. All he asked was to be allowed to earn his living by honest labor, and remain under the protection of the American flag until the time should come for renewing the attempt which treason had frustrated only for a time. From being a general in command of an army, Garibaldi became a Staten-Island candle-maker, and soon resumed his old calling of mariner. For three years he commanded vessels sailing from American ports, and made one voyage as far as Peru.

He had left his children at Nice in the care of his mother. Returning to New York from a voyage, he received the intelligence that his mother was no more, and that his children were without a protector. He was allowed to return to his native land. To the little property left by his parents he added a considerable sum earned in commerce here, and he was able to buy a farm in a small, rocky island — Caprera — on the coast of Sardinia. To this island (which is only five miles long and three wide) he removed his little family in 1856, and invited several other pardoned exiles to join him. Some of them accepting his invitation, they despatched a schooner to New York to bring to them the improved implements with which their residence in the United States had made them acquainted. This vessel, so precious to the little band, was lost, and the colony was broken up. Garibaldi, however, remained, and was resid-

ing there, farming and fishing, when the war between Austria and Sardinia called him once more to the field.

Before he again saw Caprera, what wonderful events transpired! The bloody tyrant of Naples driven from his throne! Sicily delivered from oppression! Nine millions of subjects added to the dominions of a constitutional king, Victor Emanuel! All Italy one nation, excepting alone the dominions of the Pope and the province of Venetia! This was Garibaldi's work. It was the magic of his name, the fire of his patriotism, and his genius for command, that wrought these marvels.

The grateful king desired to bestow upon him some splendid reward; which Garibaldi firmly refusing, the king prepared for him a pleasing surprise at his rocky home. After an absence of nearly two years, Garibaldi returned to Caprera in November, 1860, to spend the winter in repose. When he approached his home, he saw no object that he could recognize. His rough and tangled farm had been changed, as if by enchantment, into elegant grounds, with roads, paths, lawns, gardens, shrubbery, and avenues. His cottage was gone, and in its place stood a villa, replete with every convenience within and without. As he walked from room to room, wondering what magician had worked this transformation, he observed a full-length portrait of King Victor Emanuel, which explained the mystery.

When last this great man spoke to his countrymen, this is what he said to them:—

"The canker, the ruin of our Italy, has always been personal ambitions—and they are so still. It is personal ambitions which blind the Pope-king, and urge him to oppose this national movement, so great, so noble, so pure—yes, so pure—that it is unique in the history of the world. It is the Pope-king who retards the moment of the complete liberation of Italy. The only obstacle, the true obstacle, is this.

"I am a Christian, and I speak to Christians—I am a good Christian, and I speak to good Christians. I love and venerate the religion of Christ, because Christ came into the world to deliver humanity from slavery, for which God has not created it. But the Pope, who wishes all men to be slaves,—who demands.

of the powerful of the earth, fetters and chains for Italians,—the Pope-king does not know Christ: he lies to his religion.

"Among the Indians two geniuses are recognized and adored,—that of good, and that of evil. Well, the Genius of Evil for Italy is the Pope-king. Let no one misunderstand my words—let no one confound Popery with Christianity—the Religion of Liberty with the avaricious and sanguinary Politics of Slavery.

"Repeat that. Repeat it. It is your duty.

"You who are here,—you, the educated and cultivated portion of the citizenship,—you have the duty to educate the people. Educate them to be Christian—educate them to be Italian. Education gives liberty—education gives to the people the means and the power to secure and defend their own independence.

"On a strong and wholesome education of the people depend the liberty and greatness of Italy.

"Viva Victor Emanuel! Viva Italia! Viva Christianity!"

These words were uttered in the streets of Naples in 1860, but they constituted part of the Garibaldi programme for 1866. The other part of it was *Venetia*.

NAPOLEON II.

At eight o'clock on the morning of March 20th, 1811, the discharge of cannon announced to the people of Paris that an heir was born to the Emperor Napoleon. The emperor was then at the summit of his power and glory, and nothing seemed wanting to his happiness but an heir to the throne. His conduct on this occasion, so important to his ambition, does honor to his character as a man. When the surgeon came to him, after many anxious hours passed by the bedside of the empress, and said that he feared not to be able to save both lives, but that either the mother or the child must be sacrificed, the emperor said : —

"Think only of the mother, and treat her as you would a tradesman's wife of St. Denis Street."

The child was born at length, and the mother was also saved. Napoleon himself announced the tidings to the crowd of courtiers in the palace, exclaiming, with joy and triumph in his countenance : —

"It is a King of Rome !"

Most of the powers of Europe sent congratulations to him. Paris presented to the new king a cradle of crimson enamel, in the form of a boat, surrounded with allegorical figures, and covered with the richest ornaments.

Three years and nine days elapsed. The disastrous campaign of Russia, and the invasion of France by the Allies, had completed the ruin of the emperor, and word was brought to his wife that the enemy was approaching Paris. She left the capital with her infant son, never to enter it again ; and never again did Napoleon see his wife or child. At Blois, where she remained some time, the news reached her that Napoleon had

abdicated, and was thenceforth to content himself with the sovereignty of Elba. A few days after, she proceeded to Vienna, the capital of her ancestors. She was allowed to retain the title of Empress, and three Italian duchies were assigned to her for her future possession and maintenance.

On Napoleon's return from Elba, he at once demanded his wife and son from the Emperor of Austria; but his letters were not answered, and, soon, his defeat at Waterloo and his surrender into the hands of the English separated the family forever. There were some attempts to claim the vacant throne of France for Napoleon's son; but the allied sovereigns decided to restore the family of Bourbon, and gave the throne to Louis XVIII. Maria Louise entered into the possession of the States assigned her, and left her son at Vienna, under the care of his grandfather, the Emperor of Austria. It was fortunate for the young prince that his mother had not the direction of his education. Her conduct after her separation from her husband was far from exemplary.

"I have had to do in my life," said he, at St. Helena, "with two women very different in character, — Josephine, all art and grace; Maria Louise, all innocence and simple nature."

There was long a belief current in Europe that the son of Napoleon was ill-used at the Austrian court to such an extent as to cause his premature death. Nothing could be further from the truth. The emperor, Francis I., an amiable old man, became extravagantly fond of him, and, besides adopting him as an Austrian prince, with the title of Duke de Reichstadt, he gave him the best education possible in the circumstances. A touching conversation is related between the emperor and the prince. One day, while the boy was seated upon his grandfather's lap, he asked him: —

"Grandfather, is it not true that when I lived at Paris I had pages?"

"Yes," replied the emperor, "I believe you had pages."

"Is it not true, also," said the boy, "that they called me the King of Rome?"

"Yes," said the emperor.

"But, grandfather, what is it, then, to be King of Rome?"

"My child," said the puzzled monarch, "when you are older it will be easier for me to explain what you ask; but, for the present, I shall only say, that to my title of Emperor of Austria I join that of King of Jerusalem, without exercising any authority in that city. Very well: you were King of Rome just as I am King of Jerusalem."

The prince was educated by private tutors in the course prescribed by the University of Vienna. He was a boy of excellent understanding, fond of his studies, and exceedingly diligent. Until he was fifteen years of age he was allowed to learn nothing of the exploits of his father; but, at that period, the system was changed, and he was allowed to read freely all the important works relating to the French Revolution and the career of Napoleon. These works he read with passionate interest, and conversed upon the events related in them with all the ardor which we should imagine natural to him.

Once he had the pleasure of a visit from Marshal Marmont, who had fought so often at Napoleon's side. Every day for three months, from eleven o'clock until two, the marshal was allowed to converse with the prince, whose eyes, it is said, beamed with intelligence as the old soldier related the emperor's wonderful deeds.

When the revolution of 1830 broke out, serious endeavors were made to induce the Austrian government to permit the Duke de Reichstadt to show himself in France and mount the imperial throne. Talleyrand went on a secret mission to Vienna to bring about this result; but he was given to understand, in language that admitted of no mistake, that Austria would never allow a son of Napoleon to reign in France.

According to the usage of the imperial family of Austria, the prince was trained to arms. At seventeen he was a captain of infantry; at nineteen, he was major; and at twenty, a lieutenant-colonel, with the command of a battalion. He was fond to excess of military exercises, and indulged the dream of one day distinguishing himself as a military commander.

In his twentieth year, his health began to fail. His throat became sore if he caught cold, and he was subject to a short, dry cough, which led at length to blood-spitting. His physi-

cians strongly and repeatedly advised him to refrain from exercising his regiment in damp and rainy weather; but, such was his passion for the military art that it required a formal order of the emperor to induce him to follow their advice. Two months of entire repose appeared to restore him, and he begged his grandfather to allow him to resume the command of his battalion. In a moment of fondness the emperor consented. During the rainy season of the spring he was always present on the parade-ground, and soon his cough returned, and all his old symptoms reappeared. Like his father, he held doctors in horror, and he was deaf to all their warnings.

After an evening ride, in an open carriage, he had a violent discharge of blood from the lungs, which prostrated his strength. He was taken home and, in a few days, rallied a little from this extreme prostration, and it was proposed to send him to Italy. But it was too late. He grew rapidly worse, and died on the 22d of July, 1832, aged twenty-one years four months and two days. The room in which he breathed his last was the one in which his father had dictated a peace to Austria after a triumphant campaign. A post-mortem examination showed that his lungs, originally weak, were diseased to such an extent that nothing could have prolonged his life. He was doomed from his birth to die of consumption soon after attaining manhood. He was buried in all respects as an Austrian prince. A magnificent funeral cortege accompanied his body to the tomb of the imperial family; and, according to the barbarous custom of the country, his heart was deposited in one church, and his entrails in another.

To this outline of the prince's brief career I will append a highly interesting narrative which confirms its truth. Some years ago an American traveller visiting Vienna obtained by chance some information of the young Napoleon's last days, which he published at the time, but which seems to me too valuable to be lost in that trackless sea, a pile of old papers. This traveller says:—

"Until my visit to Europe in 1854, I was a firm believer in the stories that were in circulation regarding the cruel treatment of the son of the great Napoleon by the Austrians. A hurried visit

to Vienna in the winter of that year corrected these impressions, and threw new and more favorable light upon the history, talents, and ambition of this interesting young prince.

"I was waiting very patiently at the Hotel Munich, in Vienna, the arrival of my cicerone, Max, of whose ability, honesty, and merits my landlord had been discoursing for the last half-hour. I had but a few days to scour the city in sight-seeing, and I desired the leadership of one who could do all this in the shortest possible time. Soon Max arrived. In outward appearance he was as finished a gentleman as one might desire to see. His dress was faultless, and there was an air of quiet, elegant ease about him. Max spoke English almost faultlessly, — an accomplishment he had acquired while serving in the capacity of valet for an English nobleman in London, where he had resided several years. It did not take me long to arrange with this elegant personage the fees of office, which, to my surprise, were more reasonable than I had expected from the well-known character of Austrian guides for extortion.

"Our first visit was to the subterranean chambers under the Church of the Capuchins, where the buried majesties of the house of Hapsburg repose *without their bowels*, as all the *interior arrangements* of Austrian royalty, hermetically sealed in silver vases, find a resting-place in the Church of St. Augustine, or in the Cathedral of St. Stephen's, — the heart and entrails being equally divided between them. In the vaults below the Church of the Capuchins are the ninety-three imperial coffins, some of silver, and some of bronze. Nothing in the way of a mausoleum could be finer than the bronze tomb erected in one of the chambers by the celebrated Maria Theresa for her husband, and within which she also was afterwards buried. It is an immense sarcophagus of bronze, ornamented at the sides with raised work in pure silver, representing the principal incidents of their joint lives. A large medal of solid gold, presenting a profile of her daughter, ornaments the foot of the tomb. This sarcophagus, standing upon a lofty pedestal, is in the centre of the vaulted chamber, while around it, in decent order placed, are the bronze coffins of her children. In the next crypt lie Francis of Austria and his empress, in a large bronze

sarcophagus in the centre, while at the side may be seen the bronze coffins of the celebrated Maria Louisa, and that child of such brilliant hopes and such unhappy destiny, the son of Napoleon,—he who was to sustain the reputation of that house which 'The Rodolph of his race' had founded. Strange that the blood of the injured Josephine should now quicken the pulse of him who at this moment occupies the very throne, to obtain an heir to which the unhappy woman was thrust aside to make room for the daughter of the house of Hapsburg. That empress and her son both die exiles from France, and the *grandson* of Josephine now wields the sceptre of Napoleon. Who shall say that God is not just?

"It was over the bronze coffin of this son of so many hopes, — of whose life, after he fell into the hands of the Austrians, the world seems to know as little as of that of 'The Iron Mask,'— that I learned from Max the following interesting circumstances. I had spoken quite severely of the unnatural cruelty with which the young prince had been treated by those who were so nearly allied to him, when I was met by the indignant protest of Max. who denounced the reports as the sheerest fabrications.

" 'He came to the halls of his maternal ancestors,' said my informant, 'with his education to be commenced, and his character moulded. Of course, it was the desire of his grandfather that he should be educated as a German prince, and if he manifested, as he grew older, any enthusiasm for the military profession, it was to be encouraged; but still it was deemed good policy that he should be cut off from all communication with the political agitators of France.

" 'When I first saw the prince, his frame had all the slenderness and fragility of infancy. There was a paleness of the cheek, and a languor in the expression of his eye, that indicated great delicacy of constitution. At the time I first saw him he was just springing into manhood, and took great delight in military exercises, of which he was certainly very fond, and in which he had attained great proficiency. His attention to his military duties—he having great ambition to excel—soon devoured his feeble frame, and it was in the last month of his life, while he was sinking beneath the ravages of his disease, that I

was called upon to attend him as his body-servant, and often did I wheel him about in his garden-chair among the leafy glades of beautiful Schonbrunn, — attending him until he breathed his last sigh in the same apartment his father had occupied when flushed with the glories of the conquest of Vienna. It was a cruel story, that the Napoleonists circulated all over Europe,' said Max, 'of his being poisoned by order of his grandfather. Never did I behold such affection as existed between the aged Francis and his grandson. Never did a day pass, during the last year of his life, when time could be spared from official duties, that his grandfather was not by his side for hours, lavishing on him the most endearing epithets and the most devoted attention. The prince was evidently very fond of his grandfather, and often used to speak of his affectionate kindness with tears in his eyes. I have said that he took great delight in military exercises. It was on the 18th of June, 1831, that the prince, who had been appointed lieutenant-colonel, took the command of an Hungarian regiment, when in garrison at Vienna. I was present, with an immense crowd, who had come to witness the spectacle. It was very evident to all, when he first made his appearance, that death would soon claim him for his own. He could hardly sit upright on his horse; but there was a fire in his eye, and a wonderful strength in the tones of his voice, which evinced how great the struggle his pride and will were making against his physical weakness. In him everything announced the incipient symptoms of that fell disease which attacks more particularly the sensitive and the beautiful, and which, while the eye beams with fire, and the cheek yet glows with rosy freshness, is insidiously undermining health, and slowly but resistlessly gnawing at the vitals. I heard Dr. Malgatte, on this occasion, shortly after the drill which the regiment had gone through under the young prince's orders, say to him quite earnestly, "Monseigneur, I desire you to remember that you have a will of iron in a body of glass, and this indulgence of yours in such active exercise must in the end prove fatal." The next day Malgatte considered it his duty to make a representation on the state of the duke's health. Both patient and physician were summoned into the imperial presence. Malgatte repeated his

statement. The emperor then turned to the young prince, and said, "You have heard Dr. Malgatte. You will repair immediately to Schonbrunn." The young prince bowed respectfully, but, as he was raising his head, he gave a glance of excessive indignation towards the physician, and said, in a low, earnest tone, "It is *you*, then, that have put me under arrest," and hurried away. It was but a few weeks after this that I was called upon to attend him amid the quiet walks and leafy dells of that most beautiful of all summer palaces — Schonbrunn. The progress of his disease was most singularly rapid, being of that kind known as the galloping consumption; but, as each day I wheeled him about the grounds, and was an eye-witness of his patient endurance, his almost womanly gentleness, and fascinating affability, my feelings of attachment grew very strong, so that when I heard his last sigh, and saw his eyelids close in death, I felt as if I had lost my dearest friend, and for hours I wept like a child. I never observed the resemblance to his father so striking as when he was laid out in his coffin. The face, as it often does in death, went back in its outline to that resemblance to the great emperor which in his cradle was said to have been so remarkable. He was passionately fond of reading everything pertaining to the history of his illustrious father, and had read almost everything that had been written concerning him. He had accumulated a perfect library of biographies of Napoleon, and treatises on all his important battles. To Prince Metternich he is said to have often remarked, "The essential object of my life should be not to make myself unworthy of the glory of my distinguished father. I hope to reach this point if I can only be able to appropriate to myself any of his high qualities, taking care, however, to avoid the rocks upon which he split."

"One morning before his death, while I was wheeling him about the grounds, he said to me, "Max, my good fellow, how this exhausting lassitude wearies me, and how I abominate this wretched body that thus sinks under my will!" As he said this, there was a fire in his eye, and a compression about the lips, that reminded me strongly of the emperor. The burden of his conversation, while I was with him, was about his father and his

campaigns, and he would converse about them without showing any signs of weariness; whereas, upon any other subject, he soon became listless and fatigued. One morning, in speaking of Waterloo, he said, "I have often wondered my father did not follow the advice of my uncle, and perish there at the head of his guards. What a glorious death that would have been! and what a magnificent close to his brilliant life! Ah! those perfidious English! Why could they not have treated him as I know he would have treated their great Wellington, had the fortune of war thrown him into my father's hands?"

"His familiarity with every incident in the life of his illustrious father was perfectly marvellous, and it was to me a constant source of delight to hear him expatiate upon the great conceptions of Napoleon, and listen to his appreciative criticisms upon some of his military achievements. He seemed to me to be familiar with the locality of every battle-field where his father's eagles had witnessed triumph or defeat; while his knowledge of the prominent traits distinguishing each of the marshals by whom his father was surrounded, exhibited what application he had brought to bear on this, his favorite study.

"The last week of his life that he was able to take exercise in the open air, he appeared, contrary to the usual impression produced by this insidious disease, to have seized upon the idea that he was soon to die; but his only anxiety about a future state appeared to rest upon the doubt, that sometimes harassed him, whether he should be able to recognize his father in the other world. He did not appear to have had any religious views; at least, if he had, he never expressed them. After his death, a post-mortem examination justified the apprehensions of his physicians. One lobe of the lungs was nearly gone, and while the sternum was that of a mere child, the intestines presented all the appearance of decrepit age. This alone would have been sufficient to refute the silly stories about his having been slowly poisoned."

LOUIS PHILIPPE IN THE UNITED STATES.

LOUIS XIII., King of France, was a married man twenty-three years before children were born to him. During the last five years of his life he became the father of two princes, the elder of whom succeeded him on the throne as Louis XIV. From Louis XIV. were descended Louis XV., Louis XVI., Louis XVII., Louis XVIII., and Charles X. There is also somewhere in Europe an elderly gentleman, who, by virtue of his descent from the same king, considers himself entitled to reign over France, and would immediately place himself on the throne—if he could. His title, I believe, if he ever reigns, will be Henry V.

The younger son of Louis XIII., created Duke of Orleans, was also the progenitor of a line of princes, the eldest son always inheriting the same title. Thus, during the last two hundred years, the royal family of France has consisted of two branches, called respectively the reigning branch and the Orleans branch, both of which were descended directly from the great king, Henry IV., who was the father of Louis XIII.

These Orleans princes became, in the course of four or five generations, immensely rich,—the richest family in France, if not in Europe. One Duke of Orleans gave away in charity every year, a quarter of a million francs; two others were the scandal of Christendom for extravagance and debauchery, and still their estates increased. It happened, curiously enough, that a virtuous Duke of Orleans usually had a very dissolute son, and a dissolute duke a virtuous son, so that what one squandered the next heir made up by economy. Philippe, brother of Louis XIV., was tolerably steady; his son, Philippe, Regent of France, was one of the most shameless roués, gluttons, and

wine-bibbers that ever lived; *his* son, Louis, was a downright devotee and bigot; *his* son, Louis Philippe, was not what we should call a moral man, but he was very moral for the France of that day, exceedingly charitable, and a most liberal patron of art and literature; *his* son, Louis Philippe Joseph, was that notorious debauchee and pretended democrat who figured in the first years of the French revolution as "Egalité." Despite his renunciation of his rank and title, despite his having voted for the execution of the king, he, too, became a victim of the guillotine.

The reader remembers, perhaps, the scene at the execution of this man. He was carried on a cart past his own palace, through a dense crowd of people who hooted him as he went by. He replied to the vociferations of the mob with gestures of impatient contempt. On the scaffold the executioners attempted to pull off his long and handsome riding boots, which were tight to his legs.

"No, no," said he, "you will get them off more easily *afterwards*. Make haste! make haste!"

These were the last words of the Duke of Orleans. By his death his eldest son, according to the ancient laws of France, became the possessor of his title and of his enormous estates. That son was Louis Philippe, then aged twenty years, destined one day to reign over the French people. As his father had been dissolute, it was the turn of the new Duke of Orleans to be virtuous; and so he was.

But where was the young prince when his father made the remark concerning his tight boots just quoted? The same decree which condemned that father to death confiscated his estates, declared his children enemies of France, and offered a reward for the arrest of the eldest, who alone was free. Long before, he had disappeared from view, and scarcely a soul in Europe, knew the place of his retreat.

On the day of the execution of the Duke of Orleans, a young man called M. Chabaud-Latour sat in a room of a boarding school in Switzerland, teaching geography and arithmetic to successive classes of boys. He had been recommended to the principal of the school by a French nobleman, and had been employed for

several months in the school as a teacher. When the news reached this sequestered place of the execution of the Duke of Orleans, the young teacher learned that he was fatherless, for M. Chabaud-Latour was no other than the duke's eldest son. Admonished soon after of the necessity of removing further from France, he resigned his place, and left the school, bearing with him a certificate of good conduct. Not a person in the establishment suspected that he was any other than M. Chabaud-Latour, a virtuous youth, willing to earn an honest livelihood by labor.

From this point I shall follow mainly the narrative of his adventures as given by King Louis Philippe to the American Minister at his court, the late Lewis Cass.

Secretly supplied with money by old friends of his family, he changed his name to Corby, and made an extensive tour in Sweden and Norway, away from the turmoil of European politics, going as far as the most northern point of Europe. Once, and once only, he heard his ancestral name pronounced. Having spent a day in the country with the family at whose house he boarded (in Christiana, Norway), just as they were about to summon their vehicles to return to the town, a young man of the party cried out in French:—

"The carriage of the Duke of Orleans!"

Penetrated with alarm, the prince had self-control enough not to betray any agitation, and, seeing that the young man did not look at him, he ventured to inquire in a careless tone, why he had called the Duke of Orleans' carriage, and what relations he had with the duke.

"None," replied the youth; "but when I was at Paris, whenever we came from the opera, I heard repeated from all quarters, 'The carriage of the Duke of Orleans.' I have been more than once stunned with the noise, and I just took it into my head to make the same exclamation."

The prince, as may be imagined, was much relieved by this explanation.

After an extensive tour in Lapland he returned to Denmark, where he received an important message from his mother. She informed him that the French Directory had engaged to restore

her property and release her two younger sons from prison, provided she would induce her oldest son to go to the United States, where, if they chose, his brothers could join him. Certain that he would comply with the condition, she concluded her letter with these words : —

“May the prospect of relieving the sufferings of your poor mother, of rendering the situation of your brothers less painful, and of contributing to give quiet to your country, recompense your generosity.”

He began his reply with this sentence : —

“When my dear mother shall receive this letter her orders will have been executed, and I shall have sailed for the United States.”

Passing for a Dane, the prince went to Hamburg, and applied to the captain of an American ship for passage to Philadelphia for himself and a servant. The captain strongly objected to taking the servant, who, he said, would be of no use on the voyage, and would certainly run away as soon as he reached America. It was only after much persuasion that the captain could be induced to take him. Having secured this point, the prince next asked to be allowed to reside on board the ship until it sailed. The captain gave a reluctant consent, and the prince, glad of so safe a hiding-place, went on board.

September 24, 1796, the ship sailed, and after an agreeable voyage of twenty-seven days, cast anchor before Philadelphia. Before saying good-by to the honest captain, the prince told him who he was. The captain informed the prince, in return, that he had conceived a very unfavorable impression of him ; and, after puzzling a good deal over the matter, had come to the conclusion that he was a gambler who had cheated at cards, and was obliged to fly.

The prince found lodgings in Philadelphia, in Walnut Street, between Fourth and Fifth Streets, at the house of a clergyman, and there he lived while awaiting the arrival of his brothers. They had a passage of ninety-three days, but arrived safely at length, and the three brothers, after so long and eventful a separation, had a joyful meeting. As there was now no occasion for concealment, the princes, although they claimed no rank on

account of their birth, mingled in the society of Philadelphia without disguise. President Washington entertained them often, and invited them to visit him at Mount Vernon. They were present at the inauguration of John Adams, when General Washington laid aside, and his successor assumed, the cares of state.

Of all those scenes, of the persons he knew, and the places he visited, King Louis Philippe retained the most distinct recollection forty years after, mentioning to General Cass a large number of familiar Philadelphia names.

From Philadelphia the three princes set out in the spring of 1797, for an extensive tour in the South and West. On their way to Mount Vernon they passed through the forest which then grew on the site of the city of Washington. At Mount Vernon they spent several days. The king told General Cass that Washington was rather silent and reserved, extremely methodical in laying out his time, and careful not to waste it. He allowed all his guests complete liberty. After breakfast every one rode, hunted, fished, rambled, read, or wrote, just as he pleased until dinner-time brought them all together again, when each related the adventures of the day. The host provided liberally the means of enjoyment, and left everybody free to select his own pastime.

"How did you sleep, general?" asked the Duke of Orleans one morning of the master of the house.

"I always sleep well," replied General Washington, "for I never wrote a word in my life which I had afterwards cause to regret."

Before the departure of the princes, General Washington prepared for them with his own hands a plan or map of their western journey, furnished them with letters of introduction to gentlemen on the route, and gave them instruction in the art of travelling through the wilderness, which no man living understood better than he. Nor were these young men ill-prepared for such a journey. Their education had been superintended by the celebrated Madame de Genlis, who accustomed them to hardship, had them instructed in carpentry, surgery, and medicine, caused them to be taught to swim, ride, march, camp out, and live on the scantiest fare. While still in the enjoyment of

his rank at home, the duke had saved a poor man from drowning, and received in reward a crown of oak leaves. She had them taught, also, to keep accounts; and the king told General Cass that he still possessed, in 1835, a book containing an exact account of all the expenditures of the party during their residence in the United States.

The journey lasted all the summer. The princes rode on horseback, carrying all their baggage in their saddle-bags, and camping in the woods when there was no house near. There was one period during which they camped out for fourteen successive nights. The king remembered the incidents of this long tour, and even the names of the landlords who entertained him, as though it had been a recent excursion. He related that at Winchester, in the Valley of the Shenandoah, a democratic inn-keeper turned them out of his house because (one of them being sick) they asked the privilege of eating by themselves.

"If you are too good," roared this despotic democrat, "to eat at the same table with my other guests, you are too good to eat in my house. Begone!"

Despite the instant apology of the Duke of Orleans, the landlord insisted on their going, and they were compelled to seek other quarters.

Another landlord, whose hotel was a log-cabin of one room, was very urgent for them to buy land in the neighborhood, and was totally unable to comprehend what their object could be in travelling so far, if they did not intend to settle. It was in vain they explained to him that they merely wished to see the country. He let them know very plainly that he looked upon them as little better than fools, and seemed to pity them as persons unfit to manage their own affairs. In another log-tavern of a single apartment, wherein the guests slept on the floor, and the landlord and his wife on the only bedstead, the duke overheard the landlord, in the night, saying to his wife what a pity it was that three such promising young men should be roaming about the country without object, instead of buying land in that settlement and establishing themselves respectably. At another tavern the duke remonstrated with the landlady for not attending to their wants. She replied that there was a show in the

village, the first show ever seen in that country, and she was not going to stay at home herself, nor require any one else to stay, to wait on anybody ; not she, indeed !

After journeying as far west as Nashville, they returned by way of Niagara Falls, and reached Philadelphia brown, robust, and penniless. So poor were they, for a time, that they could not remove from Philadelphia during the prevalence of the yellow fever. When they received remittances, they resided for a while at New York, where they became well acquainted with Alexander Hamilton, Aaron Burr, John Jay, Governor Clinton, and others, whom the king well remembered.

The three princes resided in the United States about two years. When the fury of the French revolution had subsided, they ventured to rejoin their mother in Spain ; and during the reign of Napoleon, the family lived in London and in Sicily. It was not until the expulsion of Napoleon in 1814, after an exile of more than twenty-one years, that the Orleans family saw again their native country, and entered into the possession of their hereditary rank and fortune. To the last years of his life there was nothing which Louis Philippe recalled with so much pleasure as his travels in the wilderness of America.

LORD PALMERSTON.

It is reported of Lord Palmerston, the late prime minister of England, that whenever he engaged a new cook, he used to say to him:—

"I wish you to prepare what is called a good table for my guests; but for *me*, there must always be a leg of mutton and an apple-pie."

This remark partly explains how it came to pass that a man nearly eighty-two years of age could perform the duties of chief ruler of an empire containing three hundred millions of people. An English prime minister is as much the ruler of the British empire as the President is of the United States; for, although everything is done in the queen's name, and every document of any importance requires her signature, still this is mere form; all the *work* is done by the minister, and he is far more responsible to parliament than to the sovereign. Besides performing the duties of minister, he also sits in parliament, where he has to defend his policy against the attacks of an eager and able opposition. Parliament assembles every afternoon at four o'clock, and often sits very late. It is not uncommon for the session to continue until two or three in the morning, and sometimes the sitting is prolonged until after sunrise. From the heat and excitement of parliament, the minister goes home, and, at ten the next morning, he is at his office in Downing Street to transact business.

A life like this Lord Palmerston led for fifty-seven years, supporting the animal man on such fare as roast mutton and apple pie. He could not have done it on turtle and venison, still less on our American hot bread, buckwheat cakes, and

fried meat. He took plenty of exercise too. When he was past seventy, he thought no more of a thirty-mile gallop of an afternoon, than a New York merchant does of walking home from Broad Street to Union Square. Often, when parliament was expected to sit late, he would dismiss his carriage, and, coming out of the house after midnight, would walk home alone, a distance of two miles, and "do" the distance in thirty minutes. There never was a brisker old gentleman. In the hunting season he usually went into the country, where he would follow the hounds as vigorously and as long as the youngest buck of them all.

I delight to mention these things, for there is nothing our keen business men more need to be reminded of than the necessity of taking care of the animal part of their nature. If a man wishes to keep a clear head, a good temper, a sound digestion, let him take a hint from Lord Palmerston, Commodore Vanderbilt, and Dr. Spring. It is not necessary to have a five-hundred-guinea hunter or a twenty-thousand-dollar trotting horse, or any horse at all. A game of ball, or a ramble with the children, will answer every purpose.

I saw Lord Palmerston in the House of Commons twenty years ago. That House presents a scene exceedingly different from an American legislative body, every member of which has a comfortable arm-chair, and a desk at which he writes his letters, his editorials, his pamphlets, or his speeches. In the House of Commons, the members sit on benches or settees; the ministerial members on one side, and the opposition members on the other; each division facing one another, and separated by a broad isle. The benches are arranged in long rows, each a little higher than the one before it, so that the members on the back seats can see over the heads of those in front. Every member sits with his hat on, which he removes only when he rises to speak, or when he has occasion to walk across the floor. The spectator in the gallery, therefore, looks down on a moving sea of black hat-crowns, instead of the distinguished countenances which he is anxious to examine. The gallery was then a small pen, at the back of the house, high up near the ceiling. It would hold about one hundred persons; and no one could

get admittance except upon the written order of a member; and a member could only grant one of these orders each evening. This was a great plague to the American minister, to whom Americans in London apply for these orders, and who could seldom get as many as were wanted. Some of our free and easy countrymen would plant themselves in the passage by which members enter the house, and there accost the first good-natured looking gentleman who passed along, and ask him for an order, which he would generally get. I saw O'Connell stopped for this purpose. He took a card from his pocket, and his remarkably broad-brimmed hat from his head, and wrote the order on the crown. O'Connell at that time, with his round, red face, and his large-skirted brown coat, looked the very picture of an Irish farmer, come to town to sell his crop of potatoes.

Lord Palmerston spoke that evening. He was then sixty years of age, and looked thirty-eight. His figure was rather slight and extremely elegant. There was nothing of the bluff, round, beer-drinking Briton in his appearance, and he was invariably dressed with care,—even to dandyism; which, I suppose, was the reason why he was called “Old Cupid.” In this particular, he presented a contrast to his colleague, Lord John Russell, who, being very short, and having on clothes much too large for him, looked like a boy who had just put on his first frock-coat, which a prudent mother had insisted should allow for his growth. In the House of Commons there is seldom heard what we call oratory,—no vehemence, no flights of rhetoric, no sweeping gestures, no appeals to the feelings. The members simply *converse* together. That is to say, they speak in the tone and manner of conversation. If any one should get up in the House of Commons and try to show off his oratorical powers, he would very soon be informed, by coughs and satirical outcries, that he had brought his wares to the wrong market. Lord Palmerston was asked a question respecting a treaty with Portugal, with regard to the duty on wines. He rose, took off his hat, spoke ten minutes in a low tone, gave the information sought, made a little joke inaudible in the

gallery, at which the members laughed, then resumed his seat and put on his hat.

One great secret of his power was, that he could always make the house laugh. He had a quiet, homely way of joking, which no British audience could resist. Many of his comic illustrations were drawn from the "ring," all the slang and science of which he knew. I have no doubt that if he had been attacked in one of his midnight walks, by three unarmed men, not prize-fighters, he would have been able to knock down the first assailant, damage the second, and put to flight the third. I remember, in one of his speeches, a passage like this : —

"Gentlemen on the other side remind me of another sort of encounter familiar to us all. Tom Spring, hard pressed, cries out, '*You strike too high!*' Bob Clinch changes his tactics; whereupon Tom roars, '*You strike too low!*' I have the same ill luck : Let me strike high or low, I cannot please honorable members opposite."

If a party of Englishmen were afloat on a raft in the middle of the ocean, and no ship in sight, they could hardly help laughing at a comparison of that kind. Palmerston could always turn the laugh upon his opponents by some such rough joke, couched in the language of gentlemen.

He made a capital hit in 1853, when the cholera was ravaging the continent, and was expected to break out in England in the following spring. The situation, in fact, was precisely what it was in 1867 ; every one in Great Britain and America was fearful of the coming epidemic. In these circumstances, the clergy of Scotland united in petitioning the government to appoint a day of fasting and prayer, in order to avert the dreaded visitation. Lord Palmerston refused to grant the petition. He told the clergy of Scotland that the world was governed by natural laws, ordained of God, which must be obeyed ; and that, therefore, it was useless to pray against the cholera while the Scottish towns were reeking with the filth which was the natural cause and nourishment of cholera. He advised them to go to work and purify those towns, especially the dwellings of the poor. His

words were so appropriate to our circumstances at all times that we will quote them :—

“Lord Palmerston would therefore suggest that the best course which the people of this country can pursue to *deserve* that the further progress of the cholera should be stayed, will be to employ the interval that will elapse between the present time and the beginning of next spring, in planning and executing measures by which those portions of their towns and cities which are inhabited by the poorest classes, and which, from the nature of things, must most need purification and improvement, may be freed from those causes and sources of contagion which, if allowed to remain, will infallibly breed pestilence, and be fruitful in death, in spite of all the prayers and fastings of a united but inactive people.”

The common sense of the people sustained him in this bold and wise reply. It is greatly to be hoped that we also may be wise enough, “between the present time and the beginning of next spring,” to act upon Lord Palmerston’s suggestion.

What a prodigious sum of experience lies buried in the grave of this old minister! Born in 1784, just as the American revolution had closed, he could remember the later phases of the French revolution, which grew out of ours. He was at school with Lord Byron. When, as a young man of twenty-one, he entered parliament, Napoleon had not yet reached the summit of his career. As secretary of war, he assisted to conduct the vast military operations which ended in the battle of Waterloo, and the final overthrow of Napoleon. He served four British sovereigns, and terminated his career by holding, for six years, the highest post a subject can reach. At the time of his death he was still the most popular man in England.

He was very far, indeed, from being a great man; but he was an exceedingly skilful politician. No man knew better than he when to resist public opinion and when to yield to it. He owed his long success in public life chiefly to this

His splendid health, his imperturbable good humor, his happy mixture of audacity and prudence, and his perfect knowledge of the British people, enabled him to emerge triumphantly from difficulties which would have crushed a better and greater man.

BENEDICT ARNOLD—NEW LIGHT.

WHO would have thought of looking into the autobiography of Mrs. Sigourney for information respecting Benedict Arnold? These two names represent the extremes of human nature; for Mrs. Sigourney was one of the best of women, and Arnold was one of the worst of men. Nevertheless, the two names will henceforth be often printed in the same sentence, and mentioned in the same breath.

One hundred years ago, in the town of Norwich, Connecticut, there lived a certain Daniel Lathrop, physician and druggist. His business was so flourishing and extensive as to require the services of several clerks and apprentices, who, according to the custom of the time, lived in the family of their employer. One of his apprentices was a poor widow's son, named Benedict Arnold, and another was Ezekiel Huntley, who became, in due time, the father of Lydia Huntley, afterwards Mrs. Sigourney. It is in this way that the name of the gentle poetess is associated with that of the fierce, malignant traitor. Having been in the habit of hearing her father talk of Arnold, and having herself, during her childhood and youth, resided in the old Lathrop mansion with Mrs. Lathrop, she naturally records what she was accustomed to hear of him. Her father had in his possession several of Arnold's school-books, of which she particularly remembered a Dilworth's Grammar and an Arithmetic, which were disfigured in many places by the name of Benedict Arnold, scrawled carelessly through the middle of valuable pages. Sometimes, she says, the names were accompanied by boyish drawings, of an extremely hideous character; and she truly remarks, that, in that frugal and well-disciplined age, it must have required some audacity thus to misuse highly valuable

property, and which, indeed, had an almost sacred character in New England.

The family of Dr. Daniel Lathrop was among the most respectable in Connecticut. The doctor himself had been regularly educated as a physician; but, owing to a distaste for the practice of his profession, which he could never overcome, he established himself in the drug business, in which he acquired a very large estate. He was noted in Norwich for the interest which he took in the welfare of his clerks and apprentices. He made it his business to see that the younger ones attended school a part of the winter, and that they learned their lessons properly. He watched over their morals, and inculcated virtue both by precept and example. He used to say in after years, and so did his wife, that, of all the apprentices they had ever had in their family, there was not one with whom they had taken more pains than Benedict Arnold. He was a widow's son, and he came to them at a younger age than was usual, and both these circumstances conspired to increase their tenderness for him. They cared for him, indeed, as if he had been their own son. In common with all the members of the family, he enjoyed the freedom and comfort of a spacious and elegant house, — one of the best in that part of Connecticut. The gardens of the house were remarkably extensive and well kept. Orphan as he was, there was probably not a boy in Connecticut more advantageously situated than Benedict Arnold.

He was no common boy. The most striking trait of his character was fearlessness. He would place himself in situations of extreme peril, for no other motive than to terrify his elders, or to "show off" his courage. In those simple old days, apprentices used to perform many services of a household character, such as bringing in wood and water, taking care of the family horse, blacking the master's Sunday boots, and going to mill. It was often the duty of the boy Arnold to carry bags of Indian corn to a mill, two miles from home, himself riding upon the bags that were thrown over the horse's back. While he was waiting for his grist, it was his delight to astonish the miller with his wild, daring tricks. As he was bathing in the mill-stream, he would seize hold of one of the spokes of the

great water-wheel, and go around with it, now dangling in the air, now buried in the foaming water, while the miller stood horror-stricken at his recklessness. He was a most daring and headlong rider. Horses that he was accustomed to ride were observed to fall into bad habits, such as kicking, starting, and running away.

Another marked characteristic was cruelty. He was barbarous, Mrs. Sigourney reports, to every form of animal life. Dogs slunk out of his way when they saw him coming, and cats came to an untimely end where he resided. He was cruel to insects and birds. He took a devilish pleasure, as it seemed, in breaking the eggs in the nests of birds, and in observing the dismay of the mother. Mrs. Lathrop used to remonstrate with him. She told him that the bereaved birds seemed to say, "*Cruel Benedict Arnold!*" at which the little monster would turn away and chuckle.

Mrs. Sigourney does not confirm the tradition that he ran away from his master, enlisted in the army during the Seven Years' War, and deserted. We are left to infer that he learned his business at Norwich, and, in due time, set up for himself at New Haven, where he had a somewhat extensive drug-store, and carried on a trade with the West Indies in vessels of his own. The signboard that used to be over his drug-store is still preserved in New Haven.

At the first tap of the drum in the war of the Revolution, he marched the company of militia of which he was captain to the rendezvous near Boston, and Connecticut saw him no more till a certain day in the autumn of 1781, when he returned in command of a body of British troops to ravage the State that gave him birth. The people of Norwich, Mrs. Sigourney tells us, were alarmed one night at seeing the southern sky illumined as by a conflagration, while the low thunder of a distant cannonade was borne to them on the southern breeze. The minutemen rushed to the mustering place; horses were saddled, and vehicles made ready; and, in a few minutes, the whole population capable of bearing arms were hastening to the scene of danger. The foremost horseman soon passed the word from front to rear that New London, the finest seaport town in the

State, fourteen miles south of Norwich, had been fired by the enemy. The men of Norwich pressed on with such rapidity, that in three hours from the first alarm many of them stood among the smoking ruins of the town. The town was destroyed; the inhabitants, in the chill of an autumn night, were houseless; and the brutal foe had fled beyond the reach of vengeance.

Who had done this infernal deed? Benedict Arnold! Men who had known him in other days as an enterprising trader recognized him as he sat upon his horse, calmly surveying the progress of the flames. He had the effrontery to enter a house, where often he had been honorably entertained as a guest, and there satisfy his hunger from the plunder of the pantry; and when he had finished his repast he ordered the house to be fired. He is said to have expressed his regret that he could not go as far as Norwich, and burn the very house in which he was born.

To the destruction by the fire were added the horrors of massacre. On the other side of the river Thames was Fort Griswold, which Arnold carried by assault after a desperate resistance on the part of the garrison. The massacre was continued after the garrison had surrendered, and the ground was heaped high with dead, both British and American. Wives and mothers hurried over from New London, and were seen searching among the dead and wounded for sons and husbands. Here was a wife watching for the last breath of an expiring husband, and there a mother shrieking over the just discovered body of her dead boy. It was a time of such varied and intense horror that no words can ever describe it, and the very tradition of it in New London among the old families has something of the vividness of recent news. Many families lost all they possessed in the conflagration of the town; and in the massacre at the fort fell those who could have repaired the loss. Who can realize the bitterness of the reflection at the time, that all this was the work of a man who was a native of the soil? Who can wonder that the name of Benedict Arnold should be so deeply and universally odious?

The wages of his iniquity were not as large as they are sometimes stated. He was paid a sum of money equal to about

thirty thousand dollars in gold. Foolish old George III. had him often at court, and paid him some attention, but soon forgot and neglected him. All honorable Englishmen, except a few of the most bigoted Tories, despised and avoided him. One of his sons obtained a commission in the British army, and died in 1854 a lieutenant-general, the highest rank in the British service except that of general and field-marshal. One of Benedict Arnold's grandsons is at this moment a highly respectable clergyman of the Church of England. To some Americans who visited him a few years ago he spoke rationally and moderately respecting his grandfather's conduct, neither denouncing nor excusing it.

CAPTAIN JAMES LAWRENCE.

MANY readers are familiar with the monument in front of Trinity Church in New York, which covers the remains of Captain Lawrence, whose dying injunction, "DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP!" is part of the inheritance of every American citizen. It is an elegant monument of brown stone, bearing several appropriate inscriptions. Every patriotic visitor to Old Trinity lingers around it, and pays homage to the memory of a man who gave his life to his country, and remained firm in his devotion to her while suffering the anguish of a mortal wound.

Such monuments as these are a priceless possession. Who could estimate the value to posterity of a simple, durable monument in every village cemetery, to the memory of the soldiers who went from its vicinity and died in the war just closed? Such memorials need not be splendid nor costly. The roughest piece of granite consecrated to such a purpose would eclipse the most elaborate work of sculpture, and assist to keep alive the patriotic fire in generations unborn.

The tomb of Captain Lawrence was opened, not long since, to receive the remains of his widow, who survived him fifty-two years, and died at Newport, on the fifteenth of September, in the seventy-eighth year of her age. The little company of friends that gathered about the hallowed spot on that occasion, were scarcely observed by the throng of passers-by, and the event was not noticed in the papers of the next morning. Fifty-six years had elapsed since Julia Montaudevert, a lovely girl of nineteen, the daughter of a New York merchant, gave her hand at the altar of Trinity to Lieutenant Lawrence, then twenty-seven, and reputed the handsomest officer in the American navy, as he certainly was one of the bravest of any

navy. She lived opposite the Bowling Green, near by, then the most elegant, quiet, and fashionable quarter of New York. She was a wife but four years, during much of which her husband was absent on duty. She became the mother of two daughters, one of whom was born after his death. She only recovered from her second confinement in time to follow his remains to the grave. Since that time she has resided chiefly at Newport, an object of interest and veneration to the frequenters of that place. At last, after more than half a century of widowhood, she returns to the home of her childhood, to the church in which she plighted her faith, and lies down by the side of her husband never more to be separated from him.

A few old inhabitants of the city remember the couple, as they appeared during the honeymoon, — she, a beautiful, blushing bride, — he, clad in the stiff but showy uniform of that day, radiant with manly beauty, and invested with the charm of recent glory won in battle.

James Lawrence, born in 1781, at Burlington, in New Jersey, where his father was a lawyer in good practice, was one of those boys who *will* go to sea, in spite of all opposition. Consequently his father, who had wished to bring him up to his own profession, yielded to the lad's decided preference, and obtained for him, in his seventeenth year, a midshipman's commission in the infant navy of the United States. Recognized at once as a valuable officer, he was acting lieutenant at nineteen, commissioned a lieutenant at twenty-one, and first lieutenant of a schooner at twenty-three.

His first distinction was won in the war with Tripoli, in 1804. A serious disaster had befallen the navy in the loss of the frigate *Philadelphia*, which ran on a reef in the Mediterranean; and being attacked by the Tripoli fleet while she lay helpless on the rocks, Captain Brainbridge was compelled to surrender. Himself, his officers, and a crew of nearly three hundred men were carried away prisoners to Tripoli, where they were tolerably treated and held for ransom. The ship was got afloat, and taken to the same port, where she was anchored under the guns of the town, while her captors were repairing her for a cruise against American commerce. So important was it to deprive

the barbarians of so potent an engine of mischief, that the gallant Decatur conceived the project of running into the harbor with a small vessel, surprising the frigate and setting her on fire. How neatly this was done, most readers know. The surprise was so complete, that Decatur had possession of the ship in just ten minutes after he had given the order to board. Combustibles were all ready, and were placed in various parts of the vessel. At the signal they were set on fire, and the ship, dry as tinder from many months' exposure to a tropical sun, blazed up with such rapidity that the ketch in which the Americans had boarded her, narrowly escaped being involved in the same conflagration.

Flames leaped from the frigate's port-holes and wreathed round the masts, lighting up the bay with a brilliancy that was perilous in the extreme to the victors. Cutting with their swords the hawser that bound them to the burning ship, the Americans—eighty in number—gave three cheers and bent to their oars.

The cannon-balls of the enemy flew over their heads and dashed into the water near them; but the vigorous use of sixteen sweeps soon carried them out of range, without the loss of a man.

In this affair Lieutenant Lawrence commanded one division of the attacking party, and behaved with admirable coolness and gallantry. Decatur pronounced a fine eulogium upon him when he said:—

"There is no more dodge about Lawrence than there is about the mainmast."

Congress voted thanks and money to the men engaged in this spirited affair. Lawrence's share of the money was eighty dollars, which he preferred not to accept.

The breaking out of the war of 1812 found Lawrence in command of the sloop-of-war, *Hornet*, eighteen guns. It was in this vessel that he won his famous victory, off the coast of Brazil, over the English sloop, *Peacock*, eighteen guns, Captain Peeke. Sighting this vessel early in the afternoon of February 14th, 1813, Commander Lawrence, who was a remarkably skilful seaman, handled the *Hornet* so as to get the advantage of the

enemy in position. At half pistol shot the vessels exchanged broadsides, and continued a furious fire, at intervals, for fifteen minutes, the American ship constantly out-manceuvring her adversary. The British vessel was gallantly fought, and her commander used every exertion to regain the advantage of position. Lawrence, however, was too quick for him; and the gunnery of the *Hornet* was strikingly superior to that of the *Briton*. In just fifteen minutes from the firing of the first gun, the *Peacock* not only struck her colors, but displayed a signal of distress. In fact, she was sinking; and though the Americans made prodigious efforts to keep her afloat, she went to the bottom in an hour, carrying down with her nine of her own crew and three of the *Hornet's*.

In this encounter the English vessel lost her captain and four men killed, and had thirty-three men wounded, while the *Hornet* had but one man killed and two wounded; and was so little damaged that in three hours after the contest closed she was ready for another engagement.

These sea victories of ours in the war of 1812 were a complete puzzle to the people of England. I read, the other day, a letter of the poet Southey, written in May, 1813, in which he says:—

“Tom” (his brother, a naval officer) “is made quite unhappy by these repeated victories of the Americans; and, for my own part, I regard them with the deepest and gloomiest forebodings. The superior weight of metal will not account for all. I heard, a day or two ago, from a Liverpoolian, lately in America, that they stuff their wadding with bullets. This may kill a few more men, but will not explain how it is that our ships are so soon demolished, not merely disabled. Wordsworth (the poet) and I agreed in suspecting some improvement in gunnery. . . . Peeke was certainly not a tyrant; he is well known here, having married a cousin of Wordsworth; his ship was in perfect order; and he as brave and able a man as any in the service. Here it seems the men behaved well; but in ten minutes the ship was literally knocked to pieces,—her sides fairly stove in; and I think this can only be explained by some improvement in

the manufacture of powder, or in the manner of loading. . . . It is in vain to treat the matter lightly, or seek to conceal from ourselves the extent of the evil. Our naval superiority is destroyed ! ”

I explain the mystery thus : The naval glories of England were chiefly won in combat with the fleets of Spain and France, — nations not at home upon the sea. America is the only antagonist that England ever encountered upon the ocean which has a natural turn for seamanship equal to her own. Besides this equality in natural gift, we had the advantage of a quicker brain, and an inveterate habit of improving upon old methods. Our navy, too, was not officered from the younger sons of aristocrats, with whom it was a *rule*, as Captain Marryatt says, to send to sea “the fool of the family.”

His hold being crowded with prisoners, Lawrence made all sail for the United States, where the acclamations of the nation welcomed him. The government promoted him, at the age of thirty-one, to the rank of captain, the highest grade then existing in our navy, and Congress voted him thanks and a gold medal. After enjoying a few weeks on shore the society of his wife and child, he was assigned to the command of the frigate Chesapeake, then lying in Boston harbor, preparing for a cruise against the enemy's whaling fleet off the coast of Greenland.

The British frigate Shannon was blockading Boston harbor. On the morning of June 1st, 1813, this ship came into the bay, as if challenging the Chesapeake to an engagement. Captain Lawrence, with a crew dissatisfied from the non-payment of their prize money, his first lieutenant sick on shore, his officers few, young, and inexperienced, had determined to avoid, if possible, an encounter with the Shannon ; but this bold defiance was too much for his resolution, and he put to sea. Thirty miles from shore, late in the afternoon, the well-known battle occurred, — one of the shortest, fiercest, and most destructive engagements that ever took place between single ships. After eight minutes of furious cannonading at very close quarters, in which the American ship gave more damage than she received, an anchor of the Shannon caught the rigging of the Chesapeake,

which exposed her to a raking fire, that swept her decks. Both captains instantly ordered boarders to be called ; but the bugle man of the Chesapeake, a negro, had hid himself, and when he was found, he was so paralyzed by terror that he could not sound a note.

This delay at the critical moment was fatal. Captain Lawrence, already wounded in the leg, received a mortal wound through the body, and was carried below ; and when the English crew cautiously came on board, there was not a commissioned officer unhurt to make head against them. Every officer in the ship, except two midshipmen, mere boys, was either killed or wounded. In fifteen minutes from the moment of the first broadside, the Chesapeake was in the hands of the enemy. Both ships, as Cooper remarks, were "charnel-houses." On board the Chesapeake were forty-eight killed and ninety-eight wounded ; on board the Shannon, twenty-three killed and fifty-six wounded.

With regard to the words uttered by Captain Lawrence after he had received his mortal wound, different accounts have been given. The popular version is, "Don't give up the ship." Cooper says the words were, "Don't strike the flag of my ship." I have been positively assured by a venerable surgeon of the navy, who was in the cockpit when the hero was brought below, that he heard Captain Lawrence say, "*Fight the ship till she sinks.*" Nothing is more probable than that he used all these expressions, and that "Don't give up the ship" obtained currency merely because it was the shortest and handiest.

Lawrence lingered four days after the battle, receiving from the British officers the tenderest care, who also bestowed upon his remains the respect due to so brave a man. From Halifax, to which both ships sailed, his body was brought to New York, where it was followed to the grave by vast numbers of officers and civilians. The nation mourned his loss, and will forever honor his memory.

DEATH OF COMMODORE DECATUR.

I SUPPOSE we all use more freedom in speaking *of* one another than we do in speaking *to* one another. Consequently, almost any person can destroy a friendship or embitter an enmity by reporting *to* one man what another man has said *of* him. To do this is justly esteemed one of the meanest of all actions, as it is assuredly one of the most mischievous. The duel in which Commodore Decatur fell was directly caused by this bad, dastardly practice.

Stephen Decatur, born in Maryland, in 1779, was the FARRAGUT of his time. His father before him was a gallant officer in the infant navy of the United States, captured several British ships in the revolutionary war, and was retained in the service after the peace. In the year 1800, he was the Commodore of the American fleet of thirteen vessels cruising about the West Indies; but when Mr. Jefferson reduced the navy, in 1801, Commodore Decatur was retired, and he became a merchant in Philadelphia, where he died in 1808. The old commodore, however, lived long enough to see his son a captain in the navy, and the darling of his countrymen.

Entering the service as midshipman in 1798, when he was nineteen, he was a lieutenant at twenty, and at twenty-three he had reached the rank of first lieutenant of a brig, the captain of which was that very James Barron who afterwards killed him. Two years later, when our brilliant little war with Algiers was at its height, Decatur was in command of the brig *Enterprise*, one of the vessels of the fleet in the Mediterranean, and it was while commanding the *Enterprise* that he performed the exploit which made him a favorite hero of the American people.

The reader remembers, of course, that the Algerines had had the luck to catch a fine American frigate, the *Philadelphia*, aground and helpless, with her guns overboard; and that they captured her and took her into the harbor of Tripoli, where they were fitting her out for a cruise. Bainbridge, her captain, while a prisoner at Tripoli, contrived to send word to Commodore Preble that the *Philadelphia* was carelessly guarded and could easily be surprised and burnt. The Commodore consulted Lieutenant Decatur upon the project, and Decatur, the bravest of the brave, supported it with all the enthusiasm of his age and character. Commodore Preble came into the scheme, and named young Decatur commander of the expedition. Lieutenant Decatur called for volunteers, and every man and boy on board his brig expressed a willingness to join. Sixty-two of the best men were picked from the eager crew, who, with twelve officers, were transferred to a small Algerian vessel belonging to Tripoli, captured a few days before, and now rechristened the *Intrepid*.

It was a still, fine evening in February, 1803, at ten o'clock, when the *Intrepid* glided slowly and noiselessly into the harbor, Decatur at the helm, a Greek pilot at his side, and the crew lying along the deck. So complete was the surprise, and so well concerted the attack, that in just ten minutes from the time the *Intrepid* touched the frigate the Americans had possession of her. Decatur was the second man to reach her deck, Charles Morris, midshipman, having jumped two seconds before him. Everything having been provided beforehand for burning the ship, the fire burst forth with such unexpected rapidity that the *Intrepid* narrowly escaped catching. The work having been accomplished, a light breeze from shore sprang up in the nick of time and wafted the little vessel gently out of the harbor, lighted on her way by the flames, and saluted by the harmless thunder of Algerian guns.

This gallant exploit made Decatur a captain. Without dwelling on his subsequent career, I can truly say that it was all of a piece with this brilliant opening.

Far different was it with James Barron. Barron, a native of Virginia, and, like Decatur, the son of a revolutionary commc-

dore, entered the navy in the same year as Decatur, and outstripped him in the race for promotion. A year after he entered the service, being then thirty-one years of age, he was a captain, and he continued to rise in the esteem of his countrymen until the year 1807, when a sad misfortune befell him, which cast a shadow over all his subsequent life.

June 22d, 1807, the United States being at peace with all the world, the American frigate Chesapeake, thirty-eight guns, under command of Commodore Barron, left her anchorage in Hampton Roads, and stood out to sea, bound for the Mediterranean. About the same hour the British frigate Leopard, fifty guns, which had been lying for some time at the same anchorage, also put to sea, and being in better trim than the Chesapeake, and much better manned, got ahead of her some miles. But at three in the afternoon she wore round, bore down upon the Chesapeake, and sent a boat to her, with a despatch demanding to search the American ship for four deserters from the English navy. Commodore Barron replied that he knew of no such deserters, and that his orders did not allow his crew to be mustered by any officers but their own. No sooner had the boat returned with this reply, than the British ship fired a broadside full into the American at short range. The Chesapeake, her decks littered with stores and animals, her crew undisciplined, her warlike apparatus all unready for use, could not fire a shot in her defence; and consequently, when, by the continuous fire of the Leopard, three of the American crew had been killed and eighteen wounded, one of whom was the commodore himself, and when there were twenty-one shot in the hull of the Chesapeake, Barron struck his colors. The English captain made the search, took away the four alleged deserters, and sailed off, leaving the crippled Chesapeake to get back to Hampton Roads as best she could.

Commodore Barron was tried by a court-martial for going to sea unprepared to defend his ship, and the public clamored for his punishment. His defence was that his captain had informed him in writing that the ship was ready to sail, and that, the United States and Great Britain being at peace, the attack was not to have been anticipated. The court pronounced the defence

insufficient, and sentenced him to three years' suspension without pay. When the war broke out in 1812, he was not appointed to a ship.

Among those who opposed the reinstatement of Barron were the majority of the naval captains, and no one opposed it so openly and decidedly as Decatur. He thought that Barron had been to blame in the affair of the Chesapeake. He also thought that, as there were so few ships in the navy, they ought to be commanded by men who had distinguished themselves during the war. It is evident, too, that he had lent a too credulous ear to the calumnies in circulation respecting Barron's conduct since the Chesapeake disaster. In short, he had a very bad opinion of Commodore Barron as an officer, and this bad opinion he was in the habit of expressing with the careless frankness of a sailor. Mean intermeddlers communicated the fact, with the usual exaggerations, to Barron, who was sore and sensitive from his long endurance of what he felt to be injustice. In June, 1819, he addressed a note to Decatur to this effect:—

"SIR,—I have been informed in Norfolk that you have said that you could insult me with impunity, or words to that effect. If you have said so you will no doubt avow it, and I shall expect to hear from you."

Commodore Decatur's reply was evidently intended to be offensive. The italics are his own:—

"SIR,—I have received your communication of the 12th instant. Before you could have been entitled to the information you have asked of me, you should have given up the name of your informer. That frankness which ought to characterize our profession required it. I shall not, however, refuse to answer you on that account, but shall be as candid in my communication to you as your letter or the case will warrant.

"Whatever I may have *thought or said, in the very frequent and free conversations I have had respecting you and your conduct*, I feel a thorough conviction that I never could have been

guilty of so much egotism as to say that 'I could insult you' (or any other man) 'with impunity.' "

Commodore Barron, in his reply, said : —

"Your declaration, if I understand it correctly, relieves my mind from the apprehension that you had so degraded my character as I had been induced to allege."

Here the correspondence ought to have closed. Decatur, however, as though determined upon a quarrel, wrote again, and more stinging than before : —

"As you have expressed yourself doubtfully as to your correct understanding of my letter of the aforesaid date, I have now to state, and I request you to understand distinctly, that I meant no more than to disclaim the *specific* and *particular* expression to which your inquiry was directed ; to wit, that I had said that I could insult you with impunity. As to the motives of the 'several gentlemen of Norfolk,' your informants, or the rumors, 'which cannot be traced to their origin,' on which their information was founded, or who they are, it is a matter of perfect indifference to me, as are also your motives in making such an inquiry upon such information."

Commodore Barron justly interpreted this letter as a defiance, and he immediately challenged Decatur. A very long correspondence followed, in which it is evident that Barron did *not* desire a hostile meeting, and that Decatur was irreconcilably opposed to a friendly termination of the dispute. Decatur's letters were most exasperating. He concluded the last of his long letters in these words : —

"Your offering your life to me would be quite affecting, and might (as you evidently intend) excite sympathy, if it were not ridiculous. It will not be lost sight of that your jeopardizing your life depends upon yourself, and not upon me ; and is done with the view of fighting your own character up. I have now

to inform you that I shall pay no further attention to any communication you may make to me, other than a direct call to the field."

To this the still reluctant Barron replied : —

"Whenever you will consent to meet me on fair and equal grounds, that is, such as two honorable men may consider just and proper, you are at liberty to view this as that call. The whole tenor of your conduct to me justifies this course of proceeding on my part. As for your charges and remarks, I regard them not, — particularly your sympathy. You know not such a feeling. I cannot be suspected of making the attempt to excite it."

Decatur answered : —

"SIR, — I have received your communication of the 16th, and am at a loss to know what your intention is. If you intend it as a challenge, I accept it, and refer you to my friend Commodore Bainbridge, who is fully authorized by me to make any arrangement he pleases, as regards weapons, mode, or distance."

This correspondence, which began in June, 1819, did not terminate till February, 1820, and the fatal meeting was delayed seven weeks longer by the sickness of Commodore Barron. At length, on the 22d of March, 1820, the two officers met at Bladensburgh to decide their long controversy by the pistol.

A considerable number of naval officers, besides the seconds, were on or near the field. One of the antagonists being near-sighted, they were placed at the distance of eight paces. When they were in position, Barron said to Decatur : —

"I hope on meeting in another world we shall be better friends than in this."

"I have never been your enemy, sir," was Decatur's reply.

The word being given, they fired so exactly together that it sounded like the report of one pistol. Barron fell, badly

wounded. Decatur was about to fall, but was caught, and staggered forward a few steps, and sank down close to Barron; and, as they lay on the ground, both expecting to die, they conversed together as follows—as near as could be collected:

"Let us," said Barron, "make friends before we meet in heaven. Everything has been conducted in the most honorable manner, and I forgive you from the bottom of my heart."

"I have never been your enemy," Decatur replied, "and I freely forgive you my death, though I cannot forgive those who stimulated you to seek my life."

"Would to God," said Barron, "that you had said as much yesterday!"

According to one witness, Decatur added:—

"God bless you, Barron."

To which Barron replied, "God bless you, Decatur."

The wounded men were then removed to their lodgings. Before the dawn of the next day Decatur breathed his last; but Barron, after suffering severely for several months, recovered his health. He was eventually restored to the full honors of his profession, and lived to the year 1851, when he died, aged eighty-three, the senior officer of the navy.



JULIUS CAESAR.

Engraved by W. D. I. from the

ANTIQUE RUST.

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2000 2001

I was he, in great esteem by the people, and
 by victors in the war.
 I was he, in great esteem by the people, and
 by victors in the war.
 I was he, in great esteem by the people, and
 by victors in the war.



JULIUS CÆSAR.



LOUIS NAPOLEON has recently given the world the first volume of a Life of Julius Cæsar, the obvious design of which is to justify his own conduct in seizing the throne of France. The subject was well chosen for his purpose, but he should have published it in another man's name, for no one much regards what an accused person has to say in his own defence. It is better for a criminal to employ a skilful advocate than to plead his own cause. We must own, however, that there *are* points of resemblance both between Cæsar and the first Napoleon, and between Augustus, his successor, and Napoleon III.

Caius Julius Cæsar, born July 12th, one hundred years before Christ, owed his first popularity among the people of Rome to the fact that, though born to noble rank, he joined the party opposed to the ancient aristocracy. He courted the people by giving them gladiatorial shows and public banquets, in which he wasted his estate and involved himself in enormous debts. Advanced, at an early age, to public office, and holding a seat in the Senate, he employed his power and cast his vote on the popular side, and was held in great esteem by the people before he had dazzled them by victories in the field. Nature appeared not to have formed him for a warrior; for, in early life, he was slender and of weakly constitution, and seemed chiefly to desire distinction as an orator and political leader. Napoleon, also, was of so diminutive a figure, so pale, thin, and insignificant looking, that, one day, in presenting himself in uniform to the lady whom he was courting, she burst into the most immoderate laughter at the ludicrous contrast between his appearance and his martial costume. Napoleon, too, began his career as a

radical republican, and served first in the armies of the Republic.

Cæsar was thirty-six years of age before he had commanded an army. His military career lasted eighteen years, during which he conquered part of Spain, the whole of France, a large portion of Germany, and made two incursions into Great Britain. As a general, he strikingly resembles Napoleon, especially in the astonishing rapidity of his movements, and in his tact in securing the confidence, the homage, the enthusiastic devotion of his troops. His tactics in war, and his policy after triumph, were precisely those of Napoleon. When, by swift marches, by skilful and unexpected concentrations of force, he had overwhelmed and paralyzed the enemy, and the conquered country lay before him despairing and utterly helpless, then he was accustomed to conquer anew by clemency, by offering peace on terms unexpectedly favorable, by heaping honors and bounties on the chiefs. There never was a greater general. After the closest study of the campaigns of both, we should be inclined to accord to Cæsar and Napoleon equal rank as soldiers, but for the fact that Napoleon was Cæsar's *pupil*. At college, Napoleon studied Cæsar's tactics, and in the field he applied them to modern circumstances, methods, and weapons. Cæsar was his master in everything; but it is only a giant that can tread in a giant's footsteps. Only a man of genius can be truly the pupil of a man of genius.

After more than ten years of conquest, Cæsar, the idol of his soldiers and of the Roman people, was still regarded with jealous hatred by the aristocratic faction at Rome, the head of which was Pompey, a great soldier, but a weak, vain, ambitious man. This faction, at length, drove from the Senate and from the city Cæsar's leading friends, who fled toward the camp of their chief. "The die is cast," exclaimed Cæsar. He led his veteran legions across the Rubicon, and made open war upon Pompey. Two short, swift, and masterly campaigns sufficed for the total destruction of his enemies, and Pompey himself was slain, and his head brought to Cæsar. The victor was as clement in this new triumph as he had been when warring against the Germans and the Gauls. The chiefs of the aristocratic party

were promptly pardoned, and many of them were placed in high commands. Brutus, who had served under Cæsar, and who had sided with Pompey, was one of those whom Cæsar forgave, and advanced to the governorship of a province. Of all the host who had been in arms against him, not one man was executed, nor the estate of one man confiscated, — the aim of the conqueror being to restore peace to his distracted country, that he might at once begin the execution of his still vaster designs.

Julius Cæsar, at the age of forty-seven, was master of the greater part of the Roman world. The ancient forms of republican government were carefully preserved; but not the less was the whole power of the state wielded by one man. He appeared to desire to use his power for the good of the country. He built temples, established new military posts, sent forth colonies, restored the cities injured in the civil wars, corrected the calendar, projected a survey of the empire, and a codification of the laws. But he was not satisfied with these peaceful conquests. He seemed, as Plutarch remarks, as jealous of his old renown as though that renown belonged to another man, and he burned for new triumphs, so dazzling that they should cast into the shade all his previous achievements. Aiming at nothing less than the subjection of the world to his imperial sway, he prepared to transport his legions to the remotest frontiers of the empire, and saw, in prospect, the whole earth under Roman laws and institutions, governed by Roman lieutenants, all owing allegiance to the central power — himself. This was Napoleon's error too. Napoleon appeared entirely great until he assumed the trivialities of the imperial dignity, and pretended to give away kingdoms. It is the error natural to men whose talents are immense, and whose souls are little.

In the plenitude of his power, Cæsar became haughty, irritable, harsh toward the nobles, impatient of contradiction, restless. He needlessly wounded the self-love of those who served him, — an error he had never committed when he was climbing to the throne of the world, — an error which truly great men never knowingly commit. In the midst of the execution of his gigantic schemes, a conspiracy was formed against him, which aimed at his life. Of the men engaged in it, all but Brutus

seem to have been actuated by personal and petty motives. Some of them were offended that an old comrade should have attained such a height above them. Some had grudges to avenge, and others hoped to rise upon the ruins of his power. Brutus alone appears to have thought that the death of the despot would restore to Rome its ancient liberty, and it was his name that gave something of dignity to the plot.

The spring of the year forty-four, B. C., arrived. Rome was all astir with the departing legions and the noise of the dictator's mighty schemes. Cæsar still walked the streets of Rome unattended, and had no guard about his house, nor any escort when he went to the senate-house. Rumors were industriously circulated that he meant to assume the title of king — a name of horror to the Romans. True he had thrice refused the proffered crown, in the sight of the people; but many imagined, and Brutus among them, that he had refused it as a woman often refuses the thing she covets most, — refused it that it might be the more strenuously thrust upon him.

On the morning of the ides (the 15th) of March, Cæsar entered the senate-house. The Senate rose, as usual, to do him honor. He took his usual seat. On the pretence of asking the recall of a man whom he had banished, the conspirators gathered round his chair. He gave them, at length, a positive denial, and, as they continued their importunities, he grew angry. One of the men then seized the collar of his robe and drew it off his shoulders, which was the preconcerted signal of attack. Another, with nerveless hand, struck at his neck with his sword, inflicting a slight wound. Cæsar, astonished, laid his hand upon his sword, and said: —

“Villain! Casca! what do you mean?”

At once the whole party drew their swords, and Cæsar saw himself hedged about with bristling points. He stood at bay, with his drawn sword, and defended himself as became him, until Brutus thrust his sword into his groin. Then, it is said, he uttered the memorable words: —

“Thou, too, Brutus!”

and, dropping the point of his sword, gave up the struggle, and fell pierced with twenty-three wounds.

Fifteen years of civil war followed the assassination of Julius Cæsar. At the time of his death, his nephew, Octavius, a youth of nineteen, was travelling with his tutor. No one supposed that this young man would so much as dare to come to Rome to claim his uncle's private estate. He boldly appeared, however, and joined in the strife for the slain emperor's power. Some of his rivals he overcame by management and flattery; others were destroyed by their own vices; some he overthrew in battle; and, at length, assuming the title of Augustus, he wielded the whole authority of Cæsar, and ruled the vast Roman empire peacefully and ably for forty years. He, too, respected and preserved the ancient forms of the republic. Under him a body called the Senate still held its sessions, and men styled consuls were elected. But Augustus was, in fact, absolute sovereign of the civilized world.

This is the man with whom Louis Napoleon desires to be compared. Like him, he is called the nephew of his imperial predecessor; but Cæsar had only adopted the father of Octavius as his relative, and upon Louis Napoleon's kinship with Napoleon doubts have been cast. Augustus won his throne by a strange mixture of cruelty, cunning, and audacity. Louis Napoleon's throne was gained by craft more than by courage; it was founded in perjury and blood. He will, perhaps, endeavor to show, by and by, that France could be saved from anarchy only by destroying its liberty. So, doubtless, Julius Cæsar reasoned, and so the first Napoleon.

The answer is simple: they never *tried* to save order *and* liberty. They attempted only the easier task of concentrating all power in their own hands. Theirs was the small ambition of founding a dynasty, and not the grand ambition of regenerating a country. With all their amazing gifts, history pronounces them little men, because they employed their gifts for an object beneath a great man, — their own glory.

To my mind, poor Charles Goodyear, battling with India-rubber, carrying his pot of lime up Broadway to Greenwich village, wrestling with his material for ten years till he had sub-

duced it to a thousand useful purposes, is a more august figure, than any of the Cæsars or either Napoleon. Nevertheless, while the majority of mankind are sunk in ignorance and superstition, Cæsars and Napoleons are inevitable. As a choice of evils, they are sometimes even to be desired. The school-master and the newspaper, good books and enlightened men will gradually render them, first unnecessary and then impossible.

LEWIS CASS.

DETROIT, which is one of our handsomest and most vigorous cities, has one of the prettiest streets in it I ever saw. This street, a mile or two in length, is lined on both sides with remarkably elegant villas and cottages in the modern style, separated from one another, and surrounded by lawns and gardens, and the whole well shaded with trees. These houses are so new and fresh in appearance that a stranger might almost imagine the street to be an architectural fair, to which each architect in the country had sent a specimen of his skill for exhibition. But there is one house in it that presents a strong contrast to the rest. It is a large, brown, old-fashioned farmhouse, a story and a half high, that looks as though it might have been standing there when Hull surrendered the town in 1812. This was the residence for forty years of the late Lewis Cass. He was one of the richest men in the State of Michigan; but, although his neighbors, one after another, built residences for themselves in the new fashion, with all the modern improvements, the old man stuck to the old house to the last. He died there, at the age of eighty-four.

He was, indeed, a very plain man in his habits and tastes. I remember being in the White House at Washington, one rainy afternoon, during the administration of Mr. Buchanan, under whom General Cass was secretary of state. Suddenly there was a shuffling noise overhead, indicating that the cabinet meeting had broken up, and that its members were about to come downstairs. The secretary of state, a portly gentleman with white hair and a reddish face, looking the very picture of an old farmer, came down among the first, chatting and laughing. It was pleasant to see the chief of the cabinet go down the marble

steps of the president's house to where stood an old-fashioned gig, with an old-fashioned horse tied to the railing, and to watch him while he untied the horse with his own hands, get into the ancient vehicle and drive slowly away. It had a *democratic* look, as we say. We have had one secretary of state who rode about Washington in a carriage and four, with servants in livery. General Cass in his gig was a far more dignified object.

Of all the men who have figured in public life in the United States, Lewis Cass was the person who had the longest and most varied experience. He was a servant of the public for sixty years, in the course of which he filled almost every kind of office and performed almost every kind of duty which can ever devolve upon a citizen of the United States.

Every school-boy knows how the men of New England, as soon as they heard of the shedding of blood at Lexington, shouldered their old muskets and hastened to join the army gathering around Boston. One of those who did so was Jonathan Cass, aged nineteen, a New-Hampshire man, living near Exeter in that State. Entering a New Hampshire regiment as a private, he fought at Bunker Hill, served through the whole war, rose to the rank of captain, and approved himself so good a soldier that he was retained in the army when the war was over, and promoted to the rank of major. This faithful soldier was the father of the late Lewis Cass, who was born at Exeter, New Hampshire, in 1782, just as the revolution was closing, and the old soldiers were going home.

After the war, Major Cass was much employed in the Ohio country against the Indians, and thus became acquainted with the region lying along the Ohio river, — then a wilderness. In the year 1800 he resigned his commission and removed his family across the Alleghany mountains to the new settlement of Marietta, the outpost of civilization. Lewis, however, remained behind. After studying awhile at the academy at Exeter, he had gone to Wilmington, Delaware, where he had obtained employment as a teacher. When he was eighteen years old he walked from Wilmington to Pittsburgh (four hundred and fifty miles), and from Pittsburgh floated down to Marietta (one hundred miles) in a

flatboat, to join his father, who was about settling land assigned him as his bounty for service in the war. Lewis was not inclined to agriculture, and while he was getting his farm in order, he studied law at Marietta. In due time, he was admitted to the bar. He was twenty-four years of age when he hung out his tin sign at the entrance of Zanesville, informing the people that Lewis Cass would come among them to practise the profession of the law. The settlers of the western country (what with income tax, paper money, and the credit system) found plenty of lawyers. In four years Lewis Cass had so much business that he felt it safe to marry, and had so won the confidence of his fellow-citizens that they elected him a member of the Ohio House of Representatives. This was in 1806, when he was twenty-four years of age.

About the time that the people of Zanesville cast their votes for Lewis Cass, President Jefferson, alarmed by rumors of what Aaron Burr was doing in the West, sent a secret messenger, George Graham, to investigate the matter. Graham went to Marietta, where he found the large flatboats building, under the direction of Burr and his confederate. Pretending to be one of Burr's associates, he wormed out of Blennerhassett all he knew of the scheme. Blennerhassett refused. Graham next went to Cincinnati, the capital of Ohio, where the legislature was assembling, — Lewis Cass among them. The messenger disclosed to the governor of the State the nature of his discovery, and asked him what he had discovered, and asked his assistance in the enterprise in the bud. No sooner, therefore, was the matter organized than the governor sent them a secret message, containing the information that Graham had given him, and offering them their co-operation in the measure required.

Lewis Cass, elected as a democrat, instantly sided with the president against Burr, and took the lead in the measures that resulted in the seizure of the boats, the arrest of Burr and his friends, the desolation of his island, and the exposure of the whole scheme. It was Lewis Cass, too, who delivered the congratulatory and patriotic address of the legis-

president, to which Mr. Jefferson replied in a strain highly complimentary to the young member who had penned it.

These events decided his career. A few months after, President Jefferson appointed to the United States marshalship of Ohio the young politician who had aided him in that part of his administrative policy into which he had put most of personal feeling. The marshalship of a State such as Ohio then was yielded little revenue, but it gave standing and influence, and prepared the way for further advancement.

Would readers like to know what it was to be a practising lawyer in a border State half a century ago? General Cass shall tell them :—

"A solemn demeanor," he wrote in 1840, "may become lawyers *now*; but in those bygone times, when the judge and the lawyer mounted their horses, and rode one or two hundred miles to a court, and then to another, and another yet, and through woods, following a mere bridle-path, crossing the swollen streams upon their horses while swimming, and thrown together at night in a small cabin, the laughing philosopher had more disciples than the crying one. I have certainly been in much greater peril since, but with respect to a real *nonplush* (my western friends will understand me), the crowning incident of my life was upon the bank of the Scioto Salt Creek, suddenly raised by a heavy rain, in which I had been unhorsed by the breaking of the saddle-girths. My steed was a bad swimmer, who, instead of advancing after losing his footing, amused himself by sinking to the bottom and then leaping with his utmost force; and this new equestrian feat he continued till rider, saddle, saddle-bags, and blankets were thrown into the water, and the animal emerged upon one side of the creek, and the luckless traveller crawled out on the other as he best could, while the luggage commenced the journey for New Orleans. It appears to me that a more *dripping* spectacle of despair was never exhibited than I presented, while surveying, many miles from a house, the shipwreck of my travelling fortunes."

In this way Ohio lawyers journeyed to the court-houses made of logs, "with interstices," adds General Cass, "wide enough to

admit the passage of a man," where presided judges as primitive and rough as the woods in which they lived.

Tecumseh, the Indian chief, had been, for many years, stirring up the tribes west of the mountains to rise simultaneously upon the whites, and drive them back over the Alleghanies. The war broke out in 1811. The people of Ohio raised three regiments of militia, of one of which the popular Lewis Cass was chosen colonel, and by the time this force was ready for the field, war was declared with Great Britain. Colonel Cass, it is said, was the first soldier of the United States who set his foot upon the soil of Canada as an invader, and he was in command of the first party who fired or received a hostile shot. He was soon involved, however, in Hull's surrender, and returned to the United States a prisoner of war on parole. No man in the surrendered army was more indignant than he at the conduct of General Hull, and it was his testimony, perhaps, that had most weight with the court-martial that condemned the general. Exchanged in 1813, Colonel Cass received a colonel's commission in the regular army, and afterwards, a brigadier-general's, in which rank he took part in the battle of the Thames. When the war closed in 1815, General Cass being in command of the garrison at Detroit, he was appointed governor of the territory of Michigan, then a wilderness, with scarcely a white settlement except Detroit.

Removing his family from Ohio to Detroit in the summer of 1815, he began his residence there by an act which was censured then as most extravagant, but to which he owed his subsequent wealth, and the dignity of his declining years. He was worth twelve thousand dollars in 1815, the whole of which he invested in the purchase of a tract of land close to the village of Detroit, and upon part of which the thriving city of Detroit has since been built. I was told in Detroit that this tract is now worth two millions of dollars.

He was Governor of Michigan for sixteen years, during which time he was a kind of Frontier King. The true and full history of this part of his life would be one of the most curious and fascinating books in existence. He both made and administered law. He ruled, with almost sovereign sway, over whites and

Indians. He negotiated nineteen treaties with Indian tribes, and bought from them great parts of Michigan, Ohio, Wisconsin, and Indiana. Clad in a hunting shirt, he traversed the woods and prairies of the north-west, sometimes on horseback, sometimes in a birch-bark canoe, oftener on foot, — on one occasion travelling four thousand miles in two months.

That he did not himself become a savage while associating so much with savage men and savage nature, was shown, toward the close of this part of his life, by his giving the results of his observations of the Indians in two extensive articles in the "North American Review." I have just read these articles. They are certainly among the most thorough and valuable to be found in the two hundred and twelve numbers of that distinguished periodical. They are much better written than General Cass's later work upon France and Louis Philippe. One would never suppose, upon reading them, that they were written by a man who had lived for twenty-eight years or more on the distant borders of civilization, and spent half his time in governing wild Indians.

In 1831, Governor Cass had the misfortune to be called away from this sphere of labor, in which he had gained nothing but honor, to one for which he was far less fitted, and in which he could not hope to shine. It happened, in one of President Jackson's numerous cabinet imbroglios, that he was suddenly in want of a secretary of war, — the gentleman for whom he had intended the place having refused it, contrary to all expectation. In this emergency he cast his eyes upon the Governor of Michigan, who had given the great weight of his authority to General Jackson's policy of removing the Indians west of the Mississippi. The governor accepted the offer of the post, and midsummer saw him a cabinet minister.

It was no bed of roses. He did not agree with General Jackson in his war upon the United States Bank, and he was much perplexed to decide whether he ought to resign or retain his place. General Jackson, to whom he submitted the question, and who was heartily tired of cabinet-making, said, in effect: —

"Oh, don't think of resigning; it is not necessary. Stay, by all means."

General Cass complied with the request, and was rewarded in 1835 by the office of minister to France, for which he had the very rare qualification of speaking French. Detroit was a French settlement, and to this day several of the principal families there are of French origin, so that General Cass not only spoke the language of France, but felt at home among French people. Louis Philippe, then King of the French, had the most pleasing and vivid recollections of his extensive travels in America, and was never happier than when relating them. He became unusually attached to General Cass, told him the whole story of his life, and listened, in turn, to the hundred tales of frontier adventure with which the ambassador's memory was charged. General Cass's little book, entitled, "France, its King, Court, and Government," is chiefly a statement of facts derived from the king's own lips. It is a very rambling, irregular production, but exceedingly interesting,—more so now than when it was published in 1840.

Returning home, he next figures as senator and candidate for the presidency, and he would actually have been president but for John Van Buren, who organized and run a "Free-soil" party, for the purpose of drawing off votes enough to defeat him. But let us drop a veil over the bad politics of that unhappy time. Let by-gones *be* by-gones. Cass, Buchanan, Van Buren, Douglas, and others who flourished then, were all in a false position,—their real feelings pulling them one way, and their party ties pulling them another. Let us only remember of Lewis Cass, that when at last the crisis came, and he had to choose which he would do, side with or against his country, he took the patriot's part, and stood by the flag under which his father fought. May we never again have such politics or such politicians as we had, on both sides, from 1830 to 1860. It was a trial too severe for human virtue, and we ought not to be surprised that human virtue so often yielded under it.

General Cass, observing the ravages made by strong drink among the Indians, and desirous to add to the force of his advice the power of his example, became a teetotaler during

his governorship of Michigan, and never again resumed the use of intoxicating drinks. He preferred plain fare, and had no vices. To these causes, and to his constant cheerfulness, may be attributed the soundness and vigor of his old age. Almost to the last he enjoyed life, and was a source of enjoyment to others.

SAMUEL ADAMS.

—•••—

WHEN John Adams arrived in France, about the middle of the American Revolution, he heard every one asking, and he was sometimes asked himself: —

"Is it the *famous* Adams?"

He always replied: —

"No; it is not the famous Adams."

The polite Frenchmen, however, insisted that he was too modest, and that he *was* the famous Adams. The Frenchmen were wrong. In the year 1777, John Adams was an unknown man in Europe, while Samuel Adams had received the distinction of being publicly exempted from pardon by the British king, when pardon had been offered to all the revolutionists excepting himself and John Hancock. In America, too, at that time, he was much more universally known, and a much more powerful person, than his second cousin, who was afterwards President of the United States. At the present day, however, while almost every one knows something of John Adams, comparatively few are acquainted with the far superior merits and infinitely greater services of Samuel. Indeed, among the other services which Samuel Adams rendered his country, one was his introduction to the public service of his kinsman, John.

Samuel Adams, born September 15th, 1722, was the son of Captain Samuel Adams, a Boston brewer, who was a wise man and a good citizen. Having been enriched by his trade, Captain Adams was enabled to give his son the best education which the colony afforded. At that time, in Massachusetts, when a man sent his son to college, he generally did so with a view to his entering the ministry; and this was the case with the father of

Samuel Adams. But the youth having been drawn away from theology by the superior charms of politics, he disappointed his father, and chose another career.

While he was in college the events occurred which first drew his attention to the great loss and inconvenience which the American colonies suffered from their connection with Great Britain.

When he graduated, the subject which he chose for his oration was : —

"Whether it be lawful to resist the supreme magistrate, if the Commonwealth cannot be otherwise preserved?"

He maintained that it was lawful, and he enforced his opinion with something of the boldness of later years. Upon leaving college, he entered the counting-house of a merchant; but it soon appeared that he had no talent for business, and he was continually drawn away from his desk by the keen taste he already had for political discussion. Consequently, he soon abandoned the pursuit chosen for him, and his father lent him a thousand pounds to set up in business for himself. He was as unfortunate in promoting his own fortunes as he had been inefficient in the affairs of another. He trusted a friend to the value of one-half his capital, and this friend, soon after, meeting with misfortunes, he never demanded the debt. Other losses followed, which left him penniless. He now joined his father in the management of the brewery, and he remained thenceforth a brewer as long as he had any business at all. The great occupation of this man's life was politics, and he devoted himself to the affairs of the public with far more zeal and energy than men usually infuse into their own business. We have never had in America a more consistent and hearty republican than he.

"He that despises his neighbor's happiness," wrote he, at the age of twenty-six, "because he wears a worsted cap or leathern apron, — he that struts immeasurably above the lower size of people, and pretends to adjust the rights of men by the distinctions of fortune, is not over-loyal."

From this remark, the reader can judge something of the spirit of the man, and in that spirit he lived and labored from

his twenty-first to his eighty-second year. In small offices as selectman, school-visitor, and find him elected a member of the Legislature to which body he was annually re-elected, for a period of the Revolution. It is difficult, in a single article, to convey to the reader's mind of the services rendered by this man in preparing successful resistance to the tyranny of the Empire. I may approximate the truth, perhaps, by saying that the independence of his country what We have been, in these recent years, to the abolition of slavery.

Adams, however, was not an orator only, but a writer, which he wielded with most vigor and success. Every measure of aggression elicited a vigorous response in the public press from his indefatigable hand. He wrote much in the newspapers, during the fifteen years of the Revolution, that his collected works would fill ten volumes, and his biographer gives us a list of twenty-five names employed by him to conceal his productions. He not only wrote himself, but he noticed a young man of spirit and talent, he infused into him his own fire, and urged him to take part in forming public opinion against the aggression. Three of his pupils are still illustrious in the countrymen, — John Adams, John Hancock, and Thomas Paine. Whoever faltered, this man never did. He was a period of reaction, when he was censured for his part in the cause:—

"I am in fashion and out of fashion, as the wind changes. I will stand alone. I will oppose this tyranny at all times, though the fabric of liberty fall, and I perish."

On that memorable occasion, in 1770, when the Bostonians solemnly determined that the two regiments of British troops should be removed from the town, Samuel Adams was their spokesman. The acting governor of the Province, the Council Chamber with twenty-eight Council members of the Colony, seated at the board. By the side of the governor was the lieutenant-colonel in command of

Into this room came Samuel Adams, at the head of a committee of the people of Boston, who communicated to the governor the unchangeable resolution of the citizens, that the troops must be withdrawn.

"Nothing," said he to the governor, "will satisfy the people but the total and immediate removal of the troops."

The governor intimated that one regiment was to be removed, and then said, in a whining tone:—

"The troops are not subject to my authority. I have no power to remove them."

Then Samuel Adams, with fire flashing from his eyes, stretched forth his arm and said, as he gazed into the governor's face:—

"If you have the power to remove one regiment, you have the power to remove both. It is at your peril if you refuse. The meeting is composed of three thousand people. They have become impatient. A thousand men are already arrived from the neighborhood, and the whole country is in motion. Night is approaching. An immediate answer is expected. Both regiments or none."

The hireling tyrant cowered before the honest, indignant citizen. Samuel Adams said afterwards: "If fancy deceived me not, I observed his knees to tremble. I thought I saw his face grow pale (and I enjoyed the sight) at the appearance of the determined citizens, peremptorily demanding the redress of grievances." He had the pleasure of returning to the meeting, and informing his fellow-citizens that the troops should be removed from their town on the following day. Samuel Adams was the man who, more than any other, induced America to refrain from importing or using British goods until the Stamp Act was repealed. He was the man chiefly instrumental in causing the destruction of the tea in Boston harbor. Above all, he was the originator of the Congress of the Colonies, which met at Philadelphia. It was he also who, more than any other man in Massachusetts, created the public opinion which sustained these measures. As the late Edward Everett once remarked:—

"The throne of his ascendancy was in Faneuil Hall. As

each new measure of arbitrary power was announced from across the Atlantic, or each new act of menace and violence on the part of the officers of the government, or of the army, occurred in Boston, its citizens—oftentimes in astonishment and perplexity—rallied to the sound of his voice in Faneuil Hall; and there, as from the crowded gallery or the Moderator's chair, he animated, enlightened, fortified, and roused the admiring throng, he seemed to gather them together beneath the ægis of his indomitable spirit, as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings."

"Why," asked one of the English Tories of the tory governor of Massachusetts,—"why hath not Mr. Adams been taken off from his opposition by an office?"

To which the governor replied:—

"Such is the obstinacy and inflexible disposition of the man, that he never would be conciliated by any office whatever."

This was indeed the truth. His daughter, who long survived him, and with whom living persons have conversed, used to say that her father once refused a pension from the British government of two thousand pounds a year. Once, when a secret messenger from General Gage threatened him with a trial for treason if he persisted in his opposition to the government, and promised him honors and wealth if he would desist, Adams rose to his feet, and gave him this answer:—

"Sir, I trust I have long since made my peace with the King of kings. No personal consideration shall induce me to abandon the righteous cause of my country. Tell Governor Gage it is the advice of Samuel Adams to him no longer to insult the feelings of an exasperated people."

At that time the whole property of this illustrious patriot was the house in which he lived, and a little land about it, and his whole income was ninety pounds a year, which was the amount of his salary as clerk to the Assembly.

When he had wrought up the people to the point of sending representatives to a general congress, he himself was one of its members, and he continued to serve his country during the Revolution with all the zeal and energy which had marked his conduct in his native State. When the war was done, and his

country was free, he went home to Boston and had not a place to lay his head. His house had been ravaged and plundered by the British troops, and it was with very great difficulty that he gathered together the requisite articles of household furniture. Sometime after, however, the premature death of his son, Dr. Adams, put him in possession of a competent estate.

During the last years of his life, when the conflict raged between the Federalists and Republicans, he espoused the Republican side, which exposed him to so much obloquy, that it was with great difficulty that he was elected to so unimportant an office as lieutenant-governor of the State. Finally, he was elected to the governorship, and even received a few votes in 1796 for the presidency. When Mr. Jefferson came into power, in 1801, that great man wrote a most beautiful and touching letter to the Republican patriarch, recognizing his great services, and assuring him that the chief of the Democratic party was fully alive to their value.

He died in October, 1803, aged eighty-two years. Party spirit ran so high in Boston at that time, and the Republicans were so odious, that it was with considerable difficulty that his friends could induce the authorities of the State to pay to his remains the funeral honors usually accorded to those who have held high office. Boston, a city which many persons suppose to be dangerously infected with what are called "radical ideas," is, in reality, one of the most "conservative" communities in the world. In fact, all *communities* are conservative. It is only individuals who are radical, although sometimes, for *short* periods, great men of that stamp rule the communities to which they belong, and in which they are generally hated or feared.

WHAT IS KNOWN OF SHAKESPEARE.

THE catalogue of works about Shakespeare in the British Museum consists, I am told, of four folio volumes. The mere catalogue! We have, in this city, several collectors of Shakespearian literature, one of whom has got together a whole room full of books, numbering, perhaps, two thousand volumes, all of which relate, in some way, to Shakespeare. Nevertheless, the substance of what we really know of the man and his life can be stated in one of these short articles.

In the first place, how did he spell his name? When he wrote it, he spelt it in various ways; but when he had it *printed* he spelt it Shake-speare, or Shakespeare, and so did his intimate friend, Ben Jonson. In his own day, the name was spelt in thirty-three different ways: Shaxpur, Schakespeyr, Chacksper, Shakaspeare, Schakespeire, etc. At present, the name is almost universally spelt Shakspeare, but certainly it were far more proper to spell it as the poet printed it — Shakespeare. It is very difficult, however, to change an established mode of spelling a familiar name, and probably we shall go on omitting the middle letter to the end of time.

The father of the poet was John Shakespeare, a man in middle life, who could not write his own name, — the son of a farmer named Richard Shakespeare, and probably the descendant of a long line of tillers of the soil. The poet's mother was Mary Arden, the youngest of a family of seven girls, the daughters of a man of ancient family. She inherited from her father a farm of fifty or sixty acres, and a sum of money equal, in our present currency, to about three hundred dollars, which, with her heart and hand, she gave to John Shakespeare about a year after her father's death. It is fair to infer, from John Shake

speare's marrying the daughter of a "gentleman" (his own father's landlord), that he was a young man of more than ordinary spirit and endowments.

At the time of his marriage, John Shakespeare was a glove-maker in the town of Stratford-upon-Avon; but he also had something to do with farming, — perhaps rented a piece of land in the neighborhood, or bought standing crops on speculation, as our village store-keepers often do. He was a prosperous man of considerable substance, which he increased pretty rapidly for those times. He evidently stood well with his townsmen, since he was intrusted by them with several offices of some importance. His first office, which was conferred upon him when he had been married a year, was that of ale-taster. A year after, he was elected one of the fourteen burgesses of the town. In the following year, we find him constable; soon after, a magistrate, and then chamberlain. It is conjectured that he was about thirty years of age when he held this last office, which was one of considerable dignity and responsibility.

To this thriving young man two daughters were born, both of whom died in infancy, leaving him childless. Then was born William, the poet. There is no existing record of his birth, and therefore the date of that event is unknown; but we know that he was christened on the 26th of April, 1564; and as it was customary then to christen children three days after their birth, it is safe to conjecture that he was born April 23d, and that is the day on which his birthday is usually celebrated.

John Shakespeare still rose in the social scale. During the childhood of his son, he was high bailiff, justice of the peace, alderman, and mayor. His wealth increased, too, and the privilege was conferred upon him of bearing a coat of arms. The house in which the poet passed his early years was a pleasant and commodious one for that day, and there is no reason to doubt that he had everything needful for his comfort and enjoyment. In all probability he was a happy member of a happy household. When the boy was ten years old his father was certainly among the very first citizens of a substantial and important country town of fifteen hundred inhabitants.

There was in Stratford an ancient grammar school, where

Latin and Greek were taught; and taught (as I guess) in the ancient dull way; for this school Shakespeare attended from about his seventh to his fourteenth year, and he speaks in his plays, of boys creeping "unwillingly to school," and of their going from school with alacrity. There are thirteen passages in the works of Shakespeare expressive of the tedium and disgust which boys used to endure in the barbarous schools of the olden time; whereas, there is not one which alludes to school as a pleasant place. We are justified in inferring, from these facts, that this boy found it dull work going to Stratford grammar school.

At Stratford there was a charnel-house, containing an immense collection of human bones, with an opening through which they could be seen. The description given, in *Romeo and Juliet*, of the vault wherein Juliet was buried, was suggested by this charnel-house.

Many of the names of Shakespeare's characters were common in Stratford in Shakespeare's time, as the following: Bardolf, Fluellen, Peto, Sly, Herne, Page, Ford.

Of all the discoveries which modern research has made respecting the early life of Shakespeare, the most important is the one now to be mentioned: During his boyhood and youth he saw plays performed by, at least, twelve different companies of actors! How could this be in a remote country town, where there was no theatre? Turn to the play of *Hamlet*, Act II., Scene 2, and you will see. Hamlet and his friends are talking together in the king's castle, when a trumpet is heard without, which announces the approach of a company of strolling players. Hamlet receives them kindly, orders a play of them, causes them to be well lodged and entertained in the castle as long as they remained. In writing that scene, Shakespeare was recording, in part, his recollections of what used to occur in Stratford when his father was mayor, or alderman. About once a year a company of actors came riding into the town ("then came each actor on his ass"), and made their way to the mayor, of whom they asked the privilege of performing in the place. If permission was accorded, part of the expense of the entertainment was borne by the town treasury, and only a very small

charge was made for admission. The records of Stratford show that from the time William Shakespeare was six years of age to the time he was eighteen, twelve companies performed in the town. They also show that the largest sum ever paid to a company was paid during the mayoralty of John Shakespeare. The sums paid under other mayors ranged from three shillings to seventeen shillings; but when John Shakespeare was mayor the town book-keeper had to make the following magnificent entry : —

"Item, payed to the queene's pleyers, 9 pounds."

We may infer from these facts, 1st, that John Shakespeare was particularly fond of the drama; 2d, that William Shakespeare, inheriting this taste, had abundant opportunities of gratifying it, and of becoming acquainted personally with actors.

When the boy was fourteen years of age and was still going to school, his father's affairs became disordered. The probability is that he had lived too liberally. He had eight children in all, of whom five lived to maturity, and he was a man to be bountiful to his children. Moreover, the many offices which he had filled may have taken too much of his time from private business. And I have sometimes thought that the caution which the poet is known to have practised in lending money may have been owing to his father having lost his property by an excessive trust in others. Whatever may have been the cause or causes of his misfortunes, he became so much involved as to be in constant fear of arrest for debt; and, finally, he was arrested and thrown into prison. He was a poor man thenceforth for some years; until, in fact, he began to receive assistance from his thriving son, William.

In consequence of these embarrassments, William Shakespeare at the age of fourteen was taken from school to assist his father in his various operations, such as farming, dealing in wool, in animals, and other products of a grazing country. It is possible, and almost probable, that he assisted his father in killing and selling beef.

Now we come to the great calamity of Shakespeare's life. One of his father's friends was Richard Hathaway, a substantial farmer near Stratford, who had a daughter, Anne, eight years

older than Shakespeare. When he was a boy of eighteen, and she a woman of twenty-six, they were married; and five months after, their first child was born. No one who has much knowledge of human nature needs any evidence that such a marriage was a ceaseless misery and shame to him as long as he lived. The many passages of his works in which unfavorable views are given of the female character, reveal the melancholy truth. The ill-starred couple had three children, Susanna, Hamnet, and Judith, all of whom were born before the father was twenty-one, — the two last-named being twins.

Here was a bad situation for a young man to be in upon coming of age: his father ruined; four brothers and sisters younger than himself; a wife and three children upon his hands; his wife's father dead; and no opening for him in his native town, where once his family had held their heads so high.

There were in London then five individuals who had gone as poor young men from Shakespeare's own county to the metropolis, and there risen to some distinction as actors; one of whom, and he the most successful of them all, was from Stratford itself. How natural, then, that in such circumstances the unhappy husband should look toward London and the stage for deliverance at once from domestic broils and pecuniary troubles! The story of his getting into a scrape by stealing deer may be true, or may not; but surely this young man had reasons enough to fly, without reckoning the displeasure of a country squire. Charles Reade says on this point: —

"He was not driven out of Stratford by misconduct, or he could not have returned to the town in 1592. He suffered no personal indignities from Justice Lacy, for all such matters are recorded at Stratford, and there is no trace of it. I notice, too, that when a man leaves a place where he has been degraded, his heart leaves it. Shakespeare's heart can be proved never to have left Stratford for a single day."

Mr. Reade is, perhaps, a little too positive in this passage, as is the custom of that brilliant author. No matter. Shakespeare, when he was about twenty-two years of age, went to London, and obtained an humble place in a company of players. From acting he advanced to tinkering and adapting old plays.

and from that to writing plays of his own, which are now universally recognized as the greatest productions of human genius. His authorship enabled him to buy shares in the theatre, and he was very soon a prosperous man, able, when he went home to see his children, his father, his brothers and sisters, to take with him something substantial for their comfort. He never removed his family to London, but visited them frequently, and invested money in Stratford, when he had any to spare from his business as manager of a theatre.

In ten years after leaving home he bought one of the handsomest houses in Stratford for the residence of his family, and was decidedly the most distinguished literary man of Great Britain. His great plays attracted immense multitudes of spectators and excited unbounded enthusiasm. Many passages could be quoted (I have them now before me) from writers of his own time, in which Shakespeare is ranked with the greatest dramatists of Greece, Rome, and France. Those who think that this poet was not keenly appreciated and bountifully rewarded in his own day are utterly mistaken. Fame and wealth were his to his heart's desire. Among other tributes to his genius was one from a rogue who impudently put the name of Shakespeare upon the title-page of a book to make it sell.

When he had been sixteen years in London, he ceased to act. This was in 1603. In 1607 his eldest daughter, Susanna, was married to a physician, Dr. John Hall, of Stratford, and in the same year Edmund Shakespeare, a brother of the poet, and an obscure actor in his theatre, died in London.

Shakespeare lived in the metropolis, as actor, dramatist, and manager, for twenty-four years, and then retired to his native town upon an income equal, in our present currency, to twelve thousand dollars per annum. That is to say, his income was about four hundred and ten pounds per annum, which is equal to two thousand pounds in money of the present time, which is equal to more than twelve thousand dollars in greenbacks. After settling in Stratford he wrote three plays, of which one was the sublime and pleasing *Tempest*. His parents and his son were dead, and there is good reason to believe that from his twenty-first year he had never been a husband to his wife, and really had no home.

He died suddenly in 1616, aged fifty-two, leaving his wife and two married daughters. Both of his daughters had children, and one of them a grandchild; but before the close of the century the family had become extinct. He had no heir, either to his estate or to his genius. He was, in all probability, the first of his family who ever knew how to write, and he carried the art of writing to a point which no man, in all the future of the human race, will ever be likely to surpass.

Because a man is a very great poet or artist is not a reason for supposing that he is a great man. On the contrary, a person may have the most wonderful talents, and yet be an exceedingly inferior human being, — mean, grasping, sensual, and false. We do not know enough of the man, William Shakespeare, to judge of his character with certainty, though I think the little we do know indicates that he had his share of human infirmity. But when we come to consider him as an artist and poet, we feel that it is presumption even to praise him; and, for my part, I consider that I am more indebted to him than to any other creature that ever trod this earth.

THE WIFE OF THOMAS JEFFERSON.

THOMAS JEFFERSON, like General Washington, married a widow and an heiress, and gained by his marriage a considerable increase to his social importance.

Mrs. Martha Skelton, the daughter of an eminent Virginia lawyer, was left a widow in her nineteenth year, and inherited from her husband considerable property. She was a lady of extraordinary beauty, both in form and face, and was a woman singularly competent both to adorn and govern a household. A little above the medium stature, she was slightly but beautifully formed; her complexion was fair; her eyes large, dark, and expressive; and her abundant hair was of the most admired tinge of auburn. Like all the ladies of her time and country, she was an accomplished rider on horseback. She also played, danced, and sung with more than usual taste and effect. At the same time, she had literary tastes, conversed well, and had a warm, affectionate disposition. Some of her household account-books, which are still in existence, show that she had a neat handwriting, and kept accounts with accuracy.

A young and beautiful widow, residing in the mansion of a wealthy father, and possessing such varied and useful accomplishments, is not likely to pine for lack of wooers. Young lovers and old frequented her father's house, and sought her hand, during the four years of her widowhood. Thomas Jefferson was one of them. He was a lawyer at that time, in large practice, who had inherited from his father an estate of nineteen hundred acres of land and about thirty negroes. When first he came to woo this lovely widow, he was twenty-eight years of age, — a tall, slender, and muscular man, of ruddy complexion, reddish gray hair, and bright gray eyes. Without being hand-

some, he was graceful and vigorous in his carriage was that in his countenance which denoted an friendly nature. Considering his wealth, his his profession, his excellent character, and his agreeable he was a match not to be despised.

Mrs. Martha Skelton was evidently of this among all her lovers, he was the favored swa goes, that two of his rivals arrived at the same widow's house, and were shown into a room together that, at that moment, Mr. Jefferson and were singing and playing together, their voicepanied by her harpsichord and his violin. The tender and plaintive melody, and they performed lovers might be expected to execute a piece enabled them to express their feelings to one rivals listened for a few moments, and then retired more on the same errand. They were correctpretation of the performance, and, soon after, the place.

The wedding was celebrated on the grand and of the olden time. Two clergymen officiated. sent for from afar, and the tables were spread guests. The wedding breakfast over, the ha modest carriage driven by two horses, set out the husband's home. There was some snow upon when they left the mansion of the bride, and, as up the slopes of the Blue Ridge, the snow rapid depth, until they were obliged to leave the carriage on horseback. At sunset they reached the seat neighbors, which was eight miles from Monticello which was a rough mountain track, upon which the depth of two feet. Late at night, exhausted journey, and penetrated with the cold, they reached to find the fires all out, and the servants all gone cabins for the night. Not a light was burning; fire was left; not a morsel of food could be for creature was in the house. This was a sorry wel

and bridegroom; but they were young and merry, and made a jest of it.

Mr. Jefferson struck a light, took the horses to the stable, and duly attended to their wants, and, returning to the house, groped about again for something to eat or drink. On a shelf behind some books he was lucky enough to discover half a bottle of wine, and this was their only supper. The house to which Mr. Jefferson brought his bride was not the spacious and elegant mansion which he afterwards inhabited, and which the reader knows by the name of "Monticello." On the contrary, it was not larger nor handsomer than the porter's lodge of many modern residences. They contrived, however, to be as happy in it as any couple in Virginia.

A year after the marriage, Mrs. Jefferson's father died, leaving her forty thousand acres of land, one hundred and thirty-five slaves, and several large debts. Her husband immediately sold as much of the land and negroes as sufficed to pay the debts, and, after this reduction, his wife's fortune and his own inherited estate were about equal in value.

The life of a planter's wife in old Virginia was one of great labor and incessant anxiety. Upon her devolved much of the care of the slaves, whose ignorance made them little more competent to take care of themselves than if they had been so many children. It was the wife of the proprietor who superintended the making of the clothes of all this large family, and it was she to whom they always ran when they were in trouble, or when there was sickness in any of their cabins. It was she who administered the medicine, took care of the lying-in women, and provided garments and other necessities for the infants. She was liable to be called up in the night and to be summoned from her company by day; so that, if she was a good and faithful woman, she was often more a slave than any slave on the estate. This was much the case with Mrs. Jefferson, and no doubt the fatigue of her position had much to do with the early failure of her health. Besides this, she had children rapidly, and her constitution was not originally strong.

Her married life, brief as it was, and checkered with many griefs, was peculiarly happy. Her husband was devoted to her,

and he was a man formed to make happy those with whom he lived. The cheerful notes of his violin, his agreeable conversation, and his winning manners, rendered the evenings at Monticello delightful indeed.

Nine years rolled away ; during which children had been born and children had died. In 1781, when Thomas Jefferson was Governor of Virginia, Lord Cornwallis and the British army, on their way to Yorktown, went ravaging through the State. One of the officers serving under Cornwallis was Colonel Tarlton,—the enterprising and dashing cavalry officer of whom we have heard so much. Tarlton had determined to capture the Governor of Virginia in his own house, and, for this purpose, despatched a troop of cavalry toward Monticello.

Mr. Jefferson had some friends to dinner that day, and, while he was at the table, he received from a trusty friend an intimation of Tarlton's design. He said nothing ; but, as soon as his guests were gone, he told his wife the news, directed her to prepare herself and her children for a journey, while he himself packed up his most important papers. When they had been thus employed for about two hours, a neighbor rode swiftly to the house with the startling intelligence that Tarlton's troopers were then ascending the mountain upon the summit of which Monticello stands. The governor hurried his wife and children into a carriage, and sent them off to the seat of a neighbor, fourteen miles distant, under the charge of a young gentleman who was studying law in his office. Then, having ordered his own horse, he resumed his packing for a few minutes, and when he had secured the most valuable papers, he left the house and proceeded to a distant spot on the estate, where he had ordered the horse to be in waiting. Ascending a high rock, from which he obtained a good view of Charlottesville, the nearest town, he saw no signs of troops, and no appearance of alarm in the streets. Thinking the alarm premature, he concluded to return to his house and complete the rescue of his papers ; but, returning to the rock, after having walked away but a few steps, he saw the town all alive with dragoons. Then he mounted his horse, and dashed away after the carriage containing his family. At the very moment when he discovered the troops at Charlottes

ville, the captain of the company sent to capture him entered the drawing-room of Monticello. If the governor had remained in his house five minutes longer than he did, he would have been taken prisoner. As it was, however, he and his family arrived safely at the neighbor's seat to which we have alluded.

The house and its contents were respected by the enemy; nothing was taken except a few bottles of wine from the cellar. When the enemy approached, two faithful slaves were hard at work secreting plate under the planks of the front portico. One of these men had the plank raised, and was handing down an article to another negro, who was under the portico, when they heard the clang of hoofs. The plank was let fall, shutting the man in a dark hole, and there he remained until the British left, a period of eighteen hours, without light or food. The other of these men was ordered to tell which way his master had fled, and was threatened with instant death unless he told.

"Fire away, then," said the slave, without retiring a step from the pistol aimed at his heart.

If the house was respected, the plantation was not. All the growing crops of corn and tobacco, all the barns and stables, all the cattle, sheep, hogs, and horses, all the fences, as well as thirty slaves, were either destroyed or carried off. Nine valuable mares were driven away, and their colts killed; and the slaves were taken to a camp where the small-pox was raging, of which all but three died. In short, the whole estate, except the mansion-house, was laid waste.

These events were the immediate cause of the early death of Mrs. Jefferson. Twice during the war of the Revolution she had to fly before the approaching enemy, and on one of these occasions she had an infant two months old. Those twenty-seven slaves who perished miserably by the small-pox had been the objects of her care and her affection for many years, and their terrible fate haunted her imagination continually. Her husband, too, was continually liable to capture, and, for long periods she was obliged to be separated from him, while he was concealed from the foe, or was eluding their attempts. Weak and sickly when she fled from Tarlton's troopers, her subsequent anxieties rapidly consumed her remaining strength. Of six chil-

dren, all but two died in infancy, and her grief at so many bereavements was such as mothers only know.

Early in May, 1782, she was about once more to become a mother; and all her friends looked forward to the birth of the child with apprehension. The child was born on the 8th of May, and she never recovered from her confinement. She lingered four months, during which her husband seldom left her side, sat up with her part of every night, and administered her medicines and drink to the last moment. One of her children has given a most affecting account of her last moments, and of Jefferson's grief at her death.

"For four months," she says, "he was never out of calling; when not at her bedside, he was writing in a small room which opened close at the head of her bed. A moment before the closing scene he was led from the room almost in a state of insensibility by his sister, who, with great difficulty, got him into his library, where he fainted, and remained so long insensible that they feared he never would revive. The scene that followed I did not witness; but the violence of his emotion, when almost by stealth I entered his room at night, to this day I dare not trust myself to describe. He kept his room three weeks, and I was never a moment from his side. He walked almost incessantly, night and day, only lying down occasionally, when nature was completely exhausted, on a pallet that had been brought in during his long fainting fit. When at last he left his room, he rode out, and from that time he was incessantly on horseback, rambling about the mountain in the least frequented roads, and just as often through the woods. In these melancholy rambles I was his constant companion, a solitary witness to many a violent burst of grief, the remembrance of which has consecrated particular scenes beyond the power of time to obliterate."

Nor was his grief of short duration. After his own death, which occurred forty-four year later, in the most secret drawer of his cabinet were found locks of hair and other relics of his wife and of his lost children, with fond words upon the envelopes in his own handwriting. These mementos of the past

were all arranged in perfect order, and the envelopes showed that they had been frequently handled.

The death of his wife changed his plans for the future. It had been his intention to retire from public life, and to pass his existence in the bosom of his family, employed in literary and scientific labors. His wife's death destroyed this dream, and when, soon after, he was appointed minister to France, an appointment which he had twice before declined, he was willing enough to accept it, and change the scene.

To have been so loved by one of the best and greatest and purest of human beings, is Mrs. Jefferson's best title to the esteem of posterity. Few particulars of her life have been preserved; but we have abundant proofs of this: **THOMAS JEFFERSON LOVED HER.**

On the plain slab of white marble which covers her remains, in the burial-place of Monticello, her husband caused to be placed the following inscription:—

"TO THE MEMORY OF
MARTHA JEFFERSON,
DAUGHTER OF JOHN WAYLES;
BORN OCTOBER THE 19TH, 1748, O. S.
INTERMARRIED WITH
THOMAS JEFFERSON
JANUARY THE 1ST, 1773;
TORN FROM HIM BY DEATH
SEPTEMBER 6TH, 1782:
THIS MONUMENT OF HIS LOVE IS INSCRIBED."

To this were added two lines from Homer's *Iliad*, which Pope thus translates:—

"If in the melancholy shades below
The flames of friends and lovers cease to glow,
Yet mine shall sacred last; mine undecayed
Burn on through death, and animate my shade."

A grand-daughter of Mrs. Jefferson is still residing in Philadelphia. She is the wife of the Hon. Nicholas P. Trist, a gentleman well known in the diplomatic history of the country. Monticello, that beautiful mansion amid the mountains of the Blue Ridge, that was once adorned by the presence of this

THE WIFE OF THOMAS JEFFERSON

estimable woman, is fast going to decay, and already much dilapidated. The present of visitors twenty cents for admission to the present visitors have been so numerous and ill-bred that of Jefferson's tomb, which was placed over his remains, has been all broken off and carried away. Considerable progress, I hear, has been made in the removal of the stone which took its place. The graveyard is not cared for, and the whole scene is a disgrace to the man which Jefferson served and honored. Let us hope that if it is too late, measures will be taken to restore it to an interesting and comfortable abode.

THE WIFE OF JAMES MADISON.

DOROTHY PAYNE, who was the wife of President Madison, was the daughter of a Virginia planter, though she was not herself born in Virginia. It was while her parents were on a visit to some friends in North Carolina, in 1769, that her mother gave birth to the infant who was destined to have so remarkable and distinguished a career. Soon after this event, Mr. and Mrs. Payne, having conscientious scruples with regard to the holding of slaves, set theirs free, joined the Quakers, gave up their plantation, and removed to Philadelphia. Their daughter, Dorothy, was brought up in the strict tenets and sober habits of the Friends, and, when she was twenty years of age, married a young lawyer, of that persuasion, named Todd. Three years after, her husband died, leaving her the mother of a son, with little provision for their future maintenance.

At this time her mother was also a widow, and was living in Philadelphia in such narrow circumstances that she was compelled to add to her little income by taking boarders. Mrs. Todd went to reside with her mother, and assisted her in the care of her house. She was one of the most beautiful young women in Philadelphia. I have before me a portrait, taken of her in early life, which fully justifies her reputation for beauty. Her figure was nobly proportioned, and her face had the robust charms of a fresh and vigorous country girl. After her husband's death she laid aside the prim garments and the serious demeanor of the Quakers, and gave free play to the natural gaiety of her disposition. Indeed, she formally ceased to be a Quakeress, and attended the more fashionable Episcopal Church. Dolly Todd, as she was then called, had considerable celebrity

in Philadelphia, both for the charms of her person and the brilliancy of her conversation.

Among her mother's boarders at this time were members of Congress, to whom, of course, she gave herself as agreeable as she could. Aaron Burr of the United States, was one of these boarders. Madison, a member of the House of Representatives, was another.

Mr. Madison was considered by the ladies as a bachelor, since he had attained the age of forty without having yielded to the allurements of the sex. A man in the world, as his friends thought, to be a dashing young widow. Of all the public men in public life in the United States he was the most thoughtful. The eldest son of a rich Virginia family yet so devoted to the acquisition of knowledge that together at Princeton College, he allowed his hours' sleep out of the twenty-four, — an excess of his health for all the rest of his life. He appeared in the world of ideas. Daniel Webster reckoned him an expounder of the constitution, and Thomas Jefferson him the best head in Virginia. Without being a debater, he was an excellent argumentative speaker, and allayed the feelings of his opponents by the gentle demeanor and the courtesy of his language. His addresses were remarkably simple and modest. He was dressed in a suit of black, and looked more like a busy man only with his thoughts and his books, than like a young republic. One trait of character alone distinguished him for the companionship of Dolly Todd. He was a man, with a keen relish for every kind of innocent story extremely well.

Aaron Burr in his old age (so one of his friends used to boast that he "made the match" between Burr and Mrs. Todd. However that may be, they were married in 1794, when Mr. Madison was forty-three, and Dolly was twenty-five. Her little son, aged five years, never left her in his mother's affections, since no children bless

A few years after the marriage, when Thomas Jefferson came to the presidency, Mr. Madison was appointed secretary of state,—an office which he continued to hold for eight years, during which Mrs. Madison was the centre of a brilliant circle of society in Washington. The gossips of the day were of opinion that her influence over her husband was greater than it should have been, and that it was sometimes her voice which decided appointments and influenced measures.

In 1809 Mr. Madison became the President of the United States, and his vivacious and beautiful wife enjoyed, for the next eight years, a splendid theatre for the exhibition of her charms.

It was during her husband's second term that the interesting event of her life occurred. In August, 1814, the news came to Washington that a British army had landed on the coast, within a hundred miles of the capital. A few days later the president and his cabinet were flying toward Virginia, while Mrs. Madison sat at a window of the presidential mansion, listening to the distant thunder of cannon on the disastrous field of Bladensburg. She held a telescope in her hands, with which she looked anxiously down the road by which her husband was expected to return; but she could see nothing but squads of militia wandering about without purpose or command. At the door of the house a carriage stood, filled with plate and papers, ready to leave at an instant's warning. The Mayor of Washington visited her in the course of that terrible afternoon, and advised her to leave the city; but she calmly refused, and said she would not leave her abode without the president's orders. A messenger from him at length arrived, bearing a note, written hurriedly with a lead-pencil, telling her to fly.

Among the precious articles in the White House was the fine portrait of Washington taken by Stewart from life. She seized a carving-knife from the table, cut the picture out of its frame, rolled it up, hurried with it into the carriage, and drove away. At Georgetown, two miles from the city, she met the president and cabinet, who were assembled on the banks of the Potomac about to cross. There was but one little boat on the shore, in which only three persons at a time could trust themselves. The president assigned to Mrs. Madison nine cavalrymen, and di-

rected her to meet him on the following day at a certain tavern sixteen miles from Georgetown. In the dusk of the evening she began her march, accompanied by two or three ladies, while the president and his companions were rowed across the river.

When the British officers entered the president's house that evening, they found the dinner-table spread for forty guests, the president having invited a large dinner-party for that day. The wine was cooling on the sideboard; the plates were warming by the fire; the knives, forks, and spoons were arranged upon the snowy table-cloth. In the kitchen, joints of meat were roasting on spits before the fire; saucepans full of vegetables were steaming upon the range, and everything was in a state of forwardness for a substantial banquet. The officers sat down to the table, devoured the dinner, and concluded the entertainment by setting fire to the house. It was a terrible night. The capitol was burned, the treasury building, the president's house, all the principal public buildings, and the navy yard.

It was not until the evening of the following day that Mrs. Madison, in the midst of a violent storm of thunder, wind, and rain, approached the tavern to which the president had directed her. He had not yet arrived, and the landlady, terrified by the events around her, had barred the doors, and refused to admit the drenched and exhausted ladies. The troopers were obliged to force an entrance. Two hours later, the President of the United States reached the house, wet, hungry, and fatigued. The landlady could provide them with nothing but some bread and cold meat; after partaking of which they retired to a miserable bed, not without fears that the next morning would find them prisoners of the British general. It happened, however, that the English troops retired even more rapidly than they had advanced, and in a few days the president and his wife returned to Washington, which was still smoking from the recent conflagration. They found the best lodgings they could, and the government was soon performing its accustomed duties.

We have a pleasing glimpse of Mrs. Madison, in an old number of the "National Intelligencer," in which the editor describes the scene at the president's house on the evening when the news of peace arrived, in February, 1815:—

"Late in the afternoon came thundering down Pennsylvania Avenue a coach and four foaming steeds, in which was the bearer of the good news. Cheers followed the carriage as it sped its way to the residence of the president. Soon after nightfall, members of Congress and others deeply interested in the event presented themselves at the president's house, the doors of which stood open. When the writer of this entered the drawing-room at about eight o'clock, it was crowded to its full capacity, Mrs. Madison (the president being with the cabinet) doing the honors of the occasion. And what a happy scene it was! Among the members present were gentlemen of opposite politics, but lately arrayed against one another in continual conflict and fierce debate, now with elated spirits thanking God, and with softened hearts cordially felicitating one another upon the joyful intelligence which (should the terms of the treaty prove acceptable) should re-establish peace. But the most conspicuous object in the room, the observed of all observers, was Mrs. Madison herself, then in the meridian of life and queenly beauty. She was in her person, for the moment, the representative of the feelings of him who was in grave consultation with his official advisers. No one could doubt, who beheld the radiance of joy which lighted up her countenance and diffused its beams around, that all uncertainty was at an end, and that the government of the country had, in very truth (to use an expression of Mr. Adams on a very different occasion), 'passed from gloom to glory.' With a grace all her own, to her visitors she reciprocated heartfelt congratulations upon the glorious and happy change in the aspect of public affairs; dispensing with liberal hand to every individual in the large assembly the proverbial hospitalities of that house."

From 1817 to 1836, when her husband died, she lived in retirement at Mr. Madison's seat in Virginia, dispensing a liberal hospitality, and cheering her husband's life by her gayety and humor. Her last years were spent in the city of Washington. She retained much of her beauty and vivacious grace to her eightieth year, and was much courted by the frequenters of the capital. She died in the year 1849, aged eighty-two.

According to the philosophers, this was a very ill-assorted

marriage, since she was a peculiarly physically singularly intellectual man; and this differed by the disparity in their ages,—the husband years older than the wife. Nature accorded them, and they had no children. Nevertheless the temper of Mr. Madison and the good sense to have prevailed over their discordant conceptions, thought to have lived very happily together fourscore. Mr. Madison was jocular to the having come to see him, a short time before he died, ogized for falling back upon the pillow of death with his old smile:—

“I always talk more easily when I *lie*.”

Old men, who have lived for forty years are not likely to joke upon their dying bed, entirely out of the habit of joking by that time

THE WIFE OF DANIEL WEBSTER.

DANIEL WEBSTER was twice married. It is of his first wife, who was the mother of all his children, that I write to-day.

In colonial times the clergy were the aristocracy of New England. Their incomes were indeed exceedingly small, compared with those of our day; but, as they were generally men of learning, virtue, and politeness, and as all the people were religiously disposed, they were held in the highest respect, and exercised great influence. Small as their revenues were (seldom more than five hundred dollars a year), they generally lived in very good style, and, in many instances, accumulated property. Their salaries were increased by the bountiful gifts of the people, and they usually had a piece of land sufficient for the keeping of a cow and a horse, and for the raising of their vegetables. Besides this, all the minister's family assisted in its support; the sons tilled the garden and took care of the animals; the daughters assisted their mother in spinning the wool for the clothing of the household. Peter Parley, whose father was a New England clergyman of the olden time, mentions in his "Recollections," that for fifty years the salary of his father averaged three hundred dollars a year, upon which, with the assistance of a few acres of land, he reared a family of eight children, sent two sons to college, and left at his death two thousand dollars in money.

The family of the clergyman was expected to be, and usually was, the model family of the parish. The children generally had the benefit of their father's instruction, as well as access to his little library; and, if his daughters did not learn French nor play the piano, they had the benefit of hearing intelligent con

versation and of associating with the best minds of their native village.

Grace Fletcher, the wife of Daniel Webster, was the daughter of Elijah Fletcher, a clergyman of New Hampshire, where she was born in the year 1781. Though her father died at the early age of thirty-nine, when Grace was but five years of age, he is still remembered in New Hampshire for his zeal and generosity. He was particularly noted for his patronage of young students, many of whom he prepared for college. After his death his widow married the minister of Salisbury, New Hampshire, the town in which Daniel Webster was born, in which he grew up to manhood, and in which he first established himself in the practice of the law. Thus it was that she became acquainted with her future husband. Daniel Webster was only one year older than herself. They attended the same church; they went to school together; they met one another at their neighbors' houses; and this early intimacy ripened at length into a warmer and deeper attachment.

Notwithstanding his extraordinary talents, and the warmth of his temperament, Daniel Webster did not marry until he was twenty-six years of age. Few young men have had a harder struggle with poverty, and no one ever bore poverty more cheerfully. After practising law awhile near his father's house in Salisbury, he removed, in 1808, to Portsmouth, which was then the largest and wealthiest town in New Hampshire, as well as its only seaport. A lady, who lived then in the town, has recorded, in the most agreeable manner, her recollections of the great orator at that period. She was the minister's daughter. It was a custom in those days for strangers to be shown into the minister's pew. One Sunday her sister returned from church, and said that there had been a remarkable person in the pew with her, who had riveted her attention, and that she was sure he had a most marked character for good or for evil. At that time Webster was exceedingly slender, and his face was very sallow; but his noble and spacious forehead, his bright eyes deep set in his head, and the luxuriant locks of his black hair, together with the intelligent and amiable expression of his countenance, rendered his appearance striking in the extreme. In a few days

the stranger was at home in the minister's family, and there soon formed a circle round him of which he was the life and soul.

"I well remember," says this lady, "one afternoon, that he came in when the elders of the family were absent. He sat down by the window, and, as now and then an inhabitant of the town passed through the street, his fancy was caught by their appearance and his imagination excited, and he improvised the most humorous imaginary histories about them, which would have furnished a rich treasure for Dickens, could he have been the delighted listener instead of the young girl for whose amusement this wealth of invention was expended."

Another of his Portsmouth friends used to say that there never was such an actor lost to the stage as he would have made, had he chosen to turn his talents in that direction.

The young lawyer prospered well in this New Hampshire town, and he was soon in the receipt of an income which for that day was considerable. In June, 1809, about a year after his arrival, he suddenly left Portsmouth, without having said a word to his friends of his destination. They conjectured, however, that he had gone to Salisbury to visit his family. He returned in a week or two, but did not return alone. In truth, he had gone home to be married, and he brought back his wife with him. She was a lady most gentle in her manners, and of a winning, unobtrusive character, who immediately made all her husband's friends her own. The lady quoted above gives so pleasant a description of their home and character, that I will quote a few sentences from it:—

"Mrs. Webster's mind was naturally of a high order, and whatever was the degree of culture she received, it fitted her to be the chosen companion and the trusted friend of her gifted husband. She was never elated, never thrown off the balance of her habitual composure by the singular early success of her husband, and the applause constantly following him. It was her striking peculiarity that she was always equal to all occasions; that she appeared with the same quiet dignity and composed self-possession in the drawing-room in Washington, as in her own quiet parlor. It was only when an unexpected burst of

applause followed some noble effort of her husband that the quickened pulse sent the blood to her heart, and the tears started to her eyes. Uniting with great sweetness of disposition, unaffected, frank, and winning manners, no one could approach her without wishing to know her, and no one could know her well without loving her. When Mr. Webster brought this interesting companion to Portsmouth, the circle that gathered around them became more intimate, and was held by more powerful attractions. There certainly never was a more charming room than the low-roofed simple parlor, where, relieved from the cares of business, in the full gayety of his disposition, he gave himself up to relaxation."

In due time a daughter was born to them, the little Grace Webster who was so wonderfully precocious and agreeable. Unhappily, she inherited her mother's delicate constitution, and she died in childhood. Three times in his life, it is said, Daniel Webster wept convulsively. One of these occasions was when he laid upon the bed this darling girl, who had died in his arms, and turned away from the sight of her lifeless body. All the four children of Mrs. Webster, except her son Fletcher, appear to have inherited their mother's weakness.

Charles, a lovely child, both in mind and in person, died in infancy. Her daughter Julia, who lived to marry the son of a distinguished family in Boston, died in her thirtieth year. Edward, her third son, served as major in the Mexican war, and died in Mexico, aged twenty-eight. Fletcher, the most robust of her children, commanded a regiment of the Army of the Potomac, and fell in one of its disastrous conflicts.

Beyond the general impressions of her friends, we know little of the life of this estimable woman. She lived retired from the public gaze, and the incidents of her life were of that domestic and ordinary nature which are seldom recorded. In this dearth of information, the reader will certainly be interested in reading one of her letters to her husband, written soon after the death of their little son Charles. It shows her affectionate nature, and is expressed with all the tender eloquence of a bereaved but resigned mother. The following is the letter :

"I have a great desire to write to you, my beloved husband, but I doubt if I can write legibly. I have just received your letter in answer to William, which told you that dear little Charley was no more. I have dreaded the hour which should destroy your hopes, but trust you will not let this event afflict you too much, and that we both shall be able to resign him without a murmur, happy in the reflection that he has returned to his heavenly Father pure as I received him. It was an inexpressible consolation to me, when I contemplated him in his sickness, that he had not one regret for the past, nor one dread for the future; he was patient as a lamb during all his sufferings, and they were at last so great, I was happy when they were ended.

"I shall always reflect on his brief life with mournful pleasure, and, I hope, remember with gratitude all the joy he gave me; and it has been great. And oh! how fondly did I flatter myself it would be lasting.

"'It was but yesterday, my child, thy little heart beat high;
And I had scorned the warning voice that told me thou must die.'

"Dear little Charles! He sleeps alone under St. Paul's. Oh, do not, my dear husband, talk of your own final abode; that is a subject I never can dwell on for a moment. With you here, my dear, I can never be desolate! Oh, may Heaven in its mercy long preserve you! And that we may ever wisely improve every event, and yet rejoice together in this life, prays your ever affectionate
G. W."

Mrs. Webster lived but forty-six years. In December, 1827, Mr. Webster, being then a member of Congress, started with his wife for the city of Washington. She had been suffering for some time from a tumor, of a somewhat unusual character, which had much lowered the tone of her system. On reaching New York she was so sick that her husband left her there and proceeded to Washington alone. Having little hope of her recovery, he had serious thoughts of resigning his seat, in order to devote himself exclusively to the care of his wife, especially as he thought it probable that she would linger for many

months. But he had scarcely reached Wash- ington when he was summoned back to New York by the inter- ict disease had taken a dangerous turn. He waited on the side for three weeks, during which her strength lessened and her flesh wasted away, though she suffered great pain. I have before me four little notes which her husband wrote on the day of her death, which show her departure in an affecting manner:—

“MONDAY MORNING

“DEAR BROTHER,—Mrs. Webster still lives near her end. We did not expect her continuance from hour to hour. Yours, affectionately,

This was written at daylight in the morning. He wrote to an old friend:—

“Mrs. Webster still lives, but cannot possibly with us. We expected her decease yesterday hour.”

At half-past two that afternoon he wrote:—

“DEAR BROTHER,—Poor Grace has gone; she has now just breathed her last breath. I start forthwith to Boston, and, on receipt of this, come there if you can. I shall stay there as God bless you and yours.”

At the same hour he wrote the following, quoted above:—

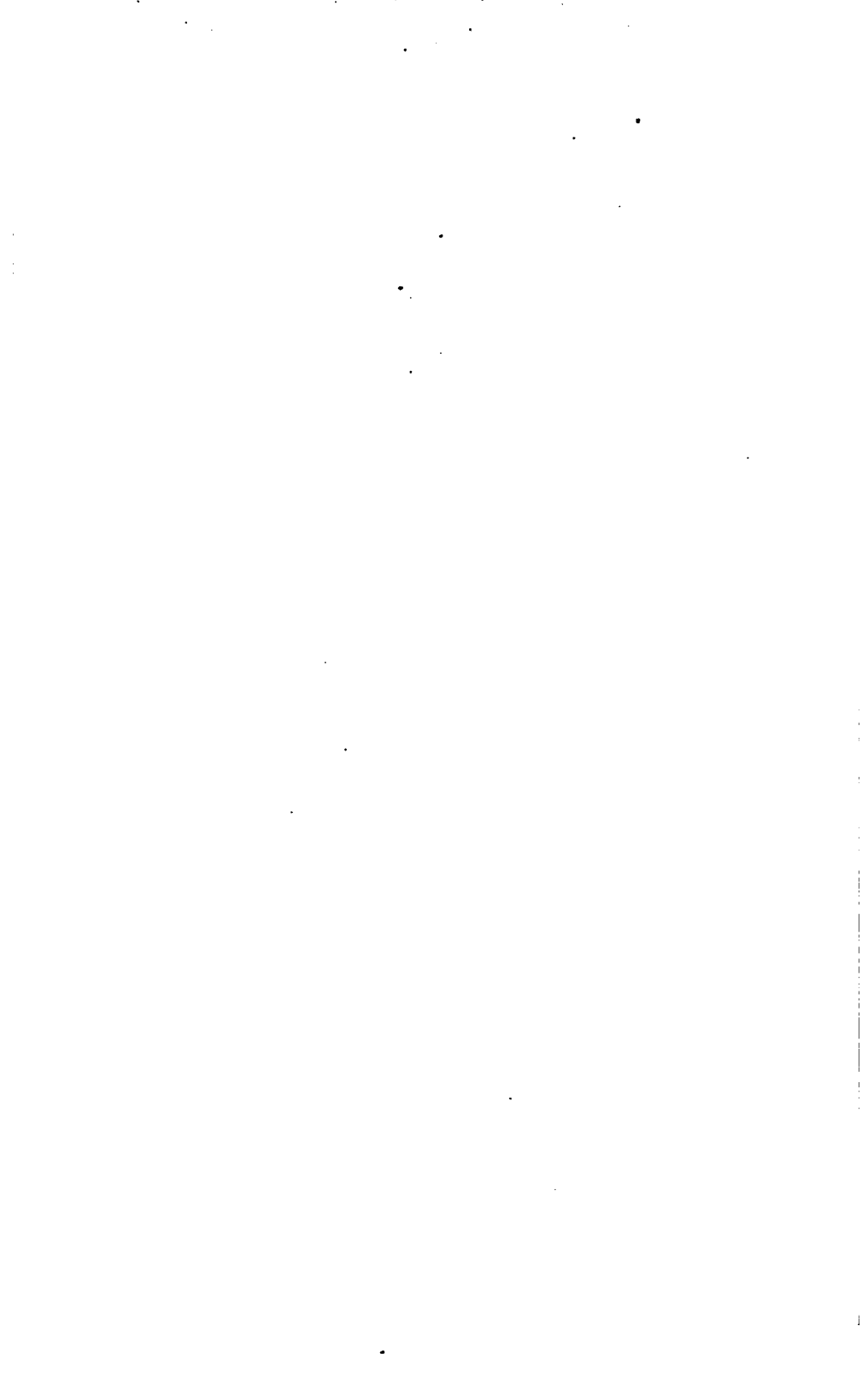
“MY DEAR ELIZA,—The scene is ended, and she is gone to God. She has just breathed her last; she died,—with what cheerfulness and submission, what hopes and what happiness, how kindly she comforted her friends, and how often and how affectionately she loved me; I hope soon to be able to tell you; till then, ad-

Her husband mourned her departure sincerely and long. And well he might, for she was his guardian angel. After her death he was drawn more and more into politics, and gave way at length to an ambition for political place and distinction, which lessened his usefulness, impaired his dignity, and embittered his closing years.

Upon the summit of a commanding hill, in Marshfield, which overlooks the ocean, is the spot prepared by Daniel Webster for the burial-place of his family. There his own remains repose, and there, also, those of three of his children. There, too, he erected a marble column to the memory of their mother, which bears the following inscription : —

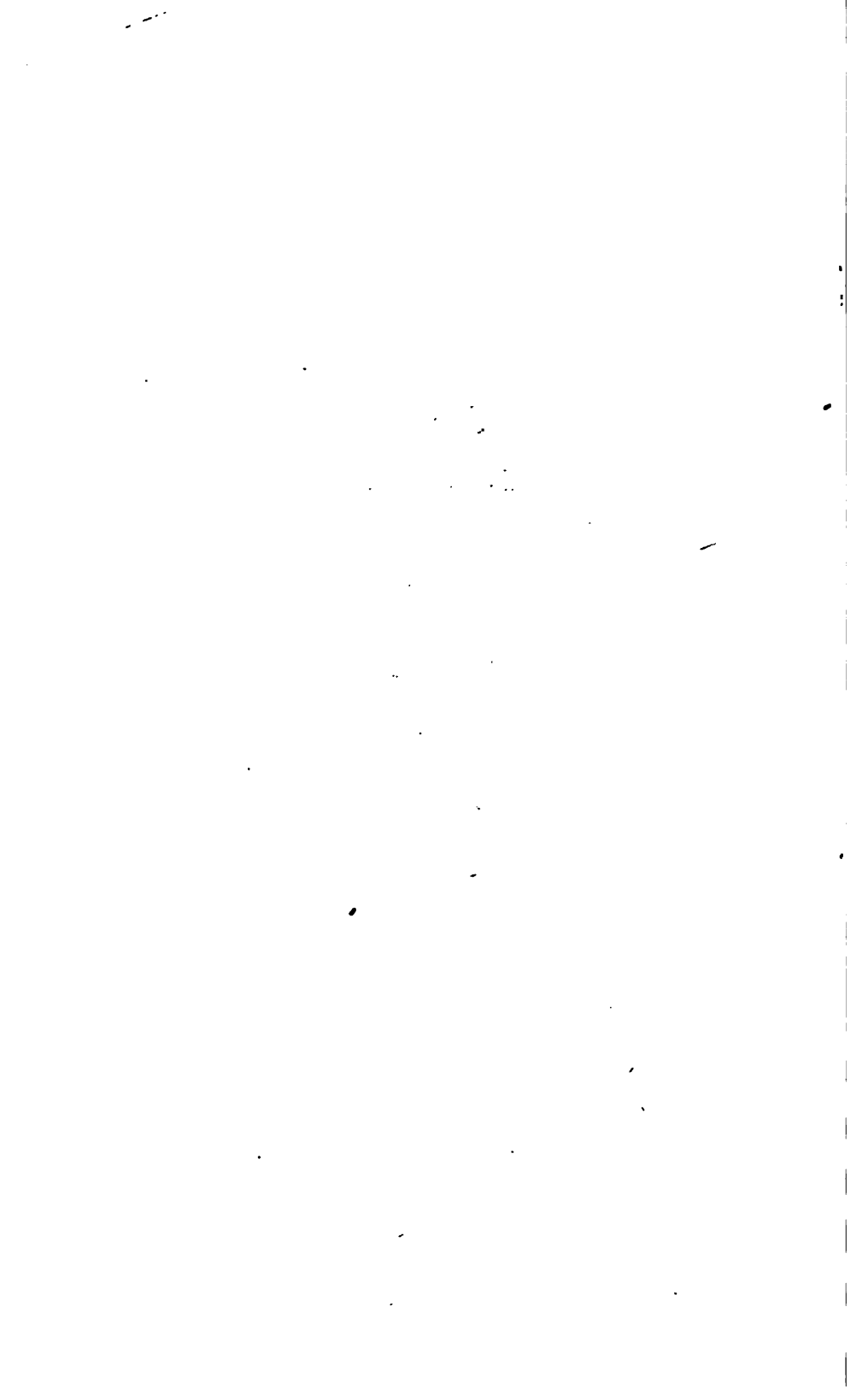
“GRACE WEBSTER.
WIFE OF DANIEL WEBSTER:
BORN JANUARY THE 16TH, 1781;
DIED JANUARY THE 21st, 1828.

“Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.”





Joan of Arc



JEANNE DARC.

DURING the last few years a dozen volumes or more have been published in France containing documents and researches relating to the career of this illustrious heroine, the savior of her country. The reader will be interested, perhaps, in learning the substance of those volumes, and ascertaining what it is rational to believe respecting the subject of them.

In the first place, we all spell her name wrong. She was not an aristocratic D'Arc, but a plebeian Darc; and her first name was Jeanne, not Joan, as we are accustomed to see it. The name of Darc is still common in the province of France from which she sprang; and we have the authority of a learned descendant of her family for the spelling which we have given. JEANNE DARC is, then, the name of our heroine.

She was born at Domremy, a village upon the banks of the Meuse, in 1412, and she was the daughter of Jaques and Isabel Darc, who were serfs. Her father was a laborer, who possessed a cabin, a little garden, and some cattle; but, having a family of five children to maintain at a time when France was desolated by civil war, Jeanne was reared in circumstances not far removed from want. By turns the child assisted her mother in the labors of the household, and her father in the care of his beasts. The village in which she lived was partly in Champagne and partly in Lorraine—the latter province not being at that time subjected to the King of France. Upon this border line, in that time of civil war, party spirit was intense—as much so as it was in the border States during our late war. The young girl, at an early period of her life, imbibed an enthusiasm for the royal cause and a passionate attachment for the

person of the king, Charles VII., similar to that which some people in England felt for the princes of the House of Stuart.

Another fact is to be noted, — her father's cottage was situated very near the village church. Her mother, it appears, was a zealous Catholic; and her daughter, as she grew toward maturity, became as devoted to her religion as to her king. The nearness of the church, it is thought, nourished the flame of her devotion. She was a solitary girl, much given to reflection, and was occasionally discovered by her friends in lonely places with her eyes fixed upon heaven, as though she were communing with celestial beings.

In her thirteenth year the war approached her hitherto peaceful province, and Jeanne frequently saw the dead and wounded brought in from the field. A hostile force at length approached the village itself, and all its inhabitants fled in consternation to an island in the river, from which they returned to find it plundered and half burnt. These events stirred the compassionate soul of the young girl to its depths, and caused her at length to indulge the dream of becoming herself the instrument of her country's deliverance. Her religious enthusiasm increased with her years, and she imagined that she heard heavenly voices commanding her to go forth and deliver the kingdom.

Now there had long been a kind of expectation, in the superstitious minds of the French peasantry, that France, in the fulness of time, was to be freed from her English invaders by means of a Virgin. It is highly probable that Jeanne Darc was familiar with this expectation, and that it led her at length to the conviction that *she* was the virgin destined by Heaven for this glorious work. However this may be, it is certain that, before she was fourteen years of age, she was fully possessed with the idea that the delivery of France was her mission.

She first revealed her design to her father. She was her father's favorite child, and he was content, at first, to laugh at her delusion; but, finding that she persisted in it, he adopted the tone of authority and commanded her not to leave her home. She feigned to be submissive to her father's commands, and endeavored next to prevail upon her uncle, who lived in the next village, to bring her father over to her scheme. This uncle was

so much influenced by her entreaties, that he made known her wish to a French captain who was stationed near.

"My niece," said he, "wishes to convey succors to King Charles VII."

"Box her ears," said the captain in reply, "and send her home to her parents."

Her family endeavored to wean her from her supposed infatuation by getting her a husband; but she firmly refused either to marry or to promise marriage. In the meantime, the young enthusiast, who was tall, finely proportioned, and highly prepossessing, and whose enthusiastic piety had been remarked and admired by her neighbors, began to make converts in her native village. In her sixteenth year the news of fresh disasters to her native country roused her to the highest pitch of compassion and determination. She went herself to the captain just referred to, and said to him:—

"Though I wear out my legs up to my knees, I must and will go and raise the siege of Orleans."

Gaining no encouragement from him, she obtained an interview with a powerful duke, and made such an impression upon his mind that he gave her a horse and some gold, and procured her an escort for her contemplated journey to the king, who was then at a distance of three hundred and eighty miles. Attired as a man, and armed with a sword, a dagger and a lance, she started upon her journey, accompanied by two officers and two soldiers.

On the 6th of March, 1429, after a perilous journey of eleven days, she reached the royal residence, and sent in to the king to ask an audience. Her fame had preceded her, and she was considered of so much importance that the king's council deliberated for two days upon the question whether or not she should be dismissed without an interview. It was decided to admit her, and put her inspiration to the test. The king laid aside his royal garments, and mingled with the crowd of courtiers, several of whom were more richly clothed than himself; but, upon being conducted to the apartment, the maid went straight to the king, fell on her knees before him, and said:—

"Gentle Prince, I am Jeanne the Virgin; the King of Heaven

sends me to you ; through me you shall be crowned and anointed in the city of Reims ; and you shall be the vicegerent of God, which is to be King of France."

The king, astonished at her words and bearing, took her aside and conversed with her for some time. What passed between them has been variously related ; but it is certain that she made an impression upon his mind, — a mind naturally weak and enfeebled by vice and superstition. Not yet convinced of her heavenly mission, he caused her to be examined by his council, and by learned doctors of divinity. They subjected her to various tests, which cannot be related here. A whole month was consumed by this investigation ; at the end of which the king gave her a military command, supplied her with arms and accoutrements, and assigned her a retinue of two pages, two servants, two heralds, and a commissary. Attired in white armor, and bearing a standard covered with *fleurs-de-lis* and religious emblems, she presented herself to the French army, then defending the great city of Orleans against the English.

The novelty and splendor of her appearance, the firmness and composure of her demeanor, the royal commission which she held, aided by the universal superstition of the age, drew upon her the eyes of the whole army, and inspired them with confidence in the reality of her mission. After a series of bloody and desperate conflicts, in which she displayed the greatest valor and audacity, the English were exhausted and abandoned the siege. She continued her career of conquest until she had fulfilled her promise, and the king was crowned at Reims four months after his first interview with the maid. Resolved never to discontinue the struggle as long as there was an enemy upon the soil of France, she fought on until the spring of the following year, when, in a hotly contested action, she was surrounded by the foe, thrown from her horse, and taken prisoner.

Upon a charge brought against her by the Inquisition and seconded by the servile University of Paris (then in possession of the English), she was thrown into a dungeon, to await her trial for heresy. Twice, by her tact and courage, she nearly succeeded in escaping. Arraigned, at length, before the priestly court, she was accused of seventy distinct offences, the chief of

which were that she had professed to receive communications from heaven, whereas, in reality, she had only invoked the devil; that she had worn men's clothes and entered the army as a soldier; that her religious opinions were heretical, and that she had refused to submit to the authority of the church. Her demeanor, during the long mockery of a trial to which she was subjected, was calm and heroic; but, as her condemnation was a thing resolved upon, nothing availed, — she was condemned and sentenced to be burnt alive, unless she abjured her errors.

In these terrible circumstances, the woman, for a moment, prevailed over the heroine. With a disdainful smile upon her lips, she took the pen in her hand and placed at the bottom of the paper of abjuration a zero, which was the usual mode of assenting to abjuration by persons who could not write. She was then removed to her cell, and condemned to remain there for the rest of her life on bread and water.

As one of the principal points made against her by her priestly accusers was that she had worn men's clothes, she had, during her trial, resumed the garments of her own sex. On the third day after her return to the prison, on getting up in the morning, she discovered that her female dress had been taken away and her men's clothes placed in a sack at the foot of her bed. She was therefore compelled, against her will, to resume her former costume. A priest who had been foremost in her prosecution visited her cell that day, and taunted her with having relapsed into the damnable errors for which she had been tried. At this outrage, her human indignation came to the rescue of her religious faith. She retracted her abjuration, and declared to the malignant priest that she had recanted in a moment of womanly weakness, and that she was indeed an instrument in the hands of God for the deliverance of France. The next day the court reassembled, and the original sentence was again pronounced. She was then nineteen years of age.

When this fearful news was brought to her, she again experienced a moment of weakness and burst into tears.

"Oh," cried she, sobbing, "are they so cruel that this body of mine, entire and uncorrupt, must be to-day consumed to ashes?"

She soon recovered her composure, and joined with calmness and devotion in the rites appointed by her church for the dying. Eight hundred English troops escorted her to the place of execution. She was placed upon a lofty platform of masonry, in the midst of which there was a post covered with cement, surrounded with a great mass of fagots. Behind the stake a placard was set up, upon which was written in large letters :—

"JEANNE, WHO HAS NAMED HERSELF THE VIRGIN. A LIAR, A PERNICIOUS PERSON, AN ABUSER OF THE PEOPLE, A SORCERESS, SUPERSTITIOUS, A BLASPHEMER OF GOD, A DENIER OF THE GOSPEL OF JESUS CHRIST, A BOASTER, AN IDOLATER, CRUEL, DISSOLUTE, AN INVOKER OF DEVILS, A SCHISMATIC AND HERETIC."

On her head was a mitre, and upon this was written :—

"HERETIC, RELAPSED, APOSTATE, IDOLATER."

When she had been chained to the stake, the executioner set the wood on fire at the lowest part of the pile, so that she endured long and severe agony before the flames reached her person; during which, however, she occasionally conversed in a religious strain with two friendly priests. Some of the spectators, it is said, laughed at her anguish, but the greater part of the crowd were dissolved in tears. When the flames at length reached her garments, and wrapped her in a garment of fire, she uttered only the name of Jesus; and with that name upon her lips, her head fell forward and she expired.

It is impossible, in the short compass of an article like this, to give anything more than an outline of the career of this martyr to her country. There is no doubt that, in common with all mankind at that period, this heroine was ignorant and superstitious. It is plain, however, from the documents recently brought to light, that she was a pure and high-minded being, who fully believed herself to be the chosen instrument of Heaven, and that she performed what she conceived to be her duty with a courage and devotion with entitle her to the homage of posterity.

THE WIFE OF ANDREW JACKSON

RACHEL DONELSON was the maiden name of Jackson's wife. She was born in Virginia, in the year 1768. She lived in Virginia until she was eleven years of age. Her father, Colonel John Donelson, was a planter and landowner. He possessed considerable wealth in land, cattle, and horses. He was one of those hardy pioneers who were never satisfied until they were living away out in the woods, beyond the reach of civilization. Accordingly, in 1779, we find him settling on the waters of the Tennessee River, with all his family. He explored the western parts of Tennessee, with a river of a thousand miles before him.

Seldom has a little girl of eleven years shared in an adventure. The party started in the depth of winter, and battled for two months with the ice before they began the descent of the Tennessee. But, in the company of a considerable fleet of boats, the command of Colonel John Donelson and his family floated down the river more rapidly. Many misfortunes befell them. Their boat would get aground and remain immovable until their cargo was landed. Sometimes a boat was dashed against a projecting point and sunk. One man died of cold; two children were born. On board one of the boats, twenty-eight persons, the small-pox raged. As the fleet sailed at a certain distance behind the rest, it was overtaken by Indians, who captured it, killed all the men, and spared the women and children. The Indians caught the small-pox, which some hundreds died in the course of the winter.

But during this voyage, which lasted several months, a misfortune befell the boat of Colonel Donelson;

family, including his daughter Rachel, arrived safely at the site of the present city of Nashville, near which he selected his land, built his log house, and established himself. Never has a settlement been so infested with hostile Indians as this. When Rachel Donelson, with her sisters and young friends, went blackberrying, a guard of young men, with their rifles loaded and cocked, stood guard over the surrounding thickets while the girls picked the fruit. It was not safe for a man to stoop over a spring to drink unless some one else was on the watch with his rifle in his arms; and when half a dozen men stood together, in conversation, they turned their backs to each other, all facing different ways, to watch for a lurking savage.

So the Donelsons lived for eight years, and gathered about them more negroes, more cattle, and more horses than any other household in the settlement. During one of the long winters, when a great tide of emigration had reduced the stock of corn, and threatened the neighborhood with famine, Colonel Donelson moved to Kentucky with all his family and dependents, and there lived until the corn crop at Nashville was gathered. Rachel, by this time, had grown to be a beautiful and vigorous young lady, well skilled in all the arts of the back-woods, and a remarkably bold and graceful rider. She was a plump little damsel, with the blackest hair and eyes, and of a very cheerful and friendly disposition. During the temporary residence of her father in Kentucky she gave her hand and heart to one Lewis Robards, and her father returned to Nashville without her.

Colonel Donelson soon after, while in the woods surveying far from his home, fell by the hand of an assassin. He was found pierced by bullets; but whether they were fired by red savages or by white was never known. To comfort her mother in her loneliness, Rachel and her husband came to Nashville and lived with her, intending, as soon as the Indians were subdued, to occupy a farm of their own.

In the year 1788, Andrew Jackson, a young lawyer from North Carolina, arrived at Nashville to enter upon the practice of his profession, and went to board with Mr. Donelson. He soon discovered that Mrs Rachel Robards lived most unhappily

with her husband, who was a man of violent temper and most jealous disposition. Young Jackson had not long resided in the family before Mr. Robards began to be jealous of him, and many violent scenes took place between them. The jealous Robards at length abandoned his wife, and went off to his old home in Kentucky, leaving Jackson master of the field.

A rumor soon after reached the place that Robards had procured a divorce from his wife in the legislature of Virginia; soon after which Andrew Jackson and Rachel Donelson were married. The rumor proved to be false, and they lived together for two years before a divorce was really granted, at the end of which time they were married again. This marriage, though so inauspiciously begun, was an eminently happy one, although, out of doors, it caused the irascible Jackson a great deal of trouble. The peculiar circumstances attending the marriage caused many calumnies to be uttered and printed respecting Mrs. Jackson, and some of the bitterest quarrels which the general ever had, had their origin in them.

At home, however, he was one of the happiest of men. His wife was an excellent manager of a household and a kind mistress of slaves. She had a remarkable memory, and delighted to relate anecdotes and tales of the early settlement of the country. Daniel Boone had been one of her father's friends, and she used to recount his adventures and escapes. Her abode was a seat of hospitality, and she well knew how to make her guests feel at home. It used to be said in Tennessee that she could not write; but, as I have had the pleasure of reading nine letters in her own handwriting, one of which was eight pages long, I presume I have a right to deny the imputation. It must be confessed, however, that the spelling was exceedingly bad, and that the writing was so much worse as to be nearly illegible. If she was ignorant of books, she was most learned in the lore of the forest, the dairy, the kitchen, and the farm. I remember walking about a remarkably fine spring that gushed from the earth near where her dairy stood, and hearing one of her colored servants say that there was nothing upon the estate which she valued so much as that spring. She grew to be a stout woman, which made her appear

shorter than she really was. Her husband, on the contrary, was remarkably tall and slender; so that when they danced a reel together, which they often did, with all the vigor of the olden time, the spectacle was extremely curious.

It was a great grief to both husband and wife that they had no children, and it was to supply this want in their household that they adopted one of Mrs. Donelson's nephews, and named him Andrew Jackson. This boy was the delight of them both as long as they lived.

Colonel Benton, who knew Mrs. Jackson well and long, has recorded his opinion of her in the following forcible language:—

"A more exemplary woman in all the relations of life—wife, friend, neighbor, relation, mistress of slaves—never lived, and never presented a more quiet, cheerful, and admirable management of her household. She had the general's own warm heart, frank manners, and admirable temper; and no two persons could have been better suited to each other, lived more happily together, or made a house more attractive to visitors. No bashful youth or plain old man, whose modesty sat them down at the lower end of the table, could escape her cordial attention, any more than the titled gentlemen at her right and left. Young persons were her delight, and she always had her house filled with them, all calling her affectionately 'Aunt Rachel.'"

In the homely fashion of the time, she used to join her husband and guests in smoking a pipe after dinner and in the evening. There are now living many persons who well remember seeing her smoking by her fireside a long reed pipe.

When General Jackson went forth to fight in the war of 1812, he was still living in a log house of four rooms; and this house is now standing on his beautiful farm ten miles from Nashville. I used to wonder, when walking about it, how it was possible for Mrs. Jackson to accommodate so many guests as we know she did. But a hospitable house, like a Third-Avenue car, is never full, and in that mild climate the young men could sleep on the piazza or in the corn-crib, content if their mothers and sisters had the shelter of the house. It was not until long after the general's return from the wars that he built, or could afford

to build, the large brick mansion which he named the "Hermitage." The visitor may still see in that commodious house the bed on which this happy pair slept and died, the furniture they used, and the pictures upon which they were accustomed to look. In the hall of the second story there is still preserved the huge chest in which Mrs. Jackson used to stow away the woollen clothes of the family in the summer, to keep them from the moths. Around the house are the remains of the fine garden of which she used to be so proud, and, a little beyond, are the cabins of the hundred and fifty slaves to whom she was more a mother than a mistress.

A few weeks after the battle of New Orleans, when her husband was in the first flush of his triumph, this plain planter's wife floated down the Mississippi to New Orleans to visit her husband and to accompany him home. She had never seen a city before, for Nashville, at that day, was little more than a village. The elegant ladies of New Orleans were exceedingly pleased to observe that General Jackson, though he was himself one of the most graceful and polite of gentlemen, seemed totally unconscious of the homely bearing, the country manners, and awkward dress of his wife. In all companies and on all occasions he showed her every possible mark of respect. The ladies gathered about her and presented her with all sorts of showy knick-knacks and jewelry, and one of them undertook the task of selecting suitable clothes for her. She frankly confessed that she knew nothing about such things, and was willing to wear anything that the ladies thought proper. Much as she enjoyed her visit, I am sure she was glad enough to return to her old home on the banks of the Cumberland and resume her oversight of the dairy and the plantation.

Soon after the peace, a remarkable change came over the spirit of this excellent woman. Parson Blackburn, as the general always called him, was a favorite preacher in that part of Tennessee, and his sermons made so powerful an impression upon Mrs. Jackson that she joined the Presbyterian Church, and was ever after devotedly religious. The general himself was almost persuaded to follow her example. He did not, however; but he testified his sympathy with his wife's feelings by

building a church for her — a curious little brick edifice — on his own farm ; — the smallest church, I suppose, in the United States. Of all the churches I ever saw, this is the plainest and simplest in its construction. It looks like a very small school-house ; it has no steeple, no portico, and but one door ; and the interior, which contains forty little pews, is unpainted, and the floor is of brick. On Sundays, the congregation consisted chiefly of the general, his family, and half a dozen neighbors, with as many negroes as the house would hold, and could see through the windows. It was just after the completion of this church that General Jackson made his famous reply to a young man who objected to the doctrine of future punishment.

"I thank God," said this youth, "I have too much good sense to believe there is such a place as hell."

"Well, sir," said General Jackson, "*I thank God there is such a place.*"

"Why, general," asked the young man, "what do you want with such a place of torment as hell?"

To which the general replied, as quick as lightning : —

"To put such rascals as you are in, that oppose and vilify the Christian religion."

The young man said no more, and soon after found it convenient to take his leave.

Mrs. Jackson did not live to see her husband President of the United States, though she lived long enough to know that he was elected to that office. When the news was brought to her of her husband's election, in December, 1828, she quietly said : —

"Well, for Mr. Jackson's sake" (she always called him Mr. Jackson), "I am glad ; for my own part, I never wished it."

The people of Nashville, proud of the success of their favorite, resolved to celebrate the event by a great banquet on the 22d of December, the anniversary of the day on which the general had first defeated the British below New Orleans ; and some of the ladies of Nashville were secretly preparing a magnificent wardrobe for the future mistress of the White House. Six days before the day appointed for the celebration, Mrs. Jackson, while busied about her household affairs in the kitchen

of the Hermitage, suddenly shrieked, placed her hands upon her heart, sank upon a chair, and fell forward into the arms of one of her servants. She was carried to her bed, where, for the space of sixty hours, she suffered extreme agony; during the whole of which her husband never left her side for ten minutes. Then she appeared much better, and recovered the use of her tongue. This was only two days before the day of the festival, and the first use she made of her recovered speech was, to implore her exhausted husband to go to another room and sleep, so as to recruit his strength for the banquet. He would not leave her, however, but lay down upon a sofa and slept a little. The evening of the 22d she appeared to be so much better that the general consented, after much persuasion, to sleep in the next room, and leave his wife in the care of the doctor and two of his most trusted servants.

At nine o'clock he bade her good-night, went into the next room, and took off his coat, preparatory to lying down. When he had been gone five minutes from her room, Mrs. Jackson, who was sitting up, suddenly gave a long, loud, inarticulate cry, which was immediately followed by the death-rattle in her throat. By the time her husband had reached her side she had breathed her last.

"Bleed her," cried the general.

But no blood flowed from her arm.

"Try the temple, doctor."

A drop or two of blood stained her cap, but no more followed. Still, it was long before he would believe her dead, and when there could no longer be any doubt, and they were preparing a table upon which to lay her out, he cried, with a choking voice:—

"Spread four blankets upon it; for if she does come to she will lie so hard upon the table."

All night long he sat in the room, occasionally looking into her face, and feeling if there was any pulsation in her heart. The next morning, when one of his friends arrived just before daylight, he was nearly speechless and utterly inconsolable, looking twenty years older.

There was no banquet that day in Nashville. On the morn

ing of the funeral, the grounds were crowded with people, who saw, with emotion, the poor old general supported to the grave between two of his old friends, scarcely able to stand. The remains were interred in the garden of the Hermitage, in a tomb which the general had recently completed. The tablet which covers her dust contains the following inscription : —

"Here lie the remains of Mrs. Rachel Jackson, wife of President Jackson, who died the 22d of December, 1828, aged 61. Her face was fair, her person pleasing, her temper amiable, her heart kind ; she delighted in relieving the wants of her fellow-creatures, and cultivated that divine pleasure by the most liberal and unpretending methods ; to the poor she was a benefactor ; to the rich an example ; to the wretched a comforter ; to the prosperous an ornament ; her piety went hand in hand with her benevolence, and she thanked her Creator for being permitted to do good. A being so gentle and so virtuous, slander might wound but not dishonor. Even death, when he tore her from the arms of her husband, could but transport her to the bosom of her God."

Andrew Jackson was never the same man again. During his presidency, he never used the phrase : "By the Eternal," nor any other language which could be considered profane. He mourned his wife until he himself rejoined her in the tomb he had prepared for them both.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

"A BEAUTIFUL life I have had. Not one m for my good. Countless blessings beyond exp . . Behind me stretch the green pastures a which I have been led all my days. Around i hardy flowers and fruits that bide the winter. the shining shore."

These are Mrs. Sigourney's words, written a life of seventy-four years. All who have human life will agree that the rarest achiev woman on this earth is a solid and continuous b are very few persons past seventy who can calm their lives, and sincerely say that they would v lives over again. Mrs. Sigourney, however, happy few.

She was born at Norwich, Connecticut, or tember, 1791. Her father was Ezekiel Huntle gentle, affectionate man, of Scotch parentage, of the Yankee in him as any man in Conne Yankee, he never attempted to set up in bus but spent the whole of the active part of his of the man to whom he was apprenticed in employer was a druggist of great note in his large fortune in his business, and built one of houses in the State. On his retirement from clerk continued to reside under his roof, and management of his estate; and, even when he ley did not change his abode, but remained affairs of the widow. In the service of this competence for his old age, and he lived t

most happy, serene old man, delighting chiefly in his garden and his only child. He survived as late as 1839.

Owing to the peculiar relations sustained by her father to a wealthy family, — living, too, in a wing of their stately mansion, and having the free range of its extensive gardens, — Lydia Huntley enjoyed in her youth all the substantial advantages of wealth, without encountering its perils. She was surrounded by objects pleasing or beautiful, but no menial pampered her pride or robbed her of her rightful share of household labor. As soon as she was old enough to toddle about the grounds, her father delighted to have her hold the trees which he was planting, and drop the seed into the little furrow prepared for it, and never was she better pleased than when giving him the aid of her tiny fingers. Her parents never kept a servant, and she was brought up to do her part in the house. Living on plain, substantial fare, inured to labor, and dressed so as to allow free play to every limb and muscle, she laid in a stock of health, strength, and good temper that lasted her down to the last year of her life. She never knew what dyspepsia was. She never possessed a costly toy, nor a doll that was not made at home, but she passed a childhood that was scarcely anything but joy. She was an only child, and she was the pet of two families, yet was not spoiled.

She was one of those children who take naturally to all kinds of culture. Without ever having had a child's book, she sought out, in the old-fashioned library of the house, everything which a child could understand. Chance threw a novel in her way (*Mysteries of Udolpho*), which she devoured with rapture, and soon after, when she was but eight years of age, she began to write a novel. Poetry, too, she read with singular pleasure, never weary of repeating her favorite pieces. But the passion of her childhood was painting pictures. Almost in her infancy she began to draw with a pin and lilac-leaf, and advanced from that to slate and pencil, and, by and by, to a lead pencil and backs of letters. When she had learned to draw pretty well, she was on fire to paint her pictures, but was long puzzled to procure the colors. Having obtained in some way a cake of gamboge, she begged of a washerwoman a piece of indigo, and

by combining these two ingredients she could make different shades of yellow, blue, and green. The trunks of her trees she painted with coffee-grounds, and a mixture of India ink and indigo answered tolerably for sky and water. She afterwards discovered that the pink juice of the skokeberry did very well for lips, cheeks, and gay dresses. Mixed with a little indigo, it made a very bad purple, which the young artist, for want of a better, was obliged to use for her royal robes. In sore distress for a better purple, she squeezed the purple flowers of the garden and the field for the desired tint, but nothing answered the purpose, until, at dinner one day, she found the very hue for which she longed in the juice of a currant-and-whortleberry tart. She hastened to try it, and it made a truly gorgeous purple, but the sugar in it caused it to come off in flakes from her kings and emperors, leaving them in a sorry plight. At length, to her boundless, inexpressible, and lasting joy, all her difficulties were removed by her father's giving her a complete box of colors.

At school she was fortunate in her teachers. One of them was the late Pelatiah Perit, who afterwards won high distinction as a New York merchant and universal philanthropist. Her first serious attempts at poetical composition were translations from Virgil, when she was fourteen years of age. After leaving school, she studied Latin with much zeal under an aged tutor, and, later in life, she advanced far enough in Hebrew to read the Old Testament with the aid of grammar and dictionary. To these grave studies her parents were sufficiently enlightened to add a thorough drill in dancing. Often, when her excellent mother observed that she had sat too long over her books, she would get her out upon the floor of their large kitchen, and then, striking up a lively song, set her dancing until her cheeks were all aglow.

This studious and happy girl, like all other young people, had her day-dream of the future. *It was to keep a school!* This strange ambition, she tells us in her Autobiography, she feared to impart to her companions lest they should laugh at her; and she thought even her parents would think her *arrogant* if she mentioned it to them. The long-cherished secret

was revealed to her parents at length. Her mother had guessed it before, but her father was exceedingly surprised ; neither of them, however, made any objection, and one of the pleasantest apartments of their house was fitted up for the reception of pupils. She was then a delicate-looking girl of about eighteen, and rather undersized. As soon as her desks were brought home by the carpenter, the ambitious little lady went round to the families of the place, informed them of her intention, and solicited their patronage, at the established rate of three dollars a quarter for each pupil. She was disappointed and puzzled at the coldness with which her project was received. Day after day she tramped the streets of Norwich, only to return at night without a name upon her catalogue. She surmised, after a time, that parents hesitated to entrust their children to her because of her extreme youth ; which was the fact. At length, however, she began her school with two children, nine and eleven years of age ; and not only did she go through all the formalities of a school with them, working six hours a day for five days and three hours on Saturday, but at the end of the term she held an examination in the presence of a large circle of her pupils' admiring relations.

Afterwards, associating herself with another young lady, to whom she was tenderly attached, she succeeded better. A large and popular school gathered about these zealous and admirable girls, — several of their pupils being older than themselves. Compelled to hold the school in a larger room, Lydia Huntley walked two miles every morning and two more at night, besides working hard all day ; and she was as happy as the weeks were long. Her experience confirms that of every genuine teacher — from Dr. Arnold downwards — that, of all the employments of man or woman on this earth, the one which is capable of giving the most constant and intense happiness, is teaching in a rationally conducted school. So fond was she of teaching, that when the severity of the winter obliged her to suspend the school for many weeks, she opened a free school for poor children, one of her favorite classes in which was composed of colored girls.

In the course of time, the well-known Daniel Wadsworth, the great man of Hartford fifty years ago, lured her away to that

city, where he personally organized for her a school of thirty young ladies, the daughters of his friends, and gave her a home in his own house. There she spent five happy years, cherished as a daughter by her venerable patron and his wife, and held in high honor by her pupils and their parents.

It was in 1815, while residing in Hartford, that her fame was born. Good old Mrs. Wadsworth having obtained a sight of her journals and manuscripts, in prose and verse, the secret accumulation of many years, inflamed her husband's curiosity so that he too asked to see them. The blushing poetess consented. Mr. Wadsworth pronounced some of them worthy of publication, and, under his auspices, a volume was printed in Hartford, entitled, "Moral Pieces in Prose and Verse." The public gave it a generous welcome, and its success led to a career of authorship that lasted forty-nine years, and gave to the world fifty-six volumes of poetry, tales, travels, biography, and letters.

So passed her life till she was past twenty-eight. She had received offers of marriage from clergymen and others, but none of her suitors tempted her to forsake her pupils; and she supposed herself destined to spend her days as an old maid. But another destiny was in store for her. On her way to and from her school, "a pair of deep-set and most expressive black eyes" sometimes encountered hers, and spoke "unutterable things." These eyes belonged to a widower, with three children, named Charles Sigourney, a thriving hardware merchant of French descent, and those "unutterable things" were uttered at length, through the unromantic medium of a letter. The marriage occurred a few months after, in the year 1819.

For the next fifteen years she resided in the most elegant mansion in Hartford, surrounded by delightful grounds, after Mr. Sigourney's own design; and even now, though the Sigourney place is eclipsed in splendor and costliness by many of more recent date, there is no abode in the beautiful city of Hartford more attractive than this. Mr. Sigourney was a man of considerable learning, and exceedingly interested in the study of languages. When he was past fifty, he began the acquisition of modern Greek. Mrs. Sigourney became the mother of several children, all of whom, but two, died in infancy. One son

lived to enter college, but died at the age of nineteen, of consumption. A daughter still survives, — the wife of a clergyman.

After many years of very great prosperity in business, Mr. Sigourney experienced heavy losses, which compelled them to leave their pleasant residence, and gave a new activity to her pen. He died a few years since, at the age of seventy-six. During the last seven years of Mrs. Sigourney's life, her chief literary employment was contributing to the columns of the "New York Ledger." Mr. Bonner, having, while an apprentice in the Hartford "Courant" office, "set up" some of her poems, had particular pleasure in being the medium of her last communications with the public, and she must have rejoiced in the vast audience to which he gave her access, — the largest she ever addressed.

Mrs. Sigourney enjoyed excellent health to within a few weeks of her death. After a short illness, which she bore with much patience, she died in June, 1865, with her daughter at her side, and affectionate friends around her. Nothing could exceed her tranquillity and resignation at the approach of death. Her long life had been spent in honorable labor for the good of her species, and she died in the fullest certainty that Death would but introduce her to a larger and better sphere.

THE POET VIRGIL.

IN a Broadway bookstore, this morning, I heard a school-boy ask for a Virgil. The clerk vanished into the distant recesses, and returned with seven editions of the poet, from which the young gentleman was requested to choose the one he desired. In the same store there were also two different translations of the works of Virgil into English. I suppose that here, on this continent of America, which was not discovered until Virgil had been dead fifteen hundred years, there could be found half a million copies of his poems. It is eighteen hundred and eighty-five years since he died; but no day passes during the travelling season that does not bring to his grave, near Naples, some pilgrim from a distant land. Such is the magic of genius, or, rather, such is the lasting charm of a piece of literary work that is thoroughly well done.

Virgil was born seventy years before the birth of Christ, at a village near Mantua, on the banks of the Mincio, in that Northern province of Italy, which the Italians wrested, not long ago, from the dominion of hated Austria. Who should possess the birthplace of Virgil was one of the questions which the late war in Europe happily and justly decided. His father was a man of very humble rank, as the fathers of great poets have usually been. The received tradition is that, early in life, his father entered the service of a peddler, who, to reward his fidelity, gave him his daughter in marriage, and settled him upon a small farm near Mantua. Of this union, and upon this farm, the poet was born. He was of a delicate constitution, and of a reflective, retiring cast of character, which induced his father to give him advantages of education not usually bestowed by Roman farmers upon their sons. It

is probable that his father had prospered in his vocation, and that he was a man such as we should expect the father of a great poet to be,—a father who would live for his children, and find his happiness in theirs.

When the lad had learned all the schools of his own neighborhood could teach him, he set out, as the custom then was, to find better instructors in other cities. He made his way to Naples, two hundred and fifty miles from his home, where, at that time, many famous teachers practised their profession. The Romans were educated chiefly by means of the Greek language and Greek literature; for, indeed, there was no other literature known to them, and none in existence, except that of the Hebrews, until they themselves had produced some great authors. Virgil learned grammar by studying Greek; he learned mathematics from Greek treatises; he learned his philosophy from the Greek Plato and Epicurus, and he cultivated his poetical talent by a profound and loving study of the great poet of antiquity, the Greek Homer. It was as much a matter of course for a Roman youth of the higher classes to learn Greek, as it is among us for boys to learn French, and there were probably as many Greek tutors in Rome in Virgil's day, as there are French teachers now in London or New York. It was a Greek who assisted the youthful Virgil to acquire that intimate knowledge of this language and its master-pieces, which his poems prove that he possessed.

After some years spent in most assiduous and successful study at Naples, Virgil returned to his father's house near Mantua, visiting Rome on his way. At home he continued to study. It is extremely probable that he began early to try his hand at poetry, though none of his first essays have come down to us. It seems to me impossible that any man could have attained the purity and melody of Virgil's Eclogues, who had not written a multitude of verses before.

Inheriting, at length, his father's estate, which, though small, was sufficient for a student's modest wants, he was in a position to devote most of his time to literature. But soon his little property was snatched from him. Augustus, to stimulate the zeal of his soldiers in the civil war which made him Emperor

of Rome, promised to divide among them a large tract of land in the north of Italy. When this promise came to be fulfilled, Virgil's farm fell to the share of an officer of rank, who drove the young poet from his patrimony, just as a French colonel might drive the poet Tennyson from his cottage in the Isle of Wight, if ever Louis Napoleon should make a successful invasion of England.

It so happened, fortunately for mankind, that one of Virgil's fellow-students, with whom he had been particularly intimate at Naples, was then in the public service, and performing some duty in the neighborhood. Virgil fled to him for advice, and under his patronage went to Rome, and laid his case before Augustus. The emperor ordered the restoration of his farm, and the happy poet returned to take possession of it. He discovered, however, that an imperial order of that nature was not held in much respect by a victorious centurion at so great a distance from Rome. The officer in possession drove the poet away once more, and pursued him with such violence that he only saved his life by swimming a river. It cost him much pains, and required the interposition of powerful friends, before he could again enter into peaceful possession of his estate, without which, in all probability, he had never enjoyed that command of his time, and that tranquillity of mind which are necessary to the production of immortal works.

Restored to his home and to his leisure, he spent the next three years in the composition of his *Eclogues*, — a series of poems in imitation of the Greek pastorals, but which were far from being a mere imitation. Virgil's real delight in the tranquil pleasures of the country, and his antipathy to the scenes of violence and carnage of which he had been the witness, gave to many passages an essential originality, while the harmony of the verse was something wholly his own. The many allusions to recent events — events as stirring to the Roman heart as those of our recent war are to us — gave life and freshness to the poems. They had an immediate and most brilliant success; they were recited in the theatre at Rome, they were quoted in every intellectual society. I have ever thought that these and other poems of Virgil may have been

among the causes of the long peace which Rome enjoyed under Augustus.

In the thirty-third year of his age, crowned with the glory of this new fame, Virgil went to Rome, the capital of civilization. There the Emperor Augustus and his minister, Mæcenas, gave him cordial welcome, and bestowed such liberal gifts upon him that he was able to live thenceforth much at his ease, and to spend all the residue of his days in literary employments. The public honored him not less. On one occasion, when he was present at the theatre, some of his verses chanced to be recited, and the whole audience rose and cheered him, just as they were accustomed to salute the emperor upon his entrance. He made one noble use of his credit with Mæcenas, in recommending to him another poet, Horace. Horace says, in one of his satires, addressed to Mæcenas: "It was not chance that brought us together. That best of men Virgil, long since, and, after him, Varius, told you who I was." Horace, therefore, in a certain sense, owed his fortune to Virgil; for Mæcenas presented the satirist with a house, and induced Augustus to assign him a piece of land, upon the income of which he lived sufficiently well.

The contemplative Virgil, unlike his merry friend, Horace, did not enjoy the bustle and excitement of a great city. After a short residence at Rome he returned to Naples, which was then to Italy what Oxford now is to England, and there he composed his poems in praise of country employments and pleasures, which are entitled the *Georgics*. In one of these *Georgics* (the third) there is a long passage descriptive of a cattle plague which had raged in the northern part of Italy, and driven off almost all the farmers. The poet says:—

"We see the naked Alps and thin remains
Of scattered cots and yet unpeopled plains,
Once filled with grazing flocks, the shepherd's happy reigns.
Here, from the vicious air and sickly skies,
A plague did on the dumb creation rise.
During the autumnal heats the infection grew,
Tame cattle and the beasts of nature slew —
Poisoning the standing lakes and pools impure;

THE POET VIRGIL.

Nor was the foodful grass in ~~the~~ is secure.
Strange death! for when the thirsty fire had drawn
Their vital blood, and the dry nerves were shrunk
When the contracted limbs were cramped, e'en then
A waterish humor swelled and oozed again,
Converting into bane the kindly juice
Ordained by nature for a better use,
The victim ox, that was for altars prest,
Trimmed with white ribbons, and with garlands
Sunk of himself without the god's command,
Preventing the slow sacrificer's hand."

This calls to mind the cattle plague which I
land a year or two ago. Virgil, however,
that the plague of which he speaks attacked domestic
and even wild beasts. His description of a horrible
mysterious malady is exceedingly vigorous. I
Dryden's translation:—

"The victor horse, forgetful of his food,
The palm renounces and abhors the food.
He paws the ground; and on his hanging ears
A doubtful sweat in clammy drops appears;
Parched is his hide, and rugged are his hairs.
Such are the symptoms of the young disease;
But, in time's process, when his pains increase
He rolls his mournful eyes; he deeply groans,
With patient sobbing and with manly moans.
He heaves for breath, which, from his lungs sent
And fetched from far, distends his laboring side
To his rough palate his dry tongue succeeds,
And very gore he from his nostrils bleeds.
A drench of wine has with success been used,
And through a horn the generous juice infused
Which, timely taken, opened his closing jaws,
But if too late, the patient's death did cause;
For the too vigorous dose too fiercely wrought
And added fury to the strength it brought.
Recruited into rage, he grinds his teeth
In his own flesh, and feels approaching death."

The poet proceeds to relate with equal pathos
agonies of an ox, seized with the same disease
that the mighty fish of the sea drifted dead upon
that venomous snakes died in their holes.

Seven years the poet is said to have expended in the composition of the *Georgics*, and they could all be printed in about seven columns of an ordinary newspaper. Tradition reports that he was in the habit of composing a few lines in the morning, and spending the rest of the day in polishing them. Campbell used to say that if a poet made one good line a week, he did very well; but Moore thought that if a poet did his duty he could get a line done every day. Virgil seems to have accomplished about four lines a week, but then they have lasted eighteen hundred years, and will last eighteen hundred years more.

These poems having raised the reputation of the poet to the highest point, he next undertook to relate in verse the fabled founding of Rome by *Æneas*, which is the work by which Virgil is chiefly known. It is a noble poem,—the product of an exquisite genius and a sublime patience. There is in many of the lines such a happy blending of picturesque meaning and melodious words, that they remain fixed in the mind forever.

Before he had put the last touches to this great work, and while he was travelling in Greece for the purpose of seeing the localities described in it, he was seized with mortal illness, of which he died before he reached home. His journey threw so much new light upon his subject that, in his distress at not being able to use it in perfecting his poem, he left orders for its destruction. Happily, these orders were not obeyed, and the poem was preserved to animate and instruct a hundred generations of men. Virgil died in his fifty-first year.

His works, surviving the loss of almost everything pleasant and good in the dark ages, were among the causes of that revival of literature and science to which we owe the progress which the world has made since. I know not what would have become of the human mind in those dreary centuries of superstition but for the antidote, always secretly working, of Virgil's romantic grandeur and pleasing pictures of happy life, and Horace's chatty and amusing worldliness.

THE POET HORACE.



How strange that so many American parents should name their boys Horace! I suppose that in New England there are a hundred Horaces to one Virgil; while there are a hundred people who enjoy the poetry of Virgil to one that keenly relishes that of Horace. Leaving this mystery to be cleared up by philosophers, I will endeavor to relate in a few words the interesting story of the poet's life; our knowledge of which is chiefly derived from the innumerable allusions to himself and to his affairs in his own works.

His father was a Roman slave, who, some years before Horace was born, obtained his freedom. "Everybody has a fling at me," he says in one of his satires (the sixth of book first), "because I am a freedman's son." He owed his name to the fact that his father's master belonged to the Horatian tribe; though it was long supposed that he was named Horatius because his master was a member of the celebrated family of the Horatii, three of whom had a great fight one day with the Curatii, — as school-boys remember.

Having become a free man, the father of the poet established himself as an auctioneer, which was then, as it is now, a profitable business, especially in times of general distress. The elder Horace by the exercise of his vocation acquired a considerable fortune, with which he bought a mountain farm in the south of Italy, in the midst of the rugged and romantic Apennines. Here, sixty-five years before Christ, Horace was born; and, amid the grandeur and loveliness of this mountain region, he grew up, and nourished that love of natural beauty which appears in so many of his poems. It was here, he tells us, that when he was a young child he wandered far from his father's

house, and, being tired at length, lay down under a thicket of laurel and myrtle, where he was found by anxious friends fast asleep, with his little hands full of the wild flowers he had gathered on the way.

His father, he assures us, was a man of noble disposition and fine understanding; but of his mother he never speaks; from which we may infer that she died before he was old enough to know her. He pays a tribute to his father's virtues in a passage that has been read millions of times with pleasure.

"If," he says, "my faults are few and not heinous (like moles upon a beautiful skin, perfect but for them); if no man can justly accuse me of avarice, meanness, or of frequenting low haunts; if, indeed (to speak in my own praise), I am chaste, innocent, and dear to my friends, I owe it all to my father; who, though far from rich, living on an unfertile farm, would not send me to school under the pedantic Havius, where boys of rank, sprung from great centurions, with their satchels and tablets slung over their left arms, used to go with their school money in their hands on the very day the term was up; but had the energy to bring me, a child to Rome, to be taught the accomplishments which Roman knights and senators teach their children. And yet, if any one had looked at my clothes, and at the slaves who waited upon me in a city so populous, he would certainly have thought that the cost of all this was supplied from the revenues of an hereditary estate. My father himself, of all guardians the most faithful, was continually looking on when my teachers were with me. But why multiply words? He it was who kept me chaste (the first of the virtues); preserving me not only from actual transgression, but even from the appearance of it; nor did he fear lest, by and by, some one should make it a reproach to him that a son, educated at so much cost, should turn out only an auctioneer. And if I had been only that, I should never have complained. The narrowness of his fortune renders his conduct the more admirable, and calls for more gratitude on my part. As long as I am a sane man, never can I be ashamed of a father such as mine was."

This is a rough translation for poetry; but the charm of the passage lies in its meaning. Horace was twelve years of age

when this generous father, unwilling to subject his boy to the taunts of the young aristocrats of his own neighborhood, took him to Rome, where he could pursue his studies and live on terms of equality with his fellows. His father, however, always discouraged any inclination the boy may have had to aspire to a higher rank than his own. He appears to have supposed that he could give his son the education of a man of rank, and then make him content to spend his life as an auctioneer. Many fathers have indulged a dream like this; but I never heard of one who realized it.

At seventeen, Horace, after having enjoyed a rigorous drill in the rudiments of knowledge under severe teachers at Rome, repaired to Athens (which was only a few days' sail from his father's house) to continue his studies. There he began to write verses in the Greek language; but soon discovering the impossibility of equalling the Greek poets in their own language, wrote thenceforth only in Latin.

Great events transpired in Italy while Horace was growing to manhood. Cæsar crossed the Rubicon, overthrew Pompey, reigned, and was killed by Brutus, while Horace was a student. After the death of Cæsar, Brutus went to Athens, where the young poet was then residing, along with a great number of Roman youth completing their education. Among the young men who joined the forces of Brutus at this time, with the design of restoring the republican constitution, was Horace, to whom Brutus assigned a rank about equal to that of a colonel in a modern army. Under Brutus he served with gallantry and general approval, until the disastrous battle of Philippi, when the republican cause was irretrievably ruined. Horace was borne away, he says, by the torrent of fugitives, and lost his shield in the flight. Brutus and Cassius having committed suicide, he gave up the struggle and made the best of his way home.

Arriving among his native mountains, worn with the toils of war, and saddened by defeat, he found his father dead, his inheritance confiscated, and his head in danger. His life, however, was spared; and he went soon after to Rome, a poor young man of letters, in search of the means of subsistence. He tells us himself what vocation he entered into:—

"My wings being clipped, and deprived of house and land, audacious poverty drove me to the making of verses."

He earned his living at this occupation for some time, and even acquired property by it, — sufficient to buy an under-clerkship in the Roman treasury, — an office of small salary but smaller duties.

While he was plodding on, writing verses for hire, young Virgil came to Rome, with the laurel of the successful poet on his brow; welcomed and fêted by high and low; a guest even in the imperial palace, and in the house of Mécœnas, the favorite and minister of the Emperor Augustus. Virgil, discovering the great genius of Horace, mentioned him to Mécœnas, who sent for the unknown poet. Long after, he reminded Mécœnas, in one of his satires, of their first interview: —

"When first I came into your presence, I spoke but a few words with a stammering tongue, for I was as bashful as a child."

Mécœnas, he adds, took no further notice of him for nine months; but at the expiration of that time he sent for him, and "ordered him to be enrolled among the number of his friends." By Mécœnas he was presented to the emperor, and both remained his cordial friends as long as he lived. Mécœnas gave him a villa a few miles from Rome, and Augustus bestowed upon him a tract of land, which yielded him an income sufficient for his wants, with which he was perfectly contented.

He divided his time henceforth between the country and the town. When cloyed with the pleasures of the imperial city, he had but to mount his mule and ride fifteen minutes, to reach his farm. His land, well covered with forest, and lying on both sides of a sparkling river, was tilled by five free families and eight slaves, and produced grain, wine, and olives. It abounded in pleasant, secluded scenes, fit for a poet's leisure; and there, too, he delighted to receive his friends from Rome; Mécœnas himself being glad to repose there from the toils of government. To this day, Horace's farm is continually visited by travellers residing in Rome, especially by English and Americans. So many of the visitors, indeed, speak the English language, that the peasantry of the neighborhood suppose Horace to have been

some illustrious Englishman, and that the visitors come there to pay homage to the tomb of their countryman. Knowing that Horace was not one of the saints, they cannot conceive of any other cause for such a concourse of visitors to so remote a spot.

Secure in his fortune, Horace enjoyed life in a moderate and rational manner, bestowing upon his poems an amount of labor which would surprise some of our easy verse-makers. He was a poet for thirty-five years, yet the whole of his works could be printed in one number of a newspaper, and leave room besides for this sketch of his life. No man has better followed the advice which he himself lays down for authors :—

“You that intend to write what deserves to be read more than once, correct and erase much.”

His poems, light and chatty as they seem, are the quintessence of all that he thought, felt, observed, and experienced during the whole of the fifty-seven years that he lived; and, besides being that, they throw a flood of light upon the life of the Roman people. He knew well that his works would endure for ages. In a little poem on his works he says, with the noble confidence of patient genius :—

“I have constructed a monument more lasting than brass, and grander than the pyramids’ royal height; which not the wasting rain, nor the powerful north wind, nor an endless succession of years, nor the round of the seasons, shall be able to destroy. I shall not wholly die; but a large part of me shall not be entombed at my funeral. Posterity will renew my praises from age to age, as long as the priest shall ascend the steps of the capitol with the vestal virgin silent at his side.”

Yes; and longer! The Roman priest ascends no more the capitol steps; the capitol itself has disappeared; the language of Rome has become, in Rome itself, an unknown tongue; and still the well-wrought poems of Horace are enjoyed wherever on earth there are educated minds more than forty years of age. Virgil is the poet for youth; Horace is the treasure of men.

The learned and public-spirited Judge Daly, of the New York Court of Common Pleas, who has in his possession the papers and correspondence of Chancellor Kent, says that the chancellor knew Horace almost by heart, having read all his poems eight

times over, and never going out without a little Horace in his pocket. The poet Wordsworth was exceedingly fond of Horace, and so was a man as unlike Wordsworth as can be imagined, — the fat Louis XVIII., King of France after Waterloo. This king, it is said, did actually know very many of the poems of Horace by heart.

It was the strong desire of Horace that he might not live longer than his beloved friend Mæcenas. His words, expressive of this wish, have been well translated : —

“ Ah ! if untimely fate should snatch thee hence, —
Thou, of my soul a part, —
Why should I linger on with deadened sense
And ever aching heart, —
A worthless fragment of a fallen shrine?
No, no ! one day beholds thy death and mine ! ”

This desire was destined to be gratified. The two friends did not, indeed, depart this life on the same day, but in the same year. Mæcenas died in July, bequeathing Horace to the friendship of Augustus. Horace died in November of the same year, which was the eighth before the birth of Christ.

Horace was a short man, inclining to corpulency, of a happy disposition, and much disposed to innocent merriment ; simple in his habits ; not less pleased when mingling with the people in the market-place, or supping at home upon bread and onions, than when reclining in the banqueting room of the emperor's palace. And again the question occurs, Why should so many of the grave people of New England name their children after this merry poet ?

MILTON.



THE father of John Milton, the author of *Paradise Lost*, was precisely such a man as we should naturally expect the father of John Milton to be. He also was named John, and he was the son of a substantial English Catholic farmer, who disinherited him because he turned Protestant. Coming to London in quest of fortune, he set up in the business of notary and conveyancer, in which he gained a considerable fortune. The very spot in Broad Street, near Cheapside, where his house stood, in which he lived and worked, and in which the poet was born, is known and pointed out to strangers. Houses were not numbered then, but distinguished by signs. Over the door of a bookseller there would be a gilt Bible, perhaps; over a baker's store a sheaf of wheat, and some men would mark their houses by a sign having no reference to their occupation. John Milton, scrivener, distinguished his office and abode by putting up over the entrance a black spread eagle, the arms of his family.

This thriving notary, besides being a man of reading and culture, was a composer of music, and some of his compositions, which were published in his lifetime, have been found in musical works of that day. We have reason to believe, too, that he was a man of liberal opinions both in politics and religion, equally opposed to the tyranny of kings and the intolerance of bishops. Of the mother of the poet we know two interesting facts. One is, that she kept the peace in her household; and the other, that at the early age of thirty she had weak eyes. Of the five children of this couple, three survived childhood, — Anne, John, and Christopher. Anne, who was twice married, transmitted a little of the family talent to her children, some of whom obtained some slight celebrity as writers in the reign

of James II. But Christopher, who was seven years younger than the poet, was a man of such slender understanding, and so wanting in spirit, as to adhere to the cause of Charles I. in the war which that mean, false king waged against the liberties of his countrymen. All through the shameful reign of Charles II. he was a partisan of the king. James II. knighted him, and made him a judge, as a reward for his subserviency, and he was one of the servile judges who lost their places when James II. ran away to France, and made a vacancy on the throne for a man, — William III.

John Milton owed the bent and nurture of his mind to his father. His father was his first instructor, particularly in music, and when the boy was ten years old, he provided for him a tutor of eminent qualifications. This good parent early discovered the prodigious genius of his son, and he made the culture of that genius the chief object of his existence. The poet was enabled, by his father's liberality, to pass the first thirty-one years of his life in gaining knowledge and cultivating his faculties. Until he was thirty-one, John Milton was a student, and nothing but a student; first, at home, at his father's side; next at a great London grammar-school; then at Cambridge University; afterwards at his father's house in the country; and finally in foreign countries. During all this long period of preparation he was a most diligent, earnest, and intense student. He was probably the best Latin scholar that ever lived who was not a native Roman of Cicero's day. At the same time, I rejoice to state, he was an excellent swordsman. If a bandit had attacked him during his Italian tour, he could have given a very good account of himself. *This* student, let me tell you, young gentlemen, was no dyspeptic spooney.

It was during his residence in Italy that his literary ambition was born. From an early period of his youth he had been accustomed to write Latin poems, some of which he carried to Italy and showed to his learned friends there. They were struck with wonder that a man from distant England should have attained such mastery of the Latin language, and they were not less astonished that a Briton should be so excellent a poet. It was their hearty praise, he says in one of his letters, that first

suggested to him the idea of devoting his life to literature. Then and there it was, he tells us, that he began to think that "by labor and intent study" he might, perhaps, produce something so written that posterity would not willingly let it die. A great Christian poem was the object to which he aspired. He desired to do for England what Homer had done for Greece, Virgil for Rome, Dante for Italy, and Camoens for Portugal. It was in Italy, too, that he saw those religious dramas, representing the temptation of Adam and Eve and its consequences, which are supposed to have given him the idea of his *Paradise Lost*.

While he was indulging in these pleasing dreams under the deep blue of the Italian sky, the news came to him that civil war was about to break out in England. All the patriot and all the republican awoke within him. Just as many American citizens travelling in Europe in 1861 hastened to return home and take their part in their country's danger, so did this poet and scholar turn his steps homeward when he heard that hostilities were imminent between his countrymen and their perjured king. "I thought it dishonorable," said he, "that I should be travelling at ease for amusement, when my fellow-countrymen at home were fighting for liberty."

Farewell, Poetry, for twenty years!

When Milton returned to his native land, after two years' absence, it was not at his father's house that he found a home. His brother Christopher, then a lawyer beginning practice, had established himself at Reading, a country town of more importance then than now; and their father had gone to live with him. Christopher Milton was already a declared royalist, and his house was no fit abode for the republican poet. John Milton preferred to reside in London, where he took a few pupils to prepare for the university, and spent his leisure in defending by his eloquent pen the cause of his oppressed country. These were his employments for many years, until Oliver Cromwell appointed him his Latin secretary. Milton was a thorough-going believer in Oliver Cromwell, and was proud to serve the ablest ruler that England ever had.

He was extremely unfortunate, as poets usually are, in his relations with women. Until he was thirty-five he lived a bach-

elor, and it had been better for him, perhaps, if he had remained such all his life. In his thirty-fifth year, just as the civil war was actually beginning, he went into the country, telling no one the object of the journey. A month after he returned home a married man, bringing his wife with him. She was a good enough country girl, the daughter of an old friend of Milton's father, but as unsuitable a wife for John Milton as any woman in England. She was rather stupid, very ignorant, fond of pleasure, accustomed to go to country balls and dance with gay young officers. Milton was a grave, austere student, absorbed in the weightiest public topics, and living only in his books and in his thoughts. The poor girl found his house so intolerably dull, that, after a short trial of it, she asked leave to go home for a short visit, and, being at home, she positively refused to go back. He was not less disgusted with her; and his sufferings leading him to study the great questions of marriage and divorce, he came to the conclusion that divorce ought to be about as free and about as easy as marriage. He published divers pamphlets on this subject, the substance of which is this: that when man and wife, after a fair and full trial, find they cannot live together in peace, and *both* deliberately choose to separate, there ought to be no legal obstacle to their doing so; provided always that proper provision be made for the support and education of the children.

During the troubles of the civil war, his wife's family being driven from their home, he took them all into his house, with his own aged father, and so they again lived together. They had three daughters, who resembled their mother more than their father, and who loved him little more than she did. She died when the youngest of these children was an infant in arms. Three years after, he was married again, and in less than a year he was left again a widower. Six years later he married his third wife, who was twenty-eight years younger than himself, who survived him for the long period of fifty-five years. This last marriage was embittered by ceaseless contentions between his daughters and his wife, of which Milton lays the blame upon his daughters. He says his wife was good and kind to him in his blind old age, but that his daughters were undutiful and in-

human, — not only neglecting him and leaving him alone, but plotting with his maid-servant to cheat him in the marketing.

During all this time of domestic trouble his labors were incessant. Besides his political writings, he wrote for the use of his pupils a short Latin Grammar, part of a History of England, and other school-books. When the people of England deposed and executed their king, it was Milton who came forward to defend that sublime act of justice, in a treatise of which the title was as follows: —

"The Tenure of Kings and Magistrates: proving that it is lawful, and hath been held so through all ages, for any who have the power to call to account a tyrant or wicked king, and, after due conviction, to depose and put him to death, if the ordinary magistrate have neglected or denied to do it."

This powerful vindication of the king's execution, together with Milton's personal acquaintance with members of Cromwell's government, procured him the office of Latin secretary, which he held to the death of Cromwell. At that day, a great part of all diplomatic and other state papers were written in Latin, and it was Milton's duty to write such. It was a somewhat lucrative employment. The salary — two hundred and ninety pounds sterling per annum — was fully equal to the income of one of our cabinet ministers. Probably it was more. Oliver Cromwell was too able a ruler to scrimp the best Latin secretary that ever served a government. Able commanders, whether in public or in private life, always take good care of the interests and the honor, the feelings and the dignity, of those who serve them.

Most zealously did John Milton serve the government of the Protector. Not confining himself to the routine of office duty, his pen was ever ready when great principles or good measures required a defender. So arduous were his labors of this nature, that his eyes, which began to fail him at thirty-five, gave out entirely ten years after. Before Milton had completed his forty-sixth year, he was totally and incurably blind. An assistant was granted him, and he retained his post until Cromwell died, though at a reduced salary. This reduced salary, however, he was to enjoy for life, and doubtless would have enjoyed for life,

if the government had remained unchanged. He was fifty-five years of age, blind and prematurely old, when the restoration of the monarchy, under Charles II., consigned him to private life, and gave him back to poetry.

Now it was that he realized the dream of his early manhood, and wrote his great poem, — the work of just five years.

Milton lived seven years after the publication of *Paradise Lost*. He died in 1674, aged sixty-six years. His property, which amounted to fifteen hundred pounds sterling, became the subject of a lawsuit between the widow and the daughters of the poet. They had quarrelled over his dying bed, and they quarrelled over his freshly made grave.

Milton was a man of small stature, slender make, delicate features, and pale complexion. He wore a suit of black. But for the manliness and vigor of his bearing, his appearance would have been feminine. He rose early, and loved an early walk in the fields, delighting in the birds, the flowers, and the sweet morning air. He was simple in his diet, yet loved a good dish, and was cheerful over his food. Great numbers of the learned and noble, both native and foreign, visited him in his modest abode. During the last years of his life there was only one name in Great Britain more honored than his, and that was the august name of the Lord Protector, Oliver Cromwell.





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